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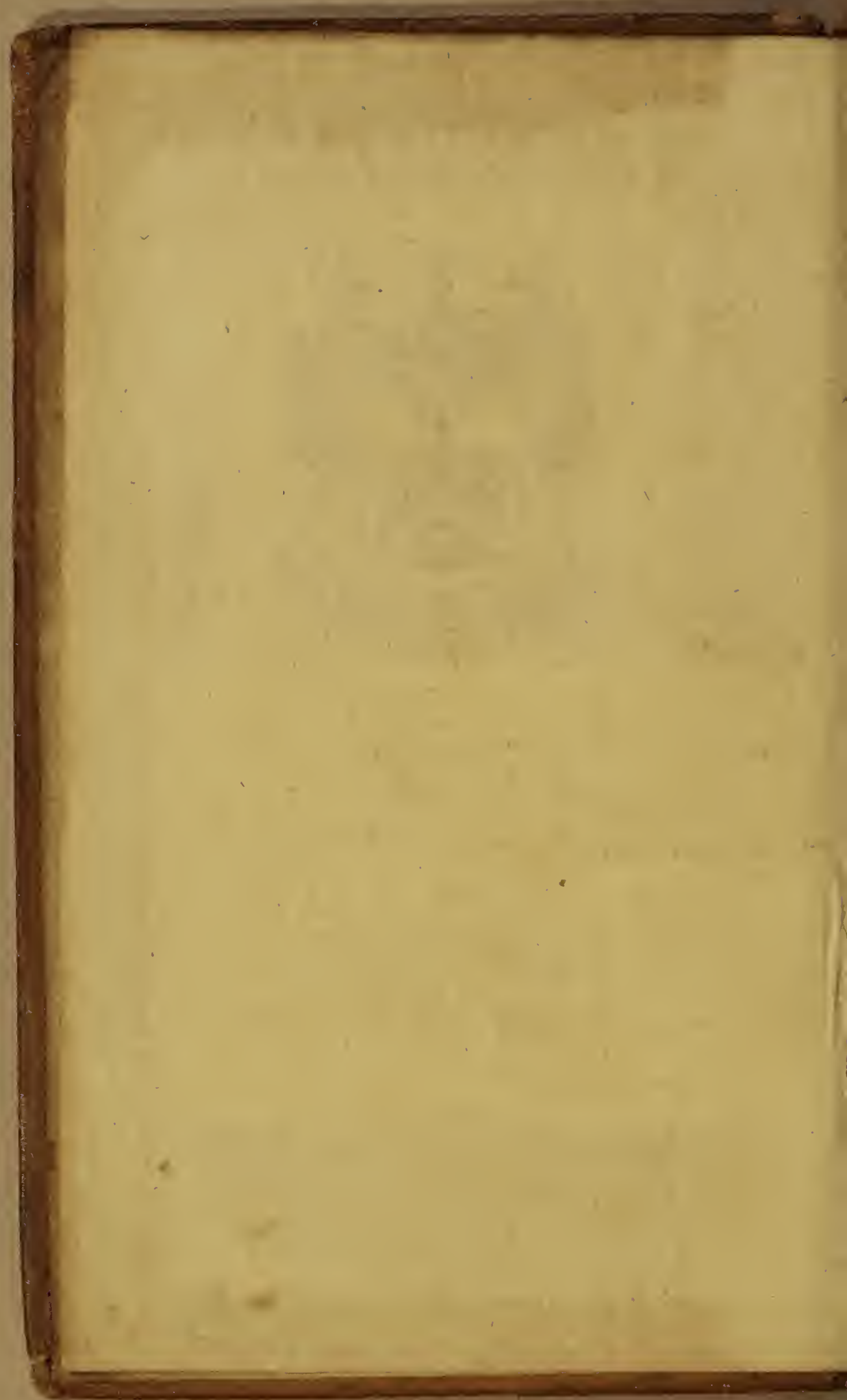


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T H E
HAPPY ORPHANS:
AN AUTHENTIC
HISTORY
O F
PERSONS in HIGH LIFE.

W I T H
A Variety of uncommon E V E N T S and
surprizing T U R N S of F O R T U N E.

Translated and improved from the *French* ORIGINAL.

In TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

——— *If there is a Power above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works, he must delight in Virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy!*

ADDISON.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LIX.

HAPPY OR CHAST?

AN ESSAY

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY

JOHN H. H. H. H.

ESQ.

Author of "The History of the

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T H E

Happy ORPHANS.

T was in the Year 1688, a Year so memorable for the Exile and Misfortunes of *James* the Second, that an *English* young Nobleman, the * Earl of *Rutland*, returned to his Country, after some Years spent in visiting the different Courts of *Europe*, to form his Mind and Manners. He had, in Effect, exhausted all the Graces, and acquired all the Talents that can render one agreeable in Society ; but, at the same Time,
B had

* The first Duke of *Rutland* was created by Queen *Anne* in 1703.

had contracted so philosophick a Turn, as to be tired of the Void that reigns amid the Hurry of Courts, and the Pains or Disgusts that Heaven has thought fit to annex to our Pleasures. Born with a sedate and gentle Disposition, he dreaded to find himself in *London*, at a Time when cruel Dissentions prevailed; and traversing the Country without approaching the Capital, he retired to a Seat fifty Miles distant, till the publick Tranquility should be restored, and afford him an Opportunity of tasting the Pleasures of the Town, without compounding for them, by the Loss of his Repose. He was resolved not to sacrifice it, by attaching himself to either of the Parties that then divided the Kingdom; and perhaps it had been difficult for him to preserve that reasonable Indifference in a Place where every thing was confused, and where Example, and the Connexions he might form, had probably disconcerted the Plan he had laid down. An *Englishman* born, and, consequently, serious and philosophical, beyond what was suitable to his Years; he found it nothing irksome to support that profound Solitude in which he had proposed to live: Reading, thinking, and hunting, engaged him by Turns, and enabled him agreeably to pass the Day, which, to another in his Situation

ation, had doubtless been long and tedious. It was not that he was an Enemy to Pleasures; Love, or rather a Passion which is so little the same, and yet resembles it so much, had filled up great Part of his Life; but his Passion for Women led him no farther than the bare Passion, and none could acquire such an Ascendancy in his Heart, as to make him cease to be Master of it. Was he for this the more or less happy? Does this Sentiment afford all that it promises? That feeble and capricious Emotion which is called a Taste for any thing, does it suffice to Happiness? The Tranquillity that accompanies it, is it preferable to the delicious Transport into which we are plung'd by the Ardour of a genuine Passion? This may be difficult to decide, but a Point, however, on which the Earl, either from Reflection, or Constitution, had long since determined.

WITH these happy Dispositions, and a Soul unruffled by violent Passions, he easily preserved a Gaiety of Temper, which might have constantly possessed him, had he not fallen into Misfortunes, which those of a different Way of thinking easily draw upon themselves: But his Destiny prepared them

for him, even before his Existence *; and, though they ought to have been familiar to him, he could not help sometimes being afflicted by them.

It was in one of the Moments when a certain Melancholy takes its Turn to reign, that, in profound Meditation, he sauntred, without attending to his Steps, to the End of a spacious Garden that surrounded his Seat, where was one of those rustick Grottoes, with which the *English*, fonder of Nature than Art, oftentimes ornament their Parks. From this Grotto, as he approached it, he thought he heard a plaintive Cry, to which, delivered over as he was to his Reflections, he soon gave an attentive Ear. Guided by the Sound, he followed it to the Entrance of a little Wood that lay between, where he discovered a Basket, which he opened with the Precipitation which Curiosity always prompts us to.

HIS Surprise was extreme on finding two Infants there, in Appearance just born, whose tender Complaint seemed to implore his

* See the beautiful Lines in the best transposed of all *Chaucer's Tales*, the *Lawyer's Tale*. Read the whole were it but for the Sake of these Lines, *Sigh'd ere he breath'd, and ere he liv'd he lov'd, &c.*

his Succour. They were not only neatly, but richly, swathed; and, on the Breast of one was fastened a Paper, where he read as follows:

To the Earl of RUTLAND.

“**I**NEVITABLE Fate has abandoned
“ to your Care these unhappy Infants,
“ and you are too well known to have it
“ thought a more generous Protector could
“ be found in their Distress. They are
“ Twins, and of a Family that renders them
“ worthy the Help their Condition re-
“ quires of you. If you condescend, as is
“ hoped from one of your honourable Cha-
“ racter, to pity their Calamities, you will
“ have no Cause to repent it. Perhaps you
“ will one Day know why this Confidence
“ is reposed in you preferably to others;
“ in the mean Time, be pleased to bound
“ your Curiosity (which, at present, would
“ be useless) when you shall know they
“ are already baptized by the Names of
“ *Edward and Lucy.* Adieu.”

Whatever might be the Earl's Surprise, it yielded to the pressing Necessity which the two languishing little ones seemed to have of some immediate Relief. Without

deliberating a Moment, and almost without thinking, he gathered up the Basket, hastened to the Castle, and delivered them to his House-keeper, ordering her instantly to provide them with every thing proper; at the same time, he mounted several of his Servants on Horseback, with Orders to search out Nurses for his Orphans.

HE now found Time to reflect on the Singularity of his Adventure; and getting all his Domesticks about him, he severely questioned them on the Subject; but they protested to him with such an Air of Truth, that they were as ignorant as himself who it was that left them in the Wood, or to whom they belonged, that he ceased from an Enquiry which seemed so fruitless.

“ WELL then !” he said, casting an Eye of Tendernefs on their truly pitiable State,
 “ to whomsoever you belong, I will not be
 “ false to the Confidence reposed in me.
 “ How, in reality, does it concern me to
 “ know to whom they owe their Birth ?
 “ They require that I should preserve them,
 “ and that is all is incumbent on my Con-
 “ science to do. Yes, added he, with great
 “ Earnestness, I swear never to forsake
 “ them, but to stand in the Place of the
 “ un-

“unfortunate Parents, who, doubtless, have
“refused them with Regret the natural
“Assistance they owe them.”

SCARCE had he thus solemnly engaged himself to be a Father to the Infants thrown thus to his Protection, but the Servants arrived with two Nurses, whom he caused to be carefully examined, and finding them proper Persons, committed the Deposit to their Care, with a Charge, that they should consider them as his own; which the Anxiety he expressed for them might have inclined his Domesticks to believe, but from the Circumstance of his having been only three Months returned from his Travels.

IN a little Time after he understood all was quiet in *London*, and that he might repair thither, without running the Risque he had shunned before. He left his Retreat in the Country, but not without first signifying, in a Manner which shewed he expected to be obeyed, that they should take all imaginable Care of the Infants; and ordered his Housekeeper to become their Governante, and spare nothing she should think necessary; considering them, he said, as a Present from Heaven, that afforded, by that Means, an Opportunity of being useful to

8 *The Happy* ORPHANS.

one who had hitherto been so unprofitable to the World.

HIS Directions were punctually observed; but the Infancy of the Earl's two Foster-children, having had nothing extraordinary in it, we shall pass over in Silence.

THEIR Benefactor, whom a Taste for the Pleasures of the Country brought often to his Demesne, enjoyed there the Delight and Satisfaction one feels in seeing those we have made happy. He became insensibly interested in Favour of the Children by a Liking he took to them, which, at first, was but the Effect of his *Humanity*. Their innocent Play amused him; and, as their Ideas began to enlarge, he took a Pleasure in forming and extending them, and even laid it as a Task upon himself. Nature repaid his generous Care, by the Qualities with which she had endowed his Pupils; and when their Understanding had thrown off the Veil of Infancy, he saw he had Reason to be satisfied with the Amends which Heaven had made them for the Calamities attending their Birth, by Talents bestowed on them to Prodigality.

THE

THE Nobleness of their Sentiments corresponded with their outward Form, which was perfect as could be desired. This certainly is but a frivolous Advantage, but however may be of important use, and made them the more acceptable to the Earl. The Innocence and Sincerity of their Carresses charmed him to such a Degree, that he passed many Hours with them, which he might have spent in more needful Occupations, or, in the Opinion of some, more agreeable, but to him neither interesting nor pleasing.

HOWEVER, he must part from them. The Time was come to resolve on educating them in a Manner suitable to the happy Endowments they possessed, and the tender Affection he bore them. He put *Lucy* to one of those female Academies, which, in *England*, are in Place of our Convents, where young Ladies of the first Quality are brought up under the Eye and Care of Women, who are themselves of no mean Extractions, and, by the Sentiments and Education themselves have imbibed, are able to give the one, and inspire the other, into the Minds of the illustrious

Maids, whose first Years are committed to their Care.

NOTHING was wanting to *Lucy* to perfect a genteel Education: The ablest Masters were to accomplish her, and the cruel Circumstances of her Birth proved the Source of a rare Felicity. Her tender Gratitude to the Earl, which seemed to grow along with her, gave him so ardent a Desire to see her improved to the utmost, that, had the happy Dispositions which Nature afforded her been wanting, she might, in good Measure, have found them in the tender Care he took for her.

As to *Edward*, the Earl took him to *London*, and placed him with Doctor *Busby*, the Master of *Westminster-School*, whose singular Talent for educating the young Nobility made him so justly famous. He principally studied to form the Heart, at the same Time he was assiduously careful to improve and embellish the Genius.

SOME Years passed over, in the which *Rutland*, always attentive to the Pupils Providence had put under his Care, and whom he cherished as if he held them from Nature's Gift, observed, with extreme Content,

tent, the Progress both of them made ; every thing in his adopted Son *Edward* (whose early Wit, and Talents left nothing farther to be learned, in a School designed for the *Elements* only of the Sciences) seemed to require he should enter on a Course of Education more enlarged. The Earl, to finish it, sent him to *Oxford* ; and, along with his academic Studies, caused him to go through his Exercises *. On his leaving the University, he took him Home, as to his own paternal House ; where he treated him not with the Manners, and in the Tone of a Father, which often inspires more Fear than Respect, extinguishes Confidence, and suppresses Love in the Breasts of Children. These two Sentiments, Love and Esteem, were all the Return of Gratitude the Earl demanded for his Care. And, in Effect, how could he withhold what was so much due to his Protector ? *Edward* was so penetrated with Love and Esteem for the Earl, that he had no room to doubt of the Impression he had made on the Heart of his Pupil ; nor had he less Reason to be content with his Genius,

* The *French* denote by *the Exercises* all the ornamental Parts of Education, Dancing, Fencing, &c.

nius, which was as promising as could possibly be expected.

HE feared, however, he might carry too far the Inclination he shewed for the Sciences ; and, one Day, talking with him, not as to a Youth he was forming, so much as to one whom he advised, or would insinuate his Thoughts to as a Friend ; he said, “ I observe, with Pleasure, my dear *Edward*, “ the Taste you have got at *Oxford* for “ Letters, but I could wish you were less “ eager in pursuing the Study of them ; “ and, above all, not to deliver yourself over to them with such Ardour, “ as to contract that Pedantry, which we “ are so apt to fall into at the University, and which even Years, a Commerce with the World, Habits of Experience or high Station itself cannot always divest us of entirely. Cultivate “ Letters, but beware how you surrender “ yourself so much to the Knowledge of “ them, as to neglect thinking and reflecting, and, perhaps, even lose the Faculty “ or Habit of doing it.

“ NATURE would neither be too naked, “ or too dressed. The Ignorant disgusts, “ and the mere Scholar tires us. Improve “ your

“ your natural Talents, but, I repeat it,
“ don’t overload them *. They are no-
“ thing without the Graces, and the Graces
“ cannot exist but in Company with ge-
“ nuine Nature. Your Time for chusing
“ a State of Life draws near ; make not the
“ Choice without mature Deliberation ; for
“ thereon, in a great Measure, depends the
“ Happiness or Misery you are to look for
“ in the World. A Man of Sense should
“ enterprize nothing, but with a determin-
“ ed Hope of succeeding ; and, beyond
“ having his Hope well founded, should
“ feel a natural Propensity to the Course of
“ Life he would pursue. Nature can never
“ be replaced by all the Efforts we can
“ make ; and all the forced Labour we take
“ to remedy the Error, must, by Necessity,
“ be but Labour in vain. Examine then
“ yourself, consider your Talents, and
“ study to unfold them to your View.
“ If you acquaint me with your Discoveries,
“ I shall assist to render them useful to you ;
“ and whatever may come of this necessary
“ Trial, you may count upon it, neither
“ Money or my Protection shall be want-
“ ing

* Sir *William Temple* illustrates this Maxim by putting Sticks on a Fire ; too few let it go out gradually, and too many heaped on are apt to extinguish it suddenly.

“ing to forward any Design you resolve on-
“with Prudence.”

“SIR, reply'd *Edward*, the Child of
“your Bounty, which stands to me in the
“stead of Parents, Fortune, and Friends !
“I am too sensible of what I owe to it, to
“have made a Choice for myself, which I
“thought should rather depend on you than
“any Inclinations of my own. Whatever
“Condition or Way of Life you enjoin me
“to pursue, however it be averse to my
“Inclination and Choice, I shall, without
“ballancing, sacrifice to your Will my Re-
“luctance as well as Wishes, and, to ren-
“der myself worthy of your Goodness, do
“every thing it can exact from my Grati-
“tude ; but since you have pushed your
“Generosity so far, as to release me from
“so just a Dependence ; since you have
“given up for a Moment to himself, an
“Unfortunate, who still is, and wishes al-
“ways to be yours, permit me to say now,
“that my Choice is already made. Yes,
“Sir, if my Taste and the Bias of my
“Mind, or even the most ardent Desires
“can be enough to decide, no more can
“depend on my enquiring into myself.”

“AND

“AND what then!” said *Rutland* with an affected Surprise, “is the Profession that charms you with such a lively Taste for it?” “It is,” reply’d *Edward* falling on his Knee, “the Profession of Arms.” The Earl had too much studied the Dispositions of *Edward* to be astonished at the Confession he made, but he could not resolve to appear unconcerned at it. In Quality of an *Englishman*, that is, one who thinks solidly, that Condition, which, to *Edward*, seemed alone to be desirable, did, by no Means, enchant *Rutland*. If he was charmed with the Spirit of his Pupil, which gave him an Increase of Esteem for him, it was not however in the *Service*, he wished he should exert it. He omitted nothing to make him lose that Idea, and did not fail of Reasons to encounter it; the Probability of being always a Subaltern, to contribute incessantly to the Glory of others, without acquiring any Share to himself; and, above all, the Want of Birth sufficient to shew his Services to Advantage: These and many other Reasons were urged ineffectually by *Rutland*: “But,” added he, seeing *Edward* in Consternation at the Opposition given to his Desires, “my Remonstrances are not Commands; and all I pretend, is to give
“ my

“ my Opinion as a Friend on the Choice
 “ you would make, without any Design of
 “ restraining it. All I request of you is,
 “ not to suffer yourself to be dragged along
 “ by the Force of your Ideas; make your
 “ own Reflections, and I will help you
 “ with mine; and if, after mature Consi-
 “ deration, (for my Friendship will insist on
 “ that) you still persist in your Resolution,
 “ you shall find me as ready to promote it,
 “ as if you had hit on the Profession I think
 “ the most eligible, and which I will not
 “ point to, lest haply you may think I
 “ meant to prescribe to your Choice. In
 “ the mean Time, I would have you put
 “ off your Return to *Oxford* till I send for
 “ your Sister: You are her only Parent;—
 “ perhaps the Sight of her may deprive
 “ you of the Power to resolve to leave her.
 “ Make no Answer to what I have said,
 “ which I entreat, or rather require of you.
 “ Consult upon the whole; but, as I said
 “ before, let the Result be your own, and
 “ resolve finally for yourself.”

WHEN the Earl had parted from *Ed-
 ward*, he sent the old Governante to bring
Lucy that very Day to *London*. Her Bro-
 ther and she met each other with the live-
 liest Transports of Friendship. *Rutland* saw,
 and

and shared in, their tender Caresses, and observed, with Joy and Admiration, the Progress of Beauty in the whole Person of that young Lady. Nothing so lovely had ever offered to his Eyes: Her Symmetry of Features, joined with the finest and most sprightly Air, could be equalled by nothing but the Lustre of her Complexion; her free, and unaffected, and, at the same Time, modest Manners; her Look so noble and ingenuous; and, in fine, that, *I don't know what* in Beauty, which is so well felt and so ill described, put the finishing Hand to *Lucy's* Charms, and rendered her the most engaging Person in the World. Her Mind, to *Rutland*, was equally the Object of his Admiration; her Wit natural, though refined; her Heart right, and replete with all the Principles of Virtue; and, as to her Accomplishments, to a fine Voice she had added a Knowledge of Musick and a Taste in singing, with a competent Skill to perform on the different Instruments that Custom has permitted to her Sex.

RUTLAND, enchanted with her singular Endowments, was never satisfy'd with seeing or hearing her; he communicated to her his Projects for her Brother, and

and desired she would endeavour to change his Sentiments ; but *Edward* effectually brought her over to his, and engaged her to become his Solicitor with the Earl not to oppose them any longer. He, for his Part, after several Trials as fruitless as the first, thought no more of dissuading him from a Vocation which seemed destined for him, and set about providing an Equipage for his Pupil. Born too noble, and become too affectionate, to spare in that Article, he acted like an indulgent Father, rather than a prudent Guardian. Nothing was with-held which could draw upon *Edward* that Esteem which Opulence so little merits, and yet is always sure to meet with. An old Steward of the Earl's, one prudent and much in his Confidence, together with two Servants, made up his Train ; and the Day for his Departure was fixed by *Rutland*.

WITH equal Grief and Joy, *Edward* saw the Approach of it. Was it possible he could leave, unmoved, his Sister and his noble Friend, to whom he owed so much, and to whose Compassion he had no other Title than the compassionate Condition he was found in ? He fortify'd his Mind however, to support the cruel Separation.

ration. The parting with *Rutland* was indeed full of Tendernefs ; but as for *Lucy*, ſhe had no Powers left but to hold him obſtinately in her Arms, who at length, in ſpite of her, and in ſpite of himſelf, broke from her. He took leave of both, and carried a Recommendation from the Earl to an intimate Friend of his, Colonel *Breyfield*, one much in favour with the renowned Duke of *Marlborough*.

ON the Departure of *Edward*, *Rutland* would have *Lucy* ſtay a little while in *London*, to ſee the Curioſities, as he ſaid, of the Town ; and, by her Company, divert the Impreſſions of Melancholy which the parting with *Edward* had given him ; but far from finding this Effect, her Preſence, and the Conſolation which *Lucy* afforded him, ſeemed only to encrease his Sadneſs. And it was not long ere this Man of ſo tranquil a Mind, and ſo even a Temper, whoſe Paſſion (for he ſometimes was angry) never changed his Humour, became abſent, fickle, gloomy, and even rough in his Behaviour. By turns he ſought for, and fled from *Lucy*. A hundred Times a Day he would call her from her Apartment, and as often let her return there again. Young as yet, ſhe imputed this extraordinary Change of Manners

Manners in the Earl, to Regret for the Absence of *Edward*, which doubled her Regard for him, and caused her, from Motives of Gratitude and Duty, to suppress her own, that she might relieve the Affliction of *Rutland*. She resumed that sweet Gaiety, that amiable Cheerfulness, whose Charms are sufficient to efface the most tormenting Ideas. But he took so little Share in her Spirits, that they seemed to increase his Chagrin, and offend rather than please him.

“ How happy are you,” said he to her, one Day, in an angry Tone, “ to have a
 “ Heart so little capable of tender Impressi-
 “ ons ; or, rather, how unhappy, to have
 “ no Sense of the Happiness of loving ?”
 “ I thought,” reply’d *Lucy*, in a sweet, but
 dejected Voice, “ I thought it a Duty to
 “ surmount my own Affliction, to be the
 “ better able to soften yours. My *Attach-*
 “ *ment* to you, could alone get the better
 “ of my *Tenderness* for my *Brother*, and di-
 “ vert that cruel Regret which his Ab-
 “ sence causes.” “ Ah !” cry’d *Rutland*,
 “ how easy to judge from the Difference
 “ of your Expressions with regard to us
 “ both, of the Difference you make be-
 “ tween us ? for me, it is *Attachment* ; but
 “ *Tenderness* for him.—But, in earnest, have
 “ you

“ you any Notion already of that last Sentiment ?” “ How, Sir,” she reply’d, with Tears, “ can you doubt, can my Benefactor, to whom I owe my Existence, or that I did not exist amidst frightful Evils, hesitate to believe that my Heart is capable of such a worthy Sentiment ?” “ What have I said, or done,” she added, falling on her knees, “ to make you judge so ill of a Soul you so tenderly possess yourself ?” “ Oh ! rise, my dear *Lucy*,” said he with Emotion, “ I ought to be content with your Heart, would to God I were so with my own. But no more on the Subject — Prepare, my dearest, to go Home. I reproach myself for detaining you so long ; losing your precious Time here, which might be better employed in improving your Education ; I have given my Orders, and every thing is just ready for your going.” “ Ah !” cry’d she, with a mournful Accent, “ I am lost !” and a Torrent of Tears succeeded her Exclamation. “ What means,” said *Rutland*, “ this strange Affliction ? *London*, that you know so little of, has it such extraordinary Charms for you, as to excite such violent Regrets at leaving it ?” “ Alas !” said she, when she had recover’d her Speech, “ nor *London*, nor its Pleasures, unknown,

“ unknown, as well as unthought of by
 “ me, could, as you are pleased to suppose,
 “ cause a Moment’s Pain in my Breast. It
 “ is the Loss of your Friendship I weep
 “ for ; I am not jealous of my Brother’s
 “ Happiness, but I cannot help seeing your
 “ Affection is all his own ; you love him
 “ only, and my Presence is as troublesome,
 “ as his Absence is grievous. You are as
 “ impatient to have me gone, as unwilling
 “ that he should leave you ; the Difference
 “ you put between us, I own, is the Bitter-
 “ ness of my Affliction. But I am already
 “ gone. — You conclude then,” said *Rut-*
land, taking her in his Arms, where he
 pressed her closer than he was aware of,
 “ you conclude, I say, it seems, that—that
 “ I don’t love you ? Ah ! *Lucy*, how your
 “ Simplicity abuses you ! you were never
 “ so dear to me, nor did I ever stand more
 “ in need of your Company.” Then,”
 said she briskly, returning his Embrace,
 “ why do you send me from you ? If you
 “ love me as well as you say, why order a
 “ Separation, that wounds both our Hearts ?
 “ If you loved me as I do you, you would
 “ not part.”

THIS Remark of *Lucy*’s, and the natu-
 tural Air of Tendernefs with which she
 spoke,

spoke, threw the poor Earl into a profound Reverie. He look'd, he sigh'd, and embraced her by Turns; and this dumb Scene, acted over with a lively Silence, might have lasted, God knows how long, if a Servant had not come in to tell the Coach was ready, which instantly determined *Rutland* to bid her adieu. "You
" are too young," said he, with another Clasp of her in his Arms, " to be sensible
" of the Inconvenience staying here may
" occasion to you. Let us part then; but,
" in parting, take a Certainty along with
" you, that the tenderest Friendship, and
" not Indifference, which, for you, I can
" never entertain, has forced me to send
" you from me."

ON saying this he led her to the Coach, and *Lucy*, persuaded of his sincere Regards, parted with more Tranquility than any one could expect, who had been witness to this affecting Scene; which, however, was more embarrassing to *Rutland* than to her.

SCARCE was she out of his Sight, when he retired, and delivered himself over to a thousand painful Reflections. As to his own Heart, he was pretty clear; from what had passed with *Lucy*, and the Violence he did
him-

himself in causing her to leave him, he was but too sure that he loved her to Distraction; and was less careful to examine into the Reality of a Passion he could no longer doubt of, than he was to find Means to oppose it. “What have I to do,” he said to himself, “with this Plague of a Passion? Should I labour to efface all the Virtues I have cultivated with so much Care in my Breast? Can I resolve to sacrifice to lawless Pleasure that Innocence and Sweetness that charms me? Should I take an Advantage over that unfortunate Child, which my very Bounty to her might facilitate, and perfidiously abuse the Confidence reposed in me by those who put her in my Hands? Do I know whose Children these are, and what a shameful Account I might one Day be obliged to give of *Lucy’s* Misfortunes, if I seduced her?—Alas! that I cannot join myself to her with an indissoluble Tie!—and should Love prevail over the Reluctance I feel for such an Union, yet can it ever get the better of the solid Reasons that invincibly forbid me, as they were born with me, to enter on so unequal an Alliance?

“ON

“ ON the other hand, this Child, per-
“ haps of noble Birth, but as well, possibly
“ the Fruit of some menial Debauch, what
“ Reproach might she cause me among my
“ Enemies, if such Sort of Parents should
“ lay claim to her hereafter, and what Con-
“ clusions would they make to my Disad-
“ vantage? What Odium would they cast
“ on my Memory, which should be so
“ dear, so respected by me.—No, I’ll never
“ marry her; nor yet will I *seduce* her—
“ the Idea shocks me.—I will tear from
“ me a Passion, which has only ruled me,
“ because I have hitherto been ignorant of
“ my own Powers to subdue it. Time,
“ Absence, and reasoning with myself, will
“ procure a Victory that will cost my Heart
“ less than I may imagine at present, when
“ it appears to me so difficult. Come on’t
“ what will, it is but trying, and if I fail,
“ I shall have the Comfort to remember,
“ that I left no Resource of my Virtue un-
“ apply’d to.”

THIS Resolution, form’d with that Force
which the *English* put into every Idea they
conceive, determined him to a Change of
Life, and to surrender himself to that scat-
tered Way of passing his Time, which, hi-
C therto,

therto, he had found so insipid. If he did not yet know what an Hold a true Passion takes of the Heart, he knew, however, the Strength our Ideas acquire by our being left to ourselves, and that all he could do would be little enough to weaken the Remembrance, and drown the Idea of his *Lucy*.

IT was Matter of Surprize to see this studious and sedentary Gentleman run after Plays, Women, Suppers *, and all that Gaiety, with the Gravity all the while of a Stoic ; and his Friends could not comprehend what induced him to pursue so ardently Pleasures he did not seem to relish ; but *Inconsequences* are so familiar in *London*, and the *English* are so subject to a Disease called the *Spleen*, on which they often charge a very capricious Behaviour, that the Earl's became soon unnoticed. That listless and gloomy Air which he carry'd with him into sprightly Company, though it made him appear singular among his Friends, did not hinder the Ladies to observe, that he was still young, his Person very well, and his Fortune

* Suppers, in *France*, are Meetings for Chit-chat, more than eating and drinking ; but the *English* consider them as something of more Importance than amusing themselves by way of Conversation.

Fortune considerable. At *Paris*, with these united Advantages, *Rutland* had inspired the Ladies with other Ideas than those of Marriage; but at *London*, where Gallantry reigns less, the Designs they formed on him had more of the solid than the bright in them. His Change of Life seemed to bespeak a Change in his Way of Thinking; and an Inclination to Marriage; and all the young Ladies, who wished he might fix on them, were willing to prevent him, as decently as they could, in his Desires, which (with very little Reason) they supposed, he wanted but some Encouragement to explain.

RUTLAND, still engrossed by a Passion, which with Regret, he found rooted in his Heart, and had been glad to get rid of, gave in to the Advances were made to him, and willingly was flattered by his Hopes, that, one time or other, he might become sensible of the Regards other Ladies offered him. He refused himself to none, who appear'd to have any Views on him, and even studied all their Qualifications; but with a Prepossession so forcible for that *Lucy* whom he wished to forget, that the same Beauties, and even Virtues, she had in Share, were, in them, lessened by Comparison.

rison. Thus tormented more and more by his Passion; and persuaded by a Proof of some Months Experience, that nothing existed capable, or worthy, to fill her Place in his Heart, he resolved to try what the Use of Reason could do to relieve him from so obstinate an Attachment; but, on Trial, he was but too much made sensible to what a Degree the Understanding is governed by Inclination, and how difficult it is to disengage the Mind from what the Heart approves, and introduces. Drawn mechanically to the Object he would shun, he got nothing but his Pains for all the Efforts that he made.

WHEN he went, as he often did, to the Apartments where *Lucy* had been lodged, whatever she had touched, or worn, or used, became the Delight of his Eyes, and even of his tenderest Caresses; or else furnished him with an Occasion of the deepest Anxiety and Regret *. Domineered more than ever by his Passion, of all the Projects he had formed, he adhered only to one, which was, not

* This seems borrowed from a beautiful Passage in *Pembroke's Arcadia* — “ Is it possible,” says *Amintas*, “ not to regret *Urania*, when we behold the Places “ where she stood, where she walk’d, where she turn’d, “ where she spoke ?” *Book II.*

not to see her often. But this Sacrifice he should make to his Reason, to his Honour, to his Vanity, might it not (he reflected) cost him much, and profit him but little? He perceived with Grief, and sometimes with Despair, the fruitless Conflict which his Virtue would impose on him; but fruitless, and cruel as it was, it might, perhaps, have lasted long, if a Letter from the Governess to whose Care *Lucy* was committed, had not made him forget a Project, at once so honourable, and so unpleasant.

HE was advised, by Letter, That she was fallen ill of a languishing and obstinate Indisposition; and though she was not far from *London*, yet as the Assistance she might want, could be better procured in the Capital, it would be prudent to have her there, till her Health should be re-established.

RUTLAND was but too impatient to see his *Lucy* again, and eagerly laid hold on the Opportunity of going for her himself. If he was agreeably surprized to find her up, and out of Bed, he was also alarmed; and melted, at seeing her pale and languid. Flattered, at first, with the Idea that her Illness might have been caused by her Ab-

sence from him, he was soon undeceived; when her lovely Eyes, on which he had fixed his own, though they spoke a Pleasure on seeing him again, did not testify that Emotion of Heart which he felt in his, and which, if reciprocal, she must have confessed in hers. After enjoying a while that enchanting Pleasure which the Presence of one beloved inspires, though, at the same time, it may torment us to observe it is not mutual, he led her to the Coach; and sitting by her, expressed, with all the Grief and Tenderness which he too much felt, his Anxiety for her Illness; of which *Lucy's* Gratitude made her so deeply sensible, that she threw herself into his Arms with equal Innocence and Transport. "How happy," she said, "am I, to have found in you that
" Attention, that Care, and Goodness for
" me, that I could hardly have hoped for in
" the most affectionate Parent! Will Heaven,
" that has loaded me with Kindnesses,
" deny me an Occasion of convincing you,
" how sensible I am of your Benefits, and
" to what a Degree you are dear to me!"
" No, my dear *Lucy*," he reply'd in Transport, "it will not deny you that Occa-
" sion; and if you love me as much as you
" say, you will soon have it in your Power
" to prove it."

BUT

BUT they arrived in *London*; and, after a few Days observing the Prescription of Physicians, *Lucy* recovered her Health and her Looks, and was advised to return to the Country. *Rutland*, though he thought it unnecessary for Health, yet found it so favourable to his Love, that he pressed her to follow the Advice. In the Agitation of Mind, which the perpetual Presence of one we are in love with gives us, he feared, with Reason, being exposed to other Eyes more discerning than those of *Lucy*, whose Simplicity and Want of Experience could alone hinder her seeing the State of his Mind: Besides, can we ever be enough alone with her we love? Though they saw but little Company in *London*, yet still they must see *some*; and *Rutland* had suffered a more cruel Punishment than can be conceived by those who have not loved extremely, in being obliged to share his Moments with any other than the Object of his Passion.

WITH the most lively Joy he brought her back to the Place where she might be said to have first seen the Light, and where *Rutland* had first seen the Charms with which he was now so enchanted. He promised to himself there, Pleasures which *London* could

not give ; and supposing he met with no other than enjoying, without the Interruption of Company, a Sentiment so near to his Heart, what Pleasure in Nature could be put into the Balance against it ? He had need besides, in the Design of no longer opposing his Passion, but endeavouring, by all Means, to make *Lucy* sensible of it, that the Effects of it should be always in her Eye, and that no other Object should divert her Attention from him. He was well persuaded, that barely asking her the Question would be sufficient to determine her to marry him ; but he was too much in love not to be delicate ; and to possess her Person, had been a Punishment, if not accompanied with her Heart. To owe her Compliance with him to her Gratitude only, had not corresponded with what he felt for her in himself ; and he was not without Hopes that, when he should give her Proof how much, and how, on another Motive than what she yet imagined, he loved her, she would entertain the same Sentiments for him and share in a mutual Felicity.

THE first Step to be taken was, to remove from the Mind of *Lucy* the Sentiments of Respect, and the Observance, she had for him, and which, I may say, were born with her.

her. He knew how unlikely they are to inspire Love, and even how averse to the Idea of it; and, by degrees, changed his Manner of Behaviour; that, appearing to dislike the Bashfulness and Reserve with which she treated him, he might lead her insensibly into that Familiarity which leaves the Heart open to more agreeable Impressions. What he feared most was, that Solitude might disgust her, and that the even and simple Life we lead in the Country, where the same Objects perpetually recur, might tire a Mind not possessed like his with the supreme Happiness of loving. To remedy this Inconvenience, he gave her frequent Regales, which, though in Appearance accidental, he, however, took care to have varied, and to render elegant and even superb. She appear'd to be pleas'd with them, though it seem'd to *Rutland* she did not know who gave them, or that they were made for her; yet her barely being amused by them, was Happiness in abundance to such a Lover.

LOVE, tho' of all the Passions undoubtedly the most insatiable, and which still feels new Desires in the very Bosom of Felicity, is, of all our Sentiments, (in some particu-

lar Circumstances), that which is easiest contented*.

IF *Rutland* grew every Day more in Love, at the same Time he became more bashful. He had an hundred Opportunities of disclosing his Passion, and as often suffered them to be lost: When he resolved to speak, in spite of his Timidity, a Look of Indifference in *Lucy* annihilated the very Power of Speech, and all his Resolution vanished. He was sensible to nothing but the cruel Affliction into which a single Word of hers could plunge him, and could not bring himself to the Avowal of a Passion which must decide, one Way or other, the sole Happiness of his Thoughts, and the Hopes of being loved again.

BUT the Time to leave the Country drew near, and *Rutland* had not yet explained himself; when, walking one Day with *Lucy*, he insensibly brought her to the *Grotto* where

* A Lover in *Spain* is happy enough, if he gets a Sight of his *Donna* once a Week from a Window; and in *Russia*, cold as the Climate is, it was, in the Beginning of *Peter's* Reign, a transporting Favour, if a Lady threw out her Hanging-sleeve (which, for Persons of Quality, were five Ells long) for her distant Lover to kiss.

where he had found her first: "There," said he, "is the Spot," looking tenderly on her; "where I found the precious Treasure I possess, where I first held you in my Arms, and where you had my first Cares and Caresses. Alas! why will not they, who loaded me with such Blessings, let me know to whom it is, that I owe my Thanks for them!" "Sir," reply'd *Lucy*, in a melting Disposition, "my unfortunate Parents have, doubtless, good Reasons for concealing it: Perhaps, they are no more; if they live they may think it would be a Disadvantage in the Education your Bounty has given me, to have it known how little my Birth could deserve it." "Oh! *Lucy*, (he interrupted) what can make you think it was not noble? Could Excellencies, such as you possess, ever be derived from vulgar Blood? Education may give the Appearance of Virtue, but, in effect, only disguises native Vices, and renders them more dangerous to Society. Nature, informing you, left but little more to be done, and you owe yourself, as you are, to her Kindness, and not my Care of you. You owe nothing," he continued, "to *Rutland*: Any other, in the like Case, had done precisely the same for you; perhaps,

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“ not with the same Delight with which I
 “ fulfilled that Duty.” “ To your Friend-
 “ ship,” she reply’d, “ I am indebted for
 “ any Merit you may impute to me ; and
 “ to you alone I would acknowledge my
 “ *Gratitude*, which you alone have a Right
 “ to.” “ That Sentiment, said *Rutland*, is
 “ enough to repay the Benefit, but not al-
 “ ways enough to the *Benefactor* ; and tho’
 “ I think too well of your Heart, to doubt
 “ of your Gratitude, yet, I own, I should
 “ despair if I thought you entertained no o-
 “ ther Sentiment for me.” “ Under the
 “ Obligations I have to you,” said she, “ it
 “ is impossible my Soul can exist, without
 “ the highest *Friendship*, and most profound
 “ *Respect*, for you.”

THAT last Word *profound Respect*, con-
 vinced him she was still indifferent, and de-
 termined him to put off, to another Time,
 the Explanation he hoped he should have
 made to her that Day. He thought he had
 said enough to be understood by her, and
 that if he had been so happy as to excite
 Love in her Breast, she would have answer-
 ed in another Manner. The Language of
 Love speaks it the Moment it takes Pos-
 session of the Heart ; and *Lucy* not speaking
 that

that Language, proved too well she had not yet entertained it.

THOUGH the little Success he had in this Conversation, from which, perhaps, he expected more than he durst promise to himself, did not permit *Rutland* to press it any farther; yet he did not think his Condition hopeless; and disguising, as well as he could, the Chagrin *Lucy* gave him, by her Menace of *respecting him profoundly*, I thought," said he, in a softer Tone, "I had said enough to make you sensible how much I am hurt by this same *Respect* of yours, and flattered myself you would be so generous as to spare the Protestation of it any more. If Vanity exacts such a Sentiment, yet Friendship fears and forbids it." "I thought, Sir," said *Lucy*, modestly, "that, as the Obligations my *Brother* has to you are the same with mine, you would permit me to use the same Expressions, which, in his Mouth, never seemed to offend you; but I shall spare them, as I perceive they have an Effect contrary to my own Intentions, and yours."

RUTLAND returned no Answer, but his Anxiety growing stronger the more he would

would suppress it, he put an End at once to their Walk and Discourse, and resolved to defer, till they came to *London*, any farther Attempts he meditated on the Heart of *Lucy*. With such a Project in his Head, it is easy to believe he would hasten to leave a Place, from which Winter would banish all Pleasures that make the Country agreeable, and which, consequently, she, whom he loved, would be tired of. His Passion was now unfurmountable, as well from a Habit of cherishing it, as from the new Charms and new Virtues he thought he had discovered in *Lucy* during the long Stay she had made at his House with him. Determined to marry her, and not to sacrifice the Happiness of his Life any longer, to the Prejudices he had taken up against Marriage, or to his Doubts about *Lucy's* Parentage, he thought only of the Means of accomplishing a Project on which alone his Hopes of being happy were founded. He hoped, at least, she would marry him without Reluctance, if he might not expect from her an equal Degree of Affection. To live without her was worse than to have, and yet not to possess, her entire. This last Idea, it must be owned, was unworthy of the Delicacy that had governed him; but who does not know, that though Love is always accompanied

accompanied with that Delicacy, yet most People desire to get rid of it. He could not doubt of her Friendship, and, though he was not ignorant how little it resembles the Passion he wished to excite in her, he was willing to hope, that, aided by the tender Cares and flattering Affiduity which Lovers can practice when they strive to please, he might stir up in her Breast the Disorders she had caused in his.

DETERMINED, however, as he was, to break the Matter roundly to *Lucy*, chimerically supposing that it could not but be as he wished, he thought best to try a little while, if his officious Attention to her, his Looks, Voice, and whole Behaviour might not, in the End, discover to her that Lover in him which he supposed she had hitherto but doubted of. The Tryal was vain. The Inexperience and Simplicity of *Lucy* prevented her seeing, in the most passionate and devoted Lover, any more than an obliging Friend, who, she might observe, was however a little too easily distasted; for, whatever Moderation *Rutland* was acted by, he could not help sometimes being angry with her, for her little Attention to his Sentiments. It is said, and perhaps truly, that, *Love never comes back*; and that

that when we once cease to love, we cease for good, and easily dispence with any Return of it from her we had loved ; but, in this Case, at least, Self-love is not so modest, and, though it takes Offence, yet our own Heart will pardon the Offence, if it contradict our Self-love.

TIRED with sounding the Heart of *Lucy* with so much Discretion and so little Success, he, at length, resolved to break his Mind. “ You are now, my dear *Lucy*,” (he said one Day to her) “ come to an Age when it is proper to think of an Establishment for you ; and, as I have nothing in View by it, but your Happiness, tell me plainly what you think of it yourself.” “ Truly, Sir,” she reply’d in some Confusion, “ I have so little reflected on that Subject, and so little foreseen my Entrance into that State, that it would be difficult for me to tell you distinctly what I think of it.” “ You can tell me, at least, Child,” he said, “ what you think of my Proposal.” “ It surprizes me,” she answer’d, “ but causes neither Joy or Reluctance in me ; your Will, on that Head, shall be mine.”—“ It is not *mine*, but *your* Will I want to observe in this Case ; therefore some Will or other of your own you must, of Necessity,

“ necessity, take up,” said *Rutland*. “ The
“ Man I should propose to you is one
“ who has passed his Youth, that dan-
“ gerous Time of Life, when Inconstancy
“ ever treads on the Heels of Love, and
“ to be fickle, and to desert a Lady, is
“ even an *Air* Men give themselves, though
“ perhaps she may, of all her Sex, be the
“ most deserving of an eternal Attachment.
“ He is about my Age, and has exactly the
“ same Fortune ; his Character and Person
“ (at least as I believe) ought not to dis-
“ please you ; and if —” “ Ah ! What
“ if ?” said *Lucy*, “ Or what are to me the
“ Advantages he derives from Nature or
“ Fortune ? Tell me rather if he has the
“ same *Virtues* with you ; and, if he had, I
“ cannot love him as I do you, because it
“ is impossible I should have the same *Ob-*
“ *ligations* to him, and yet I must forsake
“ you and follow him ! I cannot resolve on
“ it ; if you are so good as to leave it to
“ my own Choice, let me live with you ;
“ I neither wish or conceive any greater
“ Happiness.” “ Oh, *Lucy* !” said *Rut-*
“ *land*, kissing her Hand with Transport,
“ do you perceive what Happiness you in-
“ spire me with ? Can you owe me any
“ Thing after this Declaration of preferring
“ a Life led with me to an happy and ad-
“ vantageous

“vantageous Establishment? Compleat my
“Joy, my amiable *Lucy*! Behold in me
“the Lover that adores you, and the Hus-
“band that offers himself to your Accept-
“ance.”

AT these Words, which he uttered with the Voice and Ardour that Love and Hope inspire, *Lucy* was so confounded, and their Effect was so different from what *Rutland* flattered himself they would have on her, that he fell into his former Anxiety. “And
“is it thus, *Lucy*,” he said, throwing himself on his Knees, “that you receive the
“Homage I offer you!” “You need not
“doubt, *Sir*,” she answer’d, with an Air of Constraint, “of the just Sense I have
“of your Goodness, and how sure you are
“of my Obedience.” “Of your Obedience,
“*Lucy*!” he cry’d, “You know little the
“Sentiments of my Heart, if you think
“that can repay them.” “My Intentions,
“*Sir*,” she returned, with a Coldness she in vain strove to hide, “are not to make
“you uneasy, and I can’t better prove my
“Sincerity, than by yielding a ready Obe-
“dience to your Orders.” My Orders, *Lucy*!
“Can Love give Orders? How cruel is
“this Indifference, though it should mean
“to oblige? You look down, and say no-
“thing;

“ thing ; but your *Silence* speaks too much ;
“ you either hate me, or that barbarous
“ Heart, which I in vain would touch,
“ feels for some one else what you with-
“ hold from *me*.”

“ How,” she said, bathed in Tears, and
in deep Affliction, “ do you think of me
“ thus ? Can you suppose I hate you, or
“ suspect I can love another when I resign
“ myself to you ? That I can consent, and
“ resolve, at once, to marry, and yet to be
“ unfaithful ?” “ No,” said *Rutland*, “ but
“ you do not know, or consent to, what
“ my Heart demands.” “ Perhaps,” said
she, with down-cast Eyes, “ my Heart
“ may not be made like yours, but is sure-
“ ly not less sincere, and is perfectly sensi-
“ ble of the Gratitude I owe you, and full
“ of the tenderest Friendship for you.”
“ Can you then marry me,” he asked,
without any Reluctance ?” “ Why, that,”
she said, “ would be an unjust Sentiment
“ to entertain, as Reluctance or Dislike is
“ what you are not made to inspire.”

“ But,” reply’d he, “ can you think it
“ enough for the Love I bear you, that I
“ should perceive only, that it is no Pun-
“ ishment to marry me ? I confess with
“ Shame,

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“ Shame, that sometimes I have thought;
 “ in the lively Ardour with which I burn
 “ for you, that *barely possessing you* would be
 “ Happiness enough, without having to re-
 “ proach myself, that I had offered you
 “ any Violence; but that was all Illusion,
 “ and unworthy of my Heart. In this cruel
 “ Moment, when your Indifference massa-
 “ cres me, when I feel the Extent of that
 “ deadly Passion, which fatally has drawn
 “ me to this Extreme, I am incapable
 “ of conceiving how any thing can be
 “ a Happiness to me, which is not so to
 “ you. The more I perceive you do not
 “ love me, the more I find it necessary to
 “ my Happiness to be beloved by you.
 “ Fear not then, I conjure you, that I
 “ should take Advantage of the unhappy
 “ Condition from which I relieved you at
 “ your Birth, to exact from your Gratitude
 “ so much, as to desire you should pro-
 “ nounce Words with your *Tongue*, which
 “ your *Heart* does not avow. It is, per-
 “ haps,” he continued, rising off the Ground,
 “ not enough to your Happiness, that I
 “ swear I will never constrain you to marry
 “ me, unless, at the same Time, I should
 “ consent you should marry another. Do
 “ me the Justice to believe I am capable
 “ even of this Effort: Name the Man, the
 “ happy

“ happy Object of your Affections, to whom
“ I, doubtless, owe your Indifference for
“ me; and doubt not, I will, if, he be
“ worthy of your Choice, do every thing
“ to perfect *your* Happiness, that you have
“ refused to *mine*.”

“ I BELIEVED, Sir,” said *Lucy*, “ I had
“ said enough to convince you, that nothing
“ shall hinder my being yours, and hope
“ you are willing to think so; but you
“ yourself oppose your own Happiness, (if
“ it be any) in requiring Affections from
“ me, which, perhaps, depend not on me;
“ and weakening the Sentiments of another
“ Kind, which I cannot fail to have for
“ you. I should blush eternally, either re-
“ tired, or in the public Eye, (which has
“ seen your Goodness to me) if I hesitated
“ one Moment to comply with the Propo-
“ sal you are pleased to make. I presume
“ then to repeat it, that I am yours, and
“ ought to be so, whenever you desire it.”

“ I KNOW you too well,” he reply’d,
“ to suspect you dissemble with me in the
“ Article of being engaged to another; but,
“ at the same Time, I know the human
“ *Heart* too well, to suppose I have made
“ that Impression on yours, which is neces-
“ sary to being mutually happy. You love
“ me

“ me not, dear *Lucy*, and, alas! I fear you
“ never can. Shall I then, under this cruel
“ Conviction, can I even, under a Doubt
“ so dreadful, resolve to engage in that
“ Bond, to which only Decency, on your
“ Part, condemns you? No *Lucy*, such an
“ odious Abuse of the Benefits I have be-
“ stowed on you would be more dishonour-
“ able than it had been barbarous in me to
“ have refused them. I love, and adore,
“ you; but yet I should die with Shame
“ and Grief to entertain so low a Thought,
“ as to have, and not to have, you,
“ from yourself alone. This, without
“ Doubt, will condemn me to be for ever
“ deprived of you; but”—Ah! *Sir*,” she
said, “ for God’s Sake dismiss these cruel
“ Ideas; I swear I perceive nothing in my
“ Heart can justify your entertaining them.
“ Penetrated with Esteem, Gratitude, and
“ Friendship for you, and I can add, with
“ Tenderness, and even Respect, (if that
“ Word does not displease you) it is im-
“ possible I should long be insensible to the
“ Sentiments you require from me. Per-
“ haps, having been accustomed to con-
“ sider you as a Father, and not suspecting
“ any Thing of that Kind of Love from
“ you, which I thought it were a Crime in
“ me to have for you, my Ideas have been
“ too

“ too remote to suffer me to have expected
“ the Honour you now do me, or to desire
“ it from you. In my Situation, with Re-
“ spect to you, it had been improper for
“ me to talk of your Choice in Marriage.
“ I am sensible what I say to you may not
“ appear so disinterested as it really is, and
“ that I should manage with Discretion
“ both your Love and Opinion of me ;
“ but,” added she, seeing *Rutland* heard
her in a Sort of Despair, “ compose
“ yourself, I conjure you : The Condition
“ in which I see you, so sensibly afflicts
“ me, that there is nothing in the World I
“ so much desire, as to relieve you from it,
“ by *conforming* my Sentiments to yours :
“ I will *endeavour* it with all my Power ;
“ and how happy should I be to acquaint
“ you with my *Change of Heart*, and that
“ you have inspired it with the same Pas-
“ sion you feel in yours : I may hope that
“ my Gratitude and extreme Sensibility of
“ your Favours will produce it ; and I will
“ give you a faithful and exact Account of
“ all that passes in my Soul ; you can judge
“ better what Progress I make than I can.
“ I owe you too much not to do chearfully
“ all I can, to triumph over a *Turn of*
“ *Mind* for which I reproach myself more
“ than you can, and which nothing can
“ justify

“ justify in me. Cease then to afflict your-
 “ self, my Soul is oppressed by your Sor-
 “ rows.”

RUTLAND immoveable, and almost inanimate, heard her with inconceivable Astonishment. At this Juncture, what Candour! what Sincerity! what Truth sparkled in her Eyes! “ Ah!” he cry’d, penetrated with Grief, “ is it possible you should
 “ understand so little, a Sentiment you so
 “ powerfully inspire? You think, *Lucy*,
 “ that to be in Love, no more is wanting
 “ than to be willing to be so.” “ How
 “ can I think so,” she reply’d, interrupting him, “ when I don’t feel it for you?
 “ If you asked any thing that *depended on*
 “ *my Will*, should you want it, or could I
 “ refuse it? Alas! I perceive but too well
 “ it depends not upon our Will; but I am
 “ so incensed against my own Heart, for
 “ not being sensible of the same Passion
 “ with yours; I find myself guilty of some-
 “ thing so like Ingratitude, to refuse any
 “ Thing to his Happiness to whom I owe
 “ my own; I am so mortify’d at it, that I
 “ think, as my Reason, my Gratitude, my
 “ Tendernefs, are all on your Side, it is
 “ impossible you should not triumph, *at*
 “ *length*, over an *Indifference* so ill founded,

“ and which I will help you myself to sub-
“ due : But one Thing you must promise
“ me, that, as long as my Indifference shall
“ last, you will not insist on my offering
“ such Violence to my Heart, as may, per-
“ haps, kill me ; or reduce me to a State
“ so very pitiable, as to render even your-
“ self unhappy.”

“ I SWEAR it,” reply’d he, “ by all
“ that’s sacred to a Man of Honour ; but,”
added with Tears, “ did you only know
“ how much I love you ; to what a Point
“ of Delicacy and Respect ; you would see,
“ that my Oath, in this Case, were as need-
“ less, as probably your Efforts will be, in
“ Favour of one who is, and is like to be,
“ for ever unfortunate.” “ Pray, Sir,” she
reply’d, with a Look of extreme Sweet-
ness, “ forbode not Evils, which I am not
“ yet sure will befall you. Hope better of
“ a Heart which you have formed to Vir-
“ tue. *Gratitude* is one Virtue, and your
“ Goodness” — “ Ah ! *Lucy*,” he inter-
rupted, “ speak not of a Sentiment so
“ little proper to excite what I wish in you,
“ and is, perhaps, what obstructs my Feli-
“ city. Why did I know you before the
“ Instant I loved you ?”

HE added to his Lamentations a thousand Reasons, which had not the Effect he hoped for, or she herself wished. After a few Days she had them over again from him, to which she lent herself * with extreme Courtesy, and consoled him on her obstinate Indifference, which she was in Despair about herself: But the more she sounded her Heart, and the more she discovered to *Rutland* its Movements, the less Cause he saw to hope for the Event he wished. She was all Care, Regard, and the most tender Attention for him; but became insensibly embarrassed and reserved in her Conversation. He did not stand in need of many Reflections to induce him to moderate the Caresses he had formerly given her; but she had need of a great many to enable her to support them; and, though exactly the same which she had often received with Pleasure at other Times, yet now caused an invincible Disgust, when she saw clearly they were

* We have always thought it a Fault in Translators, so to change the Turn of the original Language, as to leave the Reader no Idea of the Difference between that and his own. *She lent herself* is not strictly *English*, but is very intelligible, and the Phrase has one Idea more in it than to say *she listened*, or *attended to*, his Reasons. Let this be our Apology for any other Phrases that may seem exotick to the Reader.

were the Effect of his Love *. “How unhappy am I!” she said a thousand Times a Day, “to have inspired him with so passionate a Tendernefs, which it is impossible I can share in: Or what is the Sentiment he would have me to feel? How can Nature have planted it in the human Breast, and not have given it to me? I shall never, it is my Destiny, know what it is, or otherwise my Heart had already found it for *Rutland*. But why does he so much insist on my having a Sentiment in my Heart, without which I can give him my Hand.”

In consequence of these Reflections, she conjured *Rutland* not any longer to be the Victim of his Delicacy; but this Condescension, which she made to Friendship, Gratitude, and Compassion, cost her so much, (as was visible through all the Care she took to hide it) and was such Violence to her Inclinations, that it served only to confirm *Rutland* in his Resolution of not marrying her if she could not love him.

D 2

I F

* It would save Lovers much unprofitable Labour, if they could impress this certain Truth on their Minds, that *the Voice of Love* is, of all Things ever invented, the most disagreeable to a Woman, who either does not love them, or cannot love them, or is indifferent, or (above all) loves another.

IF *Lucy's* Situation was unhappy, that of *Rutland* was not less pitiable, and a thousand Times more distracting *. To have always before our Eyes the Woman we adore, and whom we incessantly are telling so, who hears us with good Humour, and repays us with all the Tenderneſs of a lively *Friendſhip*, but, for that very Reason, makes us fear the more that we can never inſpire her with Love, was the Circumſtance in which *Rutland* found himſelf, and there are few can be fuller of Anxiety.

LUCY, who began to know her Heart, and kept her Promise to the Earl, of acquainting him with all that paſſed there, laid it open to him, with that cruel Frankneſs, which People always uſe, without knowing it, towards thoſe they don't love.

IF *Rutland* ſaw ſhe deſired to make him happy, he ſaw too the Impoſſibility of her bringing herſelf to love him ; and, from a Diſpoſition unfortunately clinging to the Heart of Man, the leſs Cauſe he had to hope,

* In the *French* the Word is *violent* ; but ſurely a *violent Situation* is a great Inaccuracy of *Metaphor* : This is the only Inſtance we have yet obſerved in the Author.

hope, the more did his Desire increase. Rage too, took Possession along with it, which he could not always suppress, or so far disguise, but that *Lucy*, who saw to the Bottom of his Soul, was, at some Times, terrified at observing it. He was himself scared at the Confusion into which she had plunged him. If it was fruitless to try to gain her Love, it was as much in vain to resolve on seeing her no more. In Effect, what Lover is so reasonable as to act what Reason prescribes?

RUTLAND, after long enduring this Conflict, walking one Night alone with *Lucy*, found himself in one of those raving Fits, when Reflection gives Place to Passion, and Reason vanishes from before it. Heated with the Fire of his own Expressions, and raptured by the Tenderness with which she received them, (though not in a Disposition to love him) he drew her on to an Arbour in the Garden, the Darkeness of which seemed to encourage the Crime, which strong Passion, taking Advantage of his scattered Reason, was now prompting him to commit.—He seized on her with an Ardour which *Lucy* had never yet feared, as she never yet had experienced it; and giv-

ing her neither Time to defend, or alarm herself, he covered her with burning Kisses ; Kisses so new, so strange to her, that they deprived her of the *Power*, or indeed the *Will*, to cry out : The House was too distant to hear her, and if even she could be heard, it might only serve to proclaim, but not to prevent the Deed *.

SHE made Use of all the Strength her Fright had left her to break from his Arms, and fell on her Knees ; in which suppliant Posture, with a Voice almost extinguished, she besought him to consider well what he did. “ Think,” she said, “ Oh ! think it
 “ is one you thought worthy to be your
 “ Wife you are now attempting to disho-
 “ nour. Think this unfortunate Maid owes
 “ to you that Virtue, the Fruits of which
 “ you so inhumanly would tear from her.
 “ Oh ! Sir, recal your Reason, your own
 “ Principles of Honour, in which I am in-
 “ terested as much as yourself ; and, if these
 “ Recollections be not sufficient to move
 “ you, let the Apprehension, at least, touch
 “ you,

* The Female Reader, we suppose, is here in some Pain for the Lady ; but no Occasion for it. If all Women had *Lucy's* Resolution, no single Man could ever subdue any one of them.

“ you, of seeing me destroy’d ; for I swear,
“ here at your Feet, not to survive the
“ Shame with which you would load me ;
“ neither Care, or Precaution on your Part,
“ or Reparation you might offer to my in-
“ jured Honour, shall prevent me, (I swear
“ it again,) from giving Death to myself.
“ Oh! ’twas you that preserved my Life ;
“ will you force me to destroy it myself ?”

RUTLAND, a Novice in Vice, had Time, during *Lucy*’s Supplication, to look a little into himself ; shocked, confounded, and in Despair for what he had attempted, he gently raised her, and throwing himself on his Knees, “ It is I, my too lovely *Lucy*,” he reply’d, “ who must expiate my Crime by Death. Monster, that I am, of Vice! Have I pretended to love Virtue, and give you Lessons of it? Fly, *Lucy*, fly from one so perfidious and unworthy of you ; of your Endowments.—No,” he interrupted himself, “ rather stay, to be Witness of my Regret and Remorse, and the Punishment I shall undergo. My increasing *Respect* for you shall prove my Repentance, and that alone shall bring to your Remembrance the cursed Passion I had for you. If you think it impossible

“ I should cease to adore you ; be assured,
“ at least, I will not convince you of my
“ *Tenderness* for you, by a like Enterprize
“ to that my *Distraction* has put me on ;
“ which I detest, and which has made me
“ vile in my own Eyes. But let us leave a
“ Place which I shall never see again, but
“ with horrible Confusion ; and try to com-
“ pose yourself, and recover from the fright-
“ ful Disorder into which my Wickedness
“ has plunged you.”

LUCY, to say Truth, wanted some Repose ; pale, trembling, and half dead, she could hardly walk to the House, where she retired to her Apartment ; and, intreating him to let her instantly go to Bed, he took his Leave, after falling on his Knees, and begging she would give an entire Credit to his Repentance. She could only answer him with a Torrent of Tears, to restrain which he hastened away.

WHEN she had composed herself enough to be seen, she called her Servant to put her to Bed ; but, alas ! how far from having Thoughts of sleeping. Scarce was she left alone, when she took, with Courage, the only Resolution seemed suitable to her Virtue, but of which, her Want of Experience hindered

hindered her from seeing the Inconveniences and Dangers. She rose, and fixing upon the plainest Dress she could contrive, she made up a Bundle of Linen proper for it. Her Jewels, which *Rutland*, in great Number, had given her, she put into her strong Box *, with an hundred Guineas she had left, after reserving five to herself, which she thought enough, till Providence, which she resolved to trust to, should provide for her. After ordering Things in this Manner, from Instinct rather than Reflection, so much was she beside herself, she resolved to write to *Rutland*, more grieved for, than incensed against him. “What a State will he be in,” she reasoned, “when he shall know he has lost me?” “My Flight! What a Bitterness will it shed upon his Days? Alas! what will become of him? But, if I fly not, what will become of me? Can I rely on a Virtue, I have seen belye itself in so decisive a Manner? His Remorse, what Influence can it have, but to respite, for a while, a new Insult on my Honour! Oh! never

D 5

“let

* The *French* Word is *Commode*, and, till lately, meant only a *Head-dress*; but, like many of the *French* Words, is of so general a Signification, meaning originally any Thing that can *accommodate* us, that it is now applied to a Working-basket, a strong Box, &c.

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“ let us trust to the small Protection we
 “ may expect from Virtue in the Heart of
 “ one who is agitated by Passion. When
 “ I shall be the Victim of his furious Love,
 “ what will the Horror he may conceive
 “ for it avail me? Will his Remorse restore
 “ what he has deprived me of? Let me
 “ fly then, and not-expose the most honour-
 “ able Man in the World to a Repentance
 “ will be the Misery of *his* Life, and yet
 “ will not remedy the Disgrace of *mine*.
 “ To fly, though an unhappy Choice, is
 “ the only one I have left: Unfurmountable
 “ Reluctance will never permit that I should
 “ marry him.”

CONFIRMED in her Resolves by these
 Reflections, she writ a Letter for *Rutland*
 with a trembling Hand.

The L E T T E R.

“ **I**T is, *Sir*, with the most sensible Af-
 “ fliction, that I bid you, perhaps for
 “ the last Time, Adieu. My cruel Destiny
 “ imposes on me the hard, but inevitable,
 “ Necessity of quitting, for ever, my Fa-
 “ ther, my Benefactor, and my Friend. I
 “ go, not knowing where, carrying little
 “ more with me than the Remembrance of
 “ what

“ what I owe to your Goodness, and a
“ Gratitude, that nothing will, nothing
“ shall, remove, or ever separate from my
“ Heart. Why, generous *Rutland*, must
“ it be, that *Love* has got over your *Virtue*,
“ an Ascendant that has alarm’d mine. I
“ part; and part to quit you! It is never
“ to see you again that I separate myself
“ from you! I can’t conceive, in the De-
“ jection into which this fatal Resolve has
“ thrown me, how I shall have Courage to
“ perform my Intentions. Could I flatter
“ myself, after what has passed, that the
“ Repentance you testify is sincere, how
“ happy should I be to pass my Days with
“ one I am so much indebted to, and whose
“ Kindnesses, till now, have so sensibly, at
“ all Times, flattered * me. Pardon me,
“ I conjure you, when I say, that the more
“ I thought I could confide in your *Virtue*,
“ the more has the Distraction in which I
“ saw you, alarmed me. Yourself, could
“ you have thought your Passion could
“ transport you so far? Can you be sure it
“ is no Illusion that makes you believe,
“ it

* It is so in the Original, and, in this Place, a delicate Expression, as it implies, she thought she had no Right to his Favours. You *flatter me, Sir*, (though ridiculous in the *English*) is elegant enough in the *French* Tongue, when we would insinuate, that People impute more to us than we deserve.

“ it is the last Time it shall triumph over
 “ your Virtue and Resolution? Pardon me
 “ if I dare not hope it; and do not hate
 “ an Unfortunate, who is more so, on ac-
 “ count of the Misery she occasions you,
 “ than of all the Misfortunes can befall her-
 “ self. Remember me, but without Love,
 “ and without Aversion. I have done, I
 “ swear to you, all that was possible, to
 “ bring myself to share in your Sentiments,
 “ and impute not to Ingratitude, or Want
 “ of Friendship, an Impulse certainly not
 “ to be surmounted, as all my Efforts to
 “ extinguish it have been vain.

“ You will find, in my strong Box, some
 “ Things, which, I think, when I quit you,
 “ should not belong to me.

“ Adieu, my dear *Rutland*, if I may so
 “ call you when I am piercing your Heart.
 “ Remember the unhappy *Lucy*, and be
 “ sure, the Sense of what she owes you,
 “ shall live with, and follow, her to the
 “ Grave.”

AFTER sealing the Letter, in which she
 enclosed the Key of the strong Box, *Lucy*
 took up the little Bundle of Linen, and, pro-
 vided with a Key which opened a Door
 from the Garden into *St. James's Park*, she
 went softly down Stairs; but, on passing by
 the

the Door of the Earl's Chamber, was seized with such Emotion of Spirits, that she was fain to lean on them a while, to recover her Strength, and dry her Tears. In fine, she passed through the Garden to the Park, and directed by nothing but Chance, found herself in a Street, which, as well as all the rest in *London*, she was a Stranger to. She marched on, however, with Precipitation, and, not thinking herself safe till she got a great Way from *Rutland's* House, after two Hours * smart walking, found herself in the City. Overcome with Fatigue, and her Legs failing her, she went into the Shop of an eminent Millener, where she had scarce apologized for her Freedom, when, through Want of Rest and Sustenance, she fainted. The Woman, busied about some Bargain she was making, hardly observed her coming in, or perceived that she had swooned away ; but another in the Shop, struck at first with *Lucy's* noble Appearance, perceived it, and ran to her Assistance with a Bottle of Salts : But, as smelling to it did not relieve her, she order'd a Glass of Cordial Water to be brought, which *Lucy* no sooner got down than she revived ; and the first Use she
made

* The *French* Author either has a strange Idea of the Extent of *Westminster*, or would suppose the Lady to have wandered a good deal about.

made of her recovered Spirits was to thank this charitable Woman. “ You are so lovely, my dear Child—,” said the Woman, (with a frank Kindness which captivates in the greatest Strangers to us) “ but where can you be going alone, and so early too? By your whole Appearance you should not be one in this Way. My dear Lady,” continued the Woman, seeing her ready to shed Tears, “ I don’t mean to trouble, but assist you; it is not impertinent Curiosity makes me ask these Questions, but a Regard for you, which the first Look of you has given me.” “ I am so affected, Madam, with your Goodness,” said *Lucy*, “ and have such Confidence in it, that I should imagine, if there had been no body else by, Providence had sent me here to advise with you what I should do.” “ Let not that hinder,” said the good Woman, “ I lodge but two Doors off. Come and breakfast with me, and, at our Tea, we may talk without Witnesses.”

SHE lent *Lucy* her Arm, who wanted some Help in walking, and brought her to a handsome House within two Doors of the other, where she shewed her into an Apartment, which, though small, was very neatly

ly furnished. "Let us first breakfast, my
"Child," said Mrs. *Pickring* (that was her
Name) "fasting dejects your Spirits, and I
"am mistaken much, if you don't stand in
"need of something to support yours." "It
"is true," reply'd *Lucy*, "my present Si-
"tuation is embarrassing enough." "Per-
"haps not so bad," said she, "as you may
"think, being but young; we shall hear
"it presently: In the mean Time, eat some
"Breakfast I beseech you. It is easy to
"judge, that whatever has brought you to
"this Condition, it is not familiar to you."
"No," reply'd *Lucy* sighing, "the Man-
"ner of my Education and bringing up
"has been unfortunately but little suitable
"to the State to which Providence seems
"to have destined me." "What you
"now think a Misfortune," reply'd Mrs.
Pickring, "may, one Day, prove a Source
"of Happiness, and, even this Moment,
"be a Blessing to you. Education is a pre-
"cious Benefit, which supplies the Want
"of many others, and the Want of which
"nothing else can compensate. If yours
"has been that of a young Lady of Quality,
"you have, doubtless, been inspired with
"good Principles and Sentiments, and im-
"proved by proper Talents and Accom-
"plishments; and that, at a certain Age,

"is

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“ is what neither Rank or Fortune can bestow. Cease then to bewail your Fortune, which is so far enviable, and tell me truly your Disasters.” “ The Recital,” reply’d *Lucy*, “ will be short and mournful.”

AFTER giving an Account of her being exposed at her Birth, and enlarging on the Earl’s Goodness to her and her Brother, to that very Day ; she continued, “ Madam, I enjoy’d, in perfect Tranquillity, the Happiness of being indebted for my Existence, my Virtues and Talents, to the most noble and virtuous Man that breaths ; till, unhappily, the Friendship with which he honoured me became a violent Passion for me : I will do him Justice ; his first Attempts on my Heart were on Views agreeable to his Character ; but it being our mutual Misfortune, that neither his Efforts or mine could engage my Inclinations for him ; this Man, generous and respectable as he is, suffer’d himself to be so far transported, as to make an Attempt on my Virtue. Yes, my dear Madam, (and what must have been his Disorder of Mind to have so little respected himself !) he endeavoured to force me. It is true, his immediate Repentance of the infamous Design

“ sign shewed it was not natural to his
“ Heart ; but, whatever Reproaches he
“ gave to himself, or Promises to me, that
“ I should not fear a like Weakness in him
“ again, I thought it very dangerous for
“ me to stay with him, having once found
“ him capable of it. It must be, that this
“ Sentiment, called Love, (seeing it brought
“ him to an Extremity so contrary to his
“ Principles) is a most pernicious Senti-
“ ment, and one that turns People’s Heads
“ cruelly. Oh ! Madam, it gives me Hor-
“ ror yet, to think on the Condition he was
“ in last Night in the Arbour ; he trembled
“ as much as I did, and breathed short, and
“ his Breath stopped, and his Eyes, as well
“ as the Obscurity of the Night would let
“ me see him, were all on fire, with an im-
“ patient Fury in his Looks—Oh ! the bare
“ Recollection of it, strikes me with Ter-
“ ror. Was it not well done then to leave
“ his House at Day-break ? for it was from
“ thence I came, when I had the good For-
“ tune to meet with you.

“ THIS is all my History, and I conceal
“ nothing but his Name, which it is need-
“ less for you to know, and which ought
“ never to be mentioned by me, on any
“ Occasion which does not permit me to
“ name

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“ name him with honour. I am sure, it is
 “ the first Time of his Life he was blame-
 “ able. He is, by nature, the most virtu-
 “ ous and best of Men ; and, while I breathe,
 “ I will preserve for him the tenderest Gra-
 “ titude.” “ Ah !” cry’d *Pikring*, em-
 bracing *Lucy* tenderly, “ what Innocence !
 “ what Nature ! what Goodness ! Heaven,
 “ do not doubt it, will reward such Virtue.
 “ Have Courage, my dear Child ; we shall
 “ look out to place you with some Lady of
 “ Quality, which seems the best Thing for
 “ you. In the mean Time, stay with me ;
 “ which, moderate as my Fortune is, you
 “ should be welcome to do always, if my Way
 “ of Life could permit, that I should desire
 “ it of you ; but you are young and charm-
 “ ing, and would be exposed every Day to
 “ the View of Strangers, as I let Lodgings
 “ to Gentlemen. But, with good Precau-
 “ tion, you may be safe, by keeping in my
 “ Apartment, from their Addresses ; and
 “ we shall, at Leisure, consider of some-
 “ thing for you.”—“ What Thanks I owe
 “ you,” said the grateful *Lucy*, “ I am sure
 “ that Providence protects me, since it has
 “ guided me to your Acquaintance : But
 “ it is not fit I should be chargeable to you ;
 “ here are,” she continued, presenting her
 five Guineas, “ what I reserved, for my
 “ pressing

pressing Necessities, out of an hundred I thought it just to restore to my generous Benefactor when I quitted him ; I conjure you to accept of them." " Yes," said *Pikring*, with an Air of Wonder, " yes, I will take them, and lay them out this Afternoon to buy Things you may want ; for your Pacquet appears," she said smiling, " not to be over furnished." " I have brought nothing with me," said *Lucy*, " as you may well imagine, but what was absolutely necessary. To have taken any Thing superfluous had been a scandalous Robbery, which I should never have forgiven myself." " With what happy Endowments, my dear Child, were you born !" cry'd *Pikring*. " On observing you, I can't but admire to what a Point innate Virtue can conduct us, and by how much her Maxims are a better Guide, than any we can derive from either Age or Experience !"

AFTER this Conversation, which had prolong'd their Breakfast, the good Woman, leaving *Lucy* Mistress of her Apartment, went about her domestick Affairs till Dinner, which, like herself, was plain and good. They had hardly dined when she set out to make her Purchases of Things *Lucy* wanted ;

wanted; and, when she returned, told her, that, having considered their Scheme of placing her with some Lady of Quality, it seemed necessary to have her some Time with a Milliner, where she might learn many Things that would be useful in that new Calling. *Lucy* having approved of the Proposal, Mrs. *Pikring* acquainted her, that she knew one who passed for a very good sort of Woman, and had proposed it to Mrs. *Yielding* already, having met with her in her walk, who willingly accepted of the Offer; “and, my dear *Lucy*,” she continued, “as you seem to like it, after reposing yourself with me a few Days, for I would not have you leave me this Week, I will carry you there.”

LUCY insisted she should not trouble her so long, but *Pikring* desired she would waive a Ceremony that only made her uneasy, and live with her in Confidence; that she was heartily welcome to her House, and to every good Office in her Power, and prevailed with her to stay till *Monday*, when she brought *Lucy*, with great Regret, to *Yielding*, recommending her as if she had been her own Child, and promising, with Tears in her Eyes, that she would visit her as often as she had Time to spare.

SCARCE

SCARCE was Mrs. *Pikring* gone, when
e * *Yielding* gave *Lucy* a Piece of Work
do, which she performed so well, as to
ain a thousand Praises. Fifteen Days had
e passed here in Ease, or at least undistur-
bed by Company, when, one Afternoon,
shining laced Equipage, from which impe-
uously sallied out a young Gentleman still
more elegant than his Coach, arrived, and
opped at *Yielding's* Door. "The D—l
carry away the City," said he, advancing
with a rough insolent Air, "or bring it
nearer to the Court. One must have *Re-*
lays to come here from *St. James's*. I
don't know what my Horses think of
their Journey; but, for my Part, who
have not the Honour to be in so good
Spirits as they are, I am damnably
fatigued." Will you never quit this
villainous Quarter, *Fanny*?" *Yielding*
was preparing Respect and fine Words
to answer this sublime Impertinence,
when the Smart, spying *Lucy*, cry'd, Oh,
oh!—Have you such Girls in the City
then! But let her go, let her stay,
"it

* A Way of speaking peculiar to the *Parisians*, but
reckoned affected elsewhere. It is generally apply'd to
minent Players, Dancers, Singers, &c. as the *Cut-*
omi, the *Faustina*, the *Barberini*.

“ it is Matter of Indifference to me. Eh !
 “ whence the Devil had you this little Di-
 “ vinity, *Fanny*? By all that’s charming she’s
 “ the prettiest Creature in *London* ! How
 “ is’t I did not see her before now ? And
 “ d’ye think we’ll leave her with you long ?
 “ No, my sweet Infant,” said he, address-
 “ ing *Lucy* in the same vile Rote, “ you were
 “ not made to adorn a paltry Shop, but a
 “ splendid Palace.” “ I am, Sir,” reply’d
Lucy very modestly, “ made for the Place
 “ I am in, and have no Ambition for ano-
 “ ther.” “ Oh ! for Instance, that is what
 “ we perceive,” said he, offering to kiss
 her Hand. “ How ! d’ye pull away your
 “ Hand from me ? My God, what a savage
 “ Virtue these City People have ! If you
 “ knew, my Queen, how many wild Girls
 “ I have tamed in my Life, you would be-
 “ have gentler to me. Believe me, Angel, we
 “ are about a dozen Peers of us, at t’other
 “ End of the Town, that carry all before
 “ us. To be sure, when we have Time
 “ on our Hands, we make a Tour in *France*
 “ every Year : It were the Devil to deaden
 “ our Parts by breathing always the gross
 “ Air of *London*.” “ It would seem, my
 “ Lord,” said *Lucy*, “ these *French* are a
 “ pleasant Sort of People, and well worthy
 “ the Reputation they have, if it was from
 “ them

them your Lordship learned your Air and Manners." "Speak, prithee *Fanny*," said my Lord to *Yielding*, "is she a *Humbucker* *? That would be delicious at least! I love the *Humbugg* to Distraction! No one at Court does it like me; and we two, if she has that Talent, should make charming Conversations and Suppers, such as never were given, I dare say, in *London*."

YIELDING, who saw *Lucy*'s Embarrassment by her blushing, was in some Pain, lest it might be thought, if my Lord's scandalous Discourse in her Shop proceeded, she had a criminal Complaisance for his Lordship's Leasures, ask'd him gravely, if he wanted any thing? "When I came," he reply'd, "I wanted a thousand Things. My Head was running on the finest *Brussels* in the World. But how the Devil, if you set
"such

* The *French* is *Persiflage*, to which *Humbugg* answers near as two Words will bear, which mean nothing but abominable Nonsense. The *Vivacity* of the *French* give that Sort of Banter a little Reputation for a Time; but it ill becomes the *Gravity* of our *Countrymen*. It is never any Thing more here than senseless Lying; and if, as *Dennis* says, a Man who *puns* would pick a pocket, we may be sure, one who professes *Humbugging*, could perjure freely. It is a Compound of Vanity and folly.

“such Deities at your Counter, can you
 “think People should remember any
 “Thing? What would you have me
 “want? But I’ll come again, and am sure
 “you’ll believe me, though I don’t swear
 “it. : Adieu, my Queen,” to *Lucy*, “you
 “put on the scornful now; but I am the
 “greatest Rascal of a Peer in all *England*,
 “if I don’t get better acquainted with you
 “’ere long.”

ON finishing these interesting Words,
 he ran to his Coach; and his Horses, as
 wild as himself, hurried him away as
 fast as Legs could carry them. “Who
 “is this?” said *Lucy* to *Yielding*, “if I
 “had not seen it, I cou’dn’t have thought
 “there was a Being in the World so *sovereignly*
 “*ridiculous*.” “What is’t, Miss,
 “you call ridiculous?” said *Yielding*, “d’ye
 “know, Madam, the Person your Indif-
 “cretion qualifies with that Epithet is one
 “of the greatest Lords in *England*, and
 “my best Customer? He has never done
 “buying, and never makes any Words.”
 “I confess, Madam,” said *Lucy*, “these
 “are excellent Virtues for your Shop; but
 “I can easily comprehend how one may
 “possess them all, and more, and yet be
 “very impertinent.” “Oh! without
 “Doubt,”

“Doubt,” answered *Yielding*, “is it because he thought you handsome, and told you so, after his own Manner, to be sure? But, in fine, if his Manner were so disagreeable, how should he turn the Heads, as he does, of all the fine Ladies at Court for him?” “Ah!” cry’d *Lucy*, “they must have strange Heads that can be turn’d by Addresses like his, with his shocking Manners.” “Has not he told you,” said the Milliner, “he goes every Year to *France*? This Behaviour of his you so condemn, is pure *French*, and is hugely agreeable here. And then, d’ye think a great Lord must behave to us small Citizens, as he would to a Dutcheß?” “There he’s in his proper Business,” says *Lucy*, “but, for my Part, how much soever the Citizen * I may be, his Manner does not please me; and, to get rid of him, I shall intreat you, Madam, to let me work in my Chamber hereafter.” “Oh! for that, not at all!” reply’d *Yielding* a little alarmed, “when one is really handsome, we must be content to be told so. The more we are used to hear that Sort of

E

“Talk,

* We have no Adjective to express *Bourgeoise* by, as it is both Substantive and Adjective; and besides marks the Gender, which no *English* one does.

“ Talk, the less troublesome it is ; I know
“ it by myself, and am sure you need not
“ apprehend it so much.”

LUCY, to stop her tiresome Prating, took up a News-Paper that lay on the Counter, and saw, with Surprise, the following Article.

“ *If a young Lady, who has absconded,*
“ *will return to the Place where she was brought*
“ *up, and the People who have a Regard for*
“ *her, she may assure herself, she will never*
“ *again be exposed to the Accidents that deter-*
“ *mined her to leave them ; and will have no*
“ *Room to repent of coming back to a Family*
“ *which grieves for her Absence.*”

THIS Advertisement plunged Lucy into so deep a Reverie, that Yielding could not procure her Attention to very fine Things she wanted to say, on the Use a young Woman should make of her Virtue. The more she reflected on what she had read, the more she was convinced it was inserted by Rutland. This new Proof of his Fondness, awakened in her Soul the most lively Gratitude and Tendernefs, and even Concern for having quitted him. But, however, on revolving in her Mind what had passed,

passed, she found it impossible to persuade herself, that it was wrong to have been alarmed, and to distrust the Earl's Repentance. She had, she thought, with Cause, a bad Opinion of the Virtue of all Men, when encounter'd by a violent Passion, and that none can be sure of getting the better of it. So that, bad as her Situation was, and however little she liked it, these new Assurances of the Earl did no Way lessen her Apprehensions, or Change her Resolution of never seeing him again, whatever Pangs of Heart her tender Attachments to him gave her on the Occasion.

THIS Sort of Battle with herself, and her Reflections on her past and present Condition, having kept her waking the whole Night, *Yielding* was surprised to see her Alteration in the Morning; but *Lucy* was still but too charming: Want of Rest had given that Languishment to her Eyes, which spreads over the Soul a *Sensation* more pleasing, though, perhaps, less lively, than that we feel when *Desire* only is excited. Though the last Passion was all the Lord *Chester** knew; yet, when he arrived, (more noisy and pert than the Evening before) he was

E 2

struck

* There is no Lord or Earl *Chester* in *England*, but the Prince of *Wales*.

struck sensibly with the lovely and tender Air of *Lucy*. “How beautiful!” he cry’d, as if he had been alone with her, “what Charms! what Nobleness! and d’ye think Madam,” to *Yielding*, “one’s Head should not be turned on beholding Beauty like hers?” Then to *Lucy*, “My dear Angel, I have been in a mortal Hurry to see you again,” looking on her with Eyes more impudent than tender. “Eh! don’t turn your Looks from me; d’ye fear to read in mine all you inspire them with, or to let me see in yours, that you acknowledge it properly? I love Modesty to a certain Point; but, when it comes to *Pruderie* *, believe it, my little Queen, the Devil a Farthing it’s worth.” “Madam,” said *Lucy*, addressing herself to *Yielding*, without minding my Lord, “did you bring me here, Madam, only to be exposed to such Treatment as this? And has his Lordship no other Business here but to affront me by it?” *Yielding* and my Lord, though both of them pretty intrepid as to Consequences, were embarrassed by this Apostrophé †. One blushed, the other

* Here’s another new Word in the cant Way, *Be-gueulrie*, which means nothing that any one can explain.

† Apostrophe is too significant a Word to be omitted; it means *turning off*. It is not to be expressed by any one Word.

Other was silent ; but Lord *Chester*, unwilling *Lucy* should be gone, as she seemed to intend, cast his Eye on a rich Set of *Brussels* Linen she was making up, praised it mightily, and ask'd *Yielding* if it was to be sold ? “ It is, in a Manner, bespoke, my Lord, she said, but however, if your Lordship likes it, the Price is two hundred Guineas.” “ I should think it,” he said, “ admirable, though a little dear, on any other Occasion ; but, if you have a finer, and don't shew it me now, I shall never forgive you.” On which he threw her four Rouleau's, fifty Pounds each, which the Milliner pocketed, protesting it the very richest she had. While the Bargain was making, *Lucy* was folding them up to be the sooner rid of this insupportable Lord ; but when she offered it to him, “ It is,” he said, “ in the Hands where I would have it ; and I give you, my lovely *Lucy*, but a feeble Proof of the Desire I have to serve you when I pray you to accept of it, and to repair, by any Thing else in my Power, the Injuries which Fortune seems to have done you.” “ I have but one to reproach Fortune with,” she replied haughtily, “ and that is to have exposed me to this Language, and rendered me the Object of your scandalous Liberality”

“beralities.” At which Words she threw him his Lace with a Contempt, which at once he felt and wondered at ; for his Vanity, which did a great deal towards satisfying him of his own Merit, would not let him believe that she could despise him. “Your answer to my Lord is very particular,” said *Yielding*, “one may be disinterested, but that ought not to dispense with good Manners. My Lord is so respectable—” “Then let him behave so as to be respected ;” reply’d *Lucy* briskly, “let him respect Virtue in himself, or let it alone in others.”

HERE she rose hastily, and casting on *Chester*, who would have stopped her, a Look of Indignation that flattened him, insolent as he was, she went into the next Room, and shut the Door. *Yielding*, incensed that she should thus treat one of so great Importance as my Lord, had began her Excuses ; when he interrupted them with a Peal of forced Laughter : “What a little Dragon of Virtue is here ! how I should delight to subdue her ! But where the Devil, *Fanny*, did you catch her ? for, (added he) without scandalizing your shop, or even these Dames,” looking on her Daughters, “I believe you may remember,

“ber, Folks here are neither so shy, or so
“high priced. Good Day, *Yielding*, we
“shall see you again. Ah! *Parbleu*, Ma-
“dame *Lucy*, it appears to me you want to
“draw me a great Length; but I am mis-
“taken if you shan’t go more than one
“half of the Way yourself. You play
“your Part well; but, thank Heaven! I
“know mine. But, apropos! ha’n’t you,
“*Fanny*, instructed her?” “Oh! by my
“Soul, my Lord—” “Oh,” he inter-
rupted her, “I fancy I understand pretty
“exactly what your Soul’s worth; but so
“it is, that, if I find you have practised
“this *Gallanterie* on me, and are in League
“with *Lucy*, were it only for a Hazard*,
“you understand me! you know me! I
“regard you much! but, *parbleu*,—it shall
“not go unpunish’d. Make your Reflec-
“tions on what I have the Honour to say
“to you; and, at all Events, count on my
“Gratitude. Adieu.”—“But, my Lord,
“my Lord, what shall I do with the Lace?”
“Keep it for *Lucy*,” he cry’d from his
Coach, “I promise you she’ll soon claim
“it.” *Yielding*, who had not the Opinion
of the Affair my Lord had, shook her

E 4

Head

* *Par hazard* ordinarily means by *Chance*; but here it is the same as a Hackney Coach is said to be on *Hazard*, for any one who calls first.

Head and said nothing ; and *Lucy*, seeing his Lordship was gone, return'd, and, without giving the Milliner Time to speak, demanded to work in her Chamber, or have Leave to be gone. To the deciding Air with which she spoke, *Yielding*, a little desirous of obliging my Lord, and unwilling to provoke *Lucy*, answer'd very obligingly, That it should be as she pleased ; but could not dispense with herself from adding, that her Proceeding with a Nobleman, so distinguished as Lord *Chester*, appear'd to her to be *sovereignly ridiculous*.

LUCY, who began to suspect Madam *Yielding's* Morals, and expected, with Impatience, to see the good *Pikring*, and communicate her Distresses, answer'd nothing to a Remonstrance so unplaced, and made use of the Permission she had obtained.

SHE remain'd in Quiet till next Day, that Lord *Chester* return'd, with the Air of one who, on this third Attack, saw the End of his Labour ; or, at least, was sure his Triumph was commencing. Had he laid open to *Yielding* his sanguine Hopes, she had, doubtless, taken them down a little, as she had seen nothing in the Heart of *Lucy* but an extreme *Aversion* to him, and,
if

if possible, still greater *Contempt*. If the first of these Sentiments is sometimes effaced, the other, which is, generally speaking, well founded, grows stronger by Time and Reflection *. The Milliner found farther a Disinterestedness in the Mind of *Lucy*, which confirm'd her Despair of my Lord's prevailing ; this was the more disagreeable to her, as she had Reason to expect a liberal Reward, could she bring *Lucy* to comply. "Where," said my Lord, coming in, is "this lovely little Monster of Virtue ?" "where is the most charming, and the "proudest, of all the *Lucys* in the World ?" "*Fanny*," said he, with some Severity, "you are responsible for her ; she's not "here, I see." "Me, my Lord," said the other, "she's not mine to dispose of." "I "don't enter into your Reasonings," said *Chester*, "here I found her, here I left her, "and here I must resume her. Hark thee, "I am not made to be thy Dupe, only "when I buy thy Goods. Here's a Con- "spiracy to make her hide, and me seek ; "to make me knuckle down the deeper. "You're mistaken, my little Heart ; my

* This Remark is only intended for People who have both Sense and Good-nature. Fools think they *despise*, when they only *bate* ; and the ill-natured *bate* indiscriminately ; they can't *despise*.

“ Prices are fix’d, to a single Shilling. Oh !
 “ parbleu, from my first Entrance into hu-
 “ man Nature, had I ever given into that
 “ Lock *, I had been undone long ago.
 “ Come, where is she ? Tell me neigh-
 “ bourly, and don’t oblige me to affront a
 “ Shop I have entertained so much Regard
 “ for.” “ Pray, my Lord,” she reply’d,
 “ be pleased to suppose it possible, that
 “ *Lucy* is not here, and that I am ignorant
 “ where she is.” “ Nothing,” he said,
 “ less true, or less improbable ; I perceive
 “ you have a great deal of Eloquence, but
 “ you shall have more than the Lord *Meyer*
 “ and *Eldermen* put together, to persuade
 “ me of it. Heark’e,” he said softly,
 “ let’s finish ; my Indignation, or a hun-
 “ dred Pieces and *Lucy*.—“ Here’s a World
 “ of Stir,” said *Yielding*, “ about a little
 “ —” “ Ay !” he interrupted, “ about
 “ one who is of no Value to you ; but
 “ give me Leave to think differently from
 “ Madam *Yielding*. In a Word, I have a
 “ Fancy for her, and will find her, if the
 “ Devil had hid her in the Bowels of the
 “ Earth. Well, is the Bargain made ?
 “ Here’s the Pieces—” “ My good Lord
 “ is so generous,” she reply’d, “ that—”
 “ Tell

* Been bubbled or trepanned.

“ Tell me where *Lucy* is, I say ; I had rather see her, than hear your Panegyrick on me, as elegant as I foresee it is to be.”
“ Well then,” said *Yielding*, “ since you absolutely insist on it, she is within there,” shewing the Chamber. “ I would not offend you,” said my Lord, giving her the Guineas, “ but for a Woman of Spirit you sell your Secrets at a good Price.”

Instantly he flew to *Lucy*’s Apartment, and going in softly, perceived her in deep Meditation. “ Am I,” he said, with a Look more softened than before, into which, however, he put more Folly than Sentiment, “ am I, my divine *Lucy*, the happy Mortal who employs your Thoughts ? Reflect on your Barbarity, which banished one that adores you, and wishes to make you happy. Resolve, my little Angel, to quit an Abode so little becoming you, and take Possession of a Palace I have provided for you, where, with a thousand Guineas Revenue ; Jewels, Dress, and every thing else, shall wait you.”
“ Carry,” said she, with a proud and incensed Look, “ your Presents, and your Person, to Women, contemptible enough, to accept one, and esteem the other.”—
“ But pray, Madam, consider it is three long Days that I have had the Honour

“ to be adoring you ; and you do me the
 “ Honour in return, to use me with a cru-
 “ elty, which, I durst to say, I have not
 “ met with elsewhere,” “ But which you
 “ would meet with every where” said *Lucy*,
 “ if all the World did you the Justice I
 “ do.” “ As to my Quality, let that pass ;
 “ it sets off an Affair somewhat ; but as to
 “ the Reproaches you have given me, Mrs.
 “ *Lucy*,” he added, holding her, “ and to
 “ think you shall leave me without suitable
 “ Reparation, I sha’n’t suffer it. Once
 “ more, a thousand Guineas and my Per-
 “ son.”—“ Base Man !” cry’d *Lucy*, “ if
 “ you are too corrupt to have Respect to
 “ Honour, know, that if it were wanting
 “ in me, my Contempt of you would sup-
 “ ply the Place of it.”

MY Lord *Chester*, already ruffled by
Lucy’s Disdain, and at the last Degree of Re-
 sentment on her present Outrage, conceiv-
 ing farther that little Ceremony was requi-
 site with a Girl he found in *Yielding*’s House,
 of whose Virtue, consequently, he had no
 very sublime Opinion, seized her in his
 Arms, resolving to be avenged, or to de-
 cide all by his Embraces ; which, at that
 Juncture, were the cruellest Insults. But
Lucy made such a vigorous Resistance, and
 so

so pierced his Ears with Cries, that she left him soon but little Hopes of subduing her; and *Yielding*, unwilling to pass for what she really was, or that *Lucy's* Cries should cause a Tumult which might be a Disadvantage to her, ran to her Succour, notwithstanding the Complaisance she had for my Lord, and made him abandon his Project. She was turning imperiously upon *Lucy* for making so scandalous a Noise about a Trifle, when the good *Pikring*, who, for some Days, had been absent, busied about a Lawsuit, instantly entered: *Yielding* was confounded, *Lucy* burst out with Tears of Joy to see her. "Heaven," said she, "has sent you to my Assistance, my dear Madam." "Good God, my Child! what has happen'd to you?" says the other. "Oh! frightful, unheard-of Things!" said my Lord. "I only told her she was handsome, and offer'd to prove it, with Decency however; which set her a roaring out, as you heard, perhaps." "Oh! for that," said *Yielding*, "Miss has great Conduct; but so prudish, that though my Lord was unwilling to believe it till he try'd, she disdain'd to look at him." "Ah! Madam," said *Pikring*, "I have had, I fear, too good an Opinion of you." "That may easily be," said *Lucy*, "for
2 " God's

“ God’s sake, Madam, let us quit this odious House.” “ You are too reasonable, my dear Child,” said *Pikring*, “ to desire it, had you not good Reasons for it.” “ Oh! that, doubtless,” said his Lordship, vex’d, though sneering. “ The Devil confound me, but this little Innocent would put me on the double Service of flattering her Vanity, and setting off her Virtue.” “ No, my Lord,” said *Lucy*, with a profound, but scornful Curt’sy, “ it will never again be in your Power to flatter the one, or put to Trial the other.”

SHE went into a Coach with Mrs. *Pikring*, and it being Night when they came to her House, *Lucy* begg’d to put off till Morning the Story of her Adventure with *Chester*, being much fatigued with the Agitation of Spirits she had been in. The quiet Night that she passed, and the Content she felt in being removed, and safe from her Persecutor, restored her former Gaiety. After Dinner she gratify’d *Pikring*’s Curiosity, who resolved, with Indignation, to see no more so odious a Creature as *Yielding*. “ In Truth,” said *Lucy*, “ whatever the Pride of that Lord might make him judge of my Vanity, it is rather humbled than elated by my Conquest. If the Court
“ People

“ People be all like him, it seems to me
“ the Ladies have but little to fear for their
“ Virtue.” “ I have heard of him,” said
Pikring, “ and yet such as you see him, it
“ is incredible how he turns their Heads.”
“ Their Heads,” said *Lucy*, “ are surely
“ none of the strongest, or else they have
“ agreed to receive Fopperies for Accom-
“ plishments. Had you seen with what
“ Insolence he would have made himself
“ agreeable ; with what Contempt he spoke
“ Gallantries ; how he thought he was do-
“ ing me Honour in vouchsafing to disgrace
“ me : No ! it is past Conception how in-
“ evitably he was insolent, when he thought
“ he pleased.”

BUT a Coach arrived on the Gallop, and
stopping at the Door, made *Lucy* change
Colour ; who, on looking out of the Win-
dow, and seeing the Liveries, cry'd, “ Oh !
“ Madam, that cursed Lord again ! he per-
“ secutes me even here. Lord ! what will
“ become of me ?” “ Be patient,” said
Pikring, “ you are not with *Yielding*, and I
“ promise you he shall go away little pleas-
“ ed with his Reception. I'll leave you
“ here till I speak to him.” Scarce had
she gone into the Hall, when my Lord en-
ter'd, and ask'd, in a Manner civil enough
for.

for him, if she knew him? “Yes, my
 “Lord,” said she, with an Air of Respect,
 “I saw you Yesterday, and that was not
 “the first Time.” “So much the better,”
 he reply’d, “I am in Haste to come to the
 “Point, and that spares me a Preface. As
 “you know who I am, you must know my
 “Fortune and Interest, and both are either
 “for or against you in your Lawsuit * ;
 “for or against yourself, according as you
 “behave, on all Occasions imaginable.”
 “For or against!” she interrupted. “Yes,”
 said he, with a cool Air, “for I can’t tell
 “how you’ll behave to me ; I may leave
 “you either the best of your Friends, or
 “the most implacable of your Enemies ;
 “till I know your Dispositions, how should
 “I answer for my own? People don’t speak
 “favourable of your Cause.” “And yet,”
 reply’d she, “it is a very good one.” “Oh!
 “for that, I suppose your Advocate tells
 “you so. But to pass by that ; I engage
 “to gain it for you, or to indemnify you
 “to

* Almost all Lawsuits in *France*, about Property, are determined by Interest only, where they last, at a Medium, fifty Years ; and People live in more or less Credit, according as they get the greater or less Number of the Nobility on their Side. A large Estate in Dispute makes a Kind of Bank Stock, and *Actions* fall and rise on it.

“ to the full, provided I obtain, from your
“ Gratitude, the Recompence to tell me
“ where the little *Lucy* is you took Yesterday
“ from *Yielding's*.” “ You need not,
“ my Lord,” she answered, “ offer me
“ such Temptations for what I am ready to
“ tell you for nothing. I sent her Home
“ to her Parents.” “ How !” said he,
“ I know she lay here.” “ Yes,” said the
other, “ but I had Time to do many Things
“ since Morning, and that was one of the
“ first I did.” “ You thought then,” he
said, “ you had Cause for Dispatch ? People
“ don't for nothing enter on Affairs
“ with such singular Precipitation.” “ I
“ can't, my Lord,” she reply'd, “ in Effect,
“ comprehend how a Person of your
“ Rank should enter into the little Plans of
“ a young Woman of *Lucy's* Sort.” “ Little
“ Plans !” he repeated, “ d'ye know,
“ Madam, that I begin to find you infinitely
“ delicious ; and these Parents of
“ *Lucy*, to whom you have so obligingly
“ sent her, might not one pretend to the
“ Honour of their Acquaintance ?” “ You
“ would do them too much, my Lord,”
said *Pikring*, in a Tone of Resolution, “ and
“ since I must explain myself clearly, their
“ Fortune will not permit them to be your
“ Friends, nor their Probity allow them to
“ make

“ make infamous Compliances.” “ That
“ is well spoken, and Print could not be
“ neater,” said my Lord, with a Sneer,
“ but I knew before you had a great deal
“ of Wit, and yet, believe me, Madam,
“ it will be of little Use to you on this Oc-
“ casion.” “ The Respect I owe, and
“ have for you, my Lord, will not permit
“ me to return your Compliments ; but,
“ to abridge a Conversation in which we
“ equally lose our Time, I must acquaint
“ you, that *Lucy’s* Parents are not of Worth
“ enough for your Alliance ; but of too
“ much, in the Esteem of all worthy Per-
“ sons, and even yours, to permit she
“ should be your Mistress.” “ I am of
“ that Opinion too,” he said, “ and that
“ is precisely the Reason I desire the Ho-
“ nour of their Acquaintance ; for suppos-
“ ing, as you are pleased to think, I had
“ certain Projects on the Chastity of Mada-
“ moiselle their Daughter, and it should
“ happen they don’t approve of them,
“ surely they can protect her sufficiently
“ without Madam *Pikring’s* interfering.
“ Be neighbourly now, and tell me who
“ these People of Probity are, and then,
“ you know it will be their Affair and
“ mine only ; and I have so excellent a
“ Way of dealing with People’s Probity,
“ whom

“ whom I have Affairs with, that, as yet,
“ I have not found Abundance of Trouble
“ from it.” “ Theirs, my Lord, I am
“ sure would be very troublesome to you,”
said she, “ and, to prevent a Thing so dis-
“ agreeable, you shall never know who
“ they are.”

THE Conference was long, and *Chester* acted all Kinds of Parts in it ; promised Money and Jewels, was in a Passion, and then Calm again ; and all this the most unprofitably in the World. *Pikring* was immoveable, and the Peer took his Leave, with Oaths and Menaces, that he would never rest till he had done all he had proposed to her.

WHEN *Pikring* was rid of him, she hastened to tell *Lucy* the Conversation. “ You
“ may be sure,” added she, “ he will tempt
“ me no more ; but, though I despise his
“ Offers, I fear his Violence. He is not
“ in Love, but he thinks he is. His Head
“ is engaged ; and many People mistake
“ the Head for the Heart. My House
“ will be besieged by his Spies, and my
“ Servants corrupted. I foresee great Em-
“ barrassment to us both, if he knows you
“ are here.

“ To

“ To avoid then the Risks you may run,
“ while this Fancy is in his Head, it were
“ prudent to be at a Distance from *London*.
“ I have a Sister at *Bristol* lets Lodgings ;
“ a good Woman, who loves me, and will
“ love you, my dear *Lucy*, when she knows
“ you. In Hopes then she will be as much
“ interested for you as I am, you shall pass
“ for a Neice of my deceased Husband,
“ and my God-daughter ; and, to prevent
“ my Lord *Chester*’s Attempts, we will be
“ gone early To-morrow. What think
“ you of the Project ?” “ I think,” said
Lucy, embracing her, “ you are the best
“ Friend in the World, and the best of
“ Women ; but, my dear Madam *Pikring*,
“ I can’t think of staying long with your
“ Sister, or being chargeable to any one.”
“ Be in no Concern about that,” said the
other, “ *Bristol* is the best Place in the
“ World to have you happily placed in ;
“ and, as the Season for the Waters is
“ coming on, it would be strange, if, a-
“ mong the Crouds of Gentry that go
“ there, we should miss an Opportunity to
“ place you advantageously ; for that is to
“ be considered. But of that hereafter.
“ At present let us prepare for the Journey,
“ since

“ since you like it. By Day-break we’ll be
“ in the Chaise ; and, to elude his Spies,
“ if he sends any after us, we’ll give out
“ we are gone to *Kent*.”

THIS Disposition being made, they sup-
ped early, the Morrow set out, and were at
Bristol in three Days with Mrs. *Hépeny*, *Pik-
ring*’s Sister : The Sisters were like, the
same Frankness and Generosity. *Pikring*
told her, as she and *Lucy* had agreed, that
she brought her Niece, with a View of
placing her with some Lady of Quality.
“ You need not doubt my Endeavour,”
said the other, “ in behalf of your Friend,
“ and one I see both with Delight and Sur-
“ prize ; but, dear Sister, do you consider
“ that my House is open to all the World,
“ and your Niece is so charming, that some
“ may be Lodgers here who will not fail to
“ tell her of it, and I have not Time to
“ have an Eye on her, and— “ Oh !”
said *Pikring*, “ you may spare the trouble ;
“ she has been used to look to herself ; I
“ engage for her Conduct.” “ She’s wel-
“ come then,” said *Hépeny*, “ and my
“ House being engaged for the Countess
“ of *Suffolk* only, the lovely Girl will
“ not run the same Risk, as if young
“ Lords

“ Lords * lodged here, who are all so im-
 “ pertinent, savage, ill-bred, and de-
 “ bauch’d.”

LUCY, after a tender Farewel of *Pik-
 ring*, was left alone with *Hépeny*; and di-
 vided her Time between working and read-
 ing; scarce looking out of the Window,
 so afraid was she to be known, and disco-
 vered to Lord *Chester*; and the Arrival soon
 after of the Countess of *Suffolk*, who was
 greatly visited, determined her not to leave
 her Chamber. One Day, however, when
 the Countess and all her Train were abroad,
Hépeny took *Lucy* into her Apartments,
 where she was delighted to see a Harpsi-
 chord and other Instruments of Musick;
 she was desirous to know whether she had
 forgot her playing, and sat down to try,
 when *Hépeny* was astonish’d to hear her
 play, as well as sing, and so rapt up as not
 to perceive the Countess, who stopped at
 the Door (being return’d to write Letters)
 to enjoy *Lucy*’s little Concert. She was
 transported

* By Lords, in this Place, are only meant *English*
 Gentlemen; and certainly those of them who visit
France, in general, but too much justify the Author’s
 Character of them. It is common to hear it ask’d at
 Assemblies, if the *Savages* are to be there? meaning
 these Travellers.

transported with the Performance, till *Lucy*, spying her, stopp'd, and begged Pardon for the Rudeness of coming in. "You have given me great Pleasure," said the Countess, (for she loved Musick passionately) "in the best Voice and Hand I ever heard;" begg'd to know if she might sometimes expect her Company? "My Aunt," reply'd the other, "Madam, will acquaint you that I am altogether at your Service." "Your Aunt, Madam! Pray, *Hépeny*, can she be your Niece?" "Yes, Madam," said *Hépeny*, "one we want to place some where with a Lady of Quality." "Look for no other than me," said the Countess, "if you love me. Pray," said she to *Lucy*, "can you be content to live with me as a Companion; for you are not made, I see, for the Life of a Domestick." "You are very good, Madam," reply'd *Lucy*, "I shall study to please you."

"WELL then, once more," said the Countess, "never think of yourself as a Servant; for, if what occurs to me can take Place, I shall have a Project to make us both happy. But pray are you much known to the World." "Hardly at all, Madam," said the other. "So much

“ much the better for our Purpose,” said the Countess, “ and pray keep yourself “ unobserved.”

FROM this Time the Countess forsook the Pleasures of the Wells, for which, indeed, in her present Posture of Mind, she had no Relish. She saw *Lucy* every Day in her own Chamber ; and, charmed with her Person, Understanding and Manners, (for a Woman of her Rank was above Jealousy) she told her Design ; and that, to forward it, she must pass for one of Condition lately come from a Convent in *Flanders* ; and, in that Character, should be soon introduced to my Lady’s Friends and Acquaintance.

AT the Time prefix’d, *Lucy* appeared, well supply’d with every Thing suitable to a Woman of Quality ; and the Company, who visited the Countess, loaded her with Praises, and were officious to express the Sentiments of Admiration and Joy that she inspired, which *Lucy* did not want to learn how to receive with Dignity and Complaisance.

THE Graces, Talents and Accomplishments that Nature and Education had shower’d on *Lucy*, not only touch’d the Heart of

of the Countess, but made her the Object of every one's Attention, and the Subject of eternal Adoration to all the Lords who saw her with her Ladyship. She found nothing in any one who approached her, but the most ardent Desire to please her, and an apparent Felicity to have been noticed by her with the smallest Mark of her Regard.

BUT, in the Midst of every Thing so delightful to Women, *Lucy* was, however, not without her Sorrows. The Apprehension that Lord *Chester* might come to *Bristol*, who, doubtless, was acquainted with her Lady; or how to secure herself from the Eyes of *Rutland*, whom she had made so unhappy, and who yet was extremely dear to her. These afflicting Ideas, which she presented but too often to herself, so tormented her, that they had a visible Effect on her Health and Spirits; and made the Countess believe her to be indisposed. *Lucy* favoured her Opinion, as she thought a profound Retreat the only Means to escape Lord *Chester*'s Insolence, and the Eyes of *Rutland*; and prayed the Countess to let her keep her Chamber some Time.

ON one Day of her pretended Illness, after the Countess and other Company had
F. left

left her, she was surprized to see her return with Precipitation, with her Looks so changed and anxious, that one would hardly know her. "I am ill," she said, in a faint Voice, "let me be put to Bed, and left alone." *Lucy*, though she was mostly in the Countess's Chamber, had too much Respect not to offer to go away, on her general Orders, along with her Attendants; but was desired to stay. "My dear *Lucy*," said the Countess, shedding Tears, "I never had more need of a Friend. You see the most unhappy of Women, who is the more so, in apprehending that what she is going to confide to you will lessen the Esteem you have for her." "Alas! Madam," cry'd *Lucy*, "Can you suspect that any Thing in the World can alter the Attachments and Respect I have for you?" "We pay oftentimes," said the Countess, "a forced Respect where we don't esteem, and Friendship is incompatible with Contempt. It is not to what Fortune has been pleased to make me that I desire Respect to be paid, for that which our Virtues inspire is the only Respect that can satisfy a noble Mind; that is the Respect I would wish from you, which is alone suitable to both our Inclinations, and which, from this Moment,

“ I fear you can no more afford me. Ah!
“ *Lucy*,” she continued, “ we must love,
“ or have loved, extremely, to be sensible
“ of its Power, or compassionate its unhap-
“ py Victims. No ! I am not one of the
“ contemptible Creatures to whom every
“ Thing is a Temptation, who are aiding
“ to seduce themselves ; and who consider,
“ as foolish Prejudices, Principles the most
“ to be respected. No ; it was not shame-
“ fully that I surrender’d ; I was not van-
“ quish’d as soon as attack’d ; nor did I,
“ in any Instance of my Conduct, or by
“ Want of Reserve, demonstrate that I
“ was ready to yield my Heart, however
“ slight an Attempt that should be made
“ on it might be. I had died a thousand
“ Deaths, rather than have fallen so shame-
“ fully, which had exposed me to the Con-
“ tempt of my Lover, without having gra-
“ tify’d his Vanity.

“ I FIND myself, my dear *Lucy*, in an
“ absolute Necessity of disburthening my
“ Mind, and talking of my Love and my
“ Misfortunes ; and I flatter myself I can
“ find none, who will be more interested
“ in them than you.”

THIS solemn and affecting Beginning, at the same Time that it awakened *Lucy's* Curiosity, excited a very sensible Concern in her; for she really began to have not only an Esteem, but an Affection, for the amiable Lady, who was thus going to entertain her with her Story. Her Ladyship's Behaviour to her lovely Confidante, had been extremely tender and engaging; she had shewn her all the Kindnesses of a Mother or a Friend, rather than put on the Mistress, ever since she had been her Companion: The Countess seemed to take Pleasure in all the Praises she received from her Visitors, and to look with that tender Pride upon her Endowments and Accomplishments, that is seldom encourag'd or indulg'd, but by the nearest Relations. In short, *Lucy* was become more necessary to her Ladyship, in the Character of a Bosom Friend, than in any other, and, before this Juncture, she had been very little upon the Reserve, either as to her Family Affairs or the Condition of her Heart, which Nature had formed inclinable to all the soft and gentle Impressions of Love, of Tenderness and Humanity. She might now be reckoned a perfect Beauty as to her Person, which, save the Difference of Years, had all

all the Charms that were admir'd in her darling, favourite *Lucy*, and their Features had such a Resemblance, as inclined every one to believe that *Lucy* was nearly related to her Ladyship, and to complement her upon this striking Likeness her Ward bore to her Person. She was now in the forty-third Year of her Age ; but Time had destroy'd none of those enchanting Graces that are so much admir'd in the delightful Sex, and the Charms of her Mind were still more resplendent than those of her Person: Virtue, Truth, and Honour had there taken up their Residence, and Wit, adorned with good Nature, flowed from her Tongue, which would have shone with more Brilliancy, but that a settled Melancholy seem'd to have taken Possession of her ; and tho' it still added to the Softness of her Face, took off considerably from her Ease of Conversation. Perhaps this pensive and sad Disposition, however, made *Lucy* still more affectionate to her: She found her Lady was unfortunate, and being so herself, she sympathized with her, and Sympathy had encreased the Fondness she had entertained.

W H E N she was somewhat recovered from her Disorder, she thus continued her

Discourse. Alas! my *Lucy*, you see before, you, the most unhappy of her Sex, who has, for many and many tedious Years, pined in secret, deprived of the least Glimmering of Hope to give her Comfort; robb'd of all that ever could inspire her with Joy, and, amidst the Blandishments Birth and Fortune, most truly, most sincerely wretched. Ah! why, shedding a Torrent of Tears, ah! why, was I the Delight of my Parents and Family! Why has Nature bestow'd some Favours on my Person, if these Blessings were given but to make me miserable! You have been informed by me before, my Dear, that I was the only Daughter of the illustrious Pair from whom I derive my Birth, and that I was married to Lord *Suffolk*, before I reached my fourteenth Year, when my Heart could have little or no Share in my Disposal. My Parents proceeded upon that erroneous Principle, that Title, Place and Riches, were the chief Goods to be aimed at in Matrimony, and that Love would, of Consequence, follow from our Union: Not considering, that, without an Union of Souls, as well as Persons, the main source and End of the Nuptial Tye, mutual Happiness, can never be attained. My Lord was then about a Year older than myself, and

and a Youth of a fine Person; as to his other Accomplishments, I was almost a perfect Stranger to them. We had seen each other often, but were too young to discover Perfections, and the main Temptation to our Friends was his being possess'd of a very large Estate, and my being the Heiress of a still more considerable one, not at all entail'd with my Father's Honours, which, I have told you, descended to his Brother. A great Jointure was settled upon me, we were bedded, with all the outward Marks of Ceremony, and, the very next Day, as had been agreed, my Spouse set out on his Travels, having been only one Month from *Eaton* School, and was to begin his Tour, if I may so express myself, which was to last four Years, with a Residence of the first two at *Geneva*, to finish his Studies. We parted as we met, without knowing why, and he left me as much a Virgin as he found me. In about sixteen Months after his Departure, I became a young, a very young Widow, by his dying of the Small Pox at *Geneva*. My Father and Mother both, unfortunately, deceased before this Accident, and I was left to the Care of my Uncle, who immediately took me under his Protection, and I soon found myself in the Possession of

one of the largest Fortunes in *England*, by the Affiduities and Respects that were paid me by all Ranks of People. This worthy Uncle, tho' so great an Expectant as the next Heir upon my Death, watch'd over me with an affectionate Fondness; he endeavoured to abate in me that Inclination for Dress, and idle Amusements, so Characteristick of our Sex, and, cautious of sending me to a publick Boarding-School; he provided Teachers of all those Accomplishments that were proper for my further Knowledge of, at his own House in the Country, and, under his own Inspection; rejoic'd in the Progress I made, and survey'd it with equal Satisfaction as he would the Improvement of an own Child. He had been a Widower some Years, and had an only Son, much of the same Age with myself, who, when I first came under his Direction, was at *Oxford*, finishing his Studies, and it was three Years before I saw him, when he came home, by his Father's Orders, to set out upon the Tour of *Europe*. My Uncle usually spent most of his Time in my Company, and ever behaved with such an indulgent Affection, that I sincerely lov'd, and honour'd him as my Parent. He had been against my first Match, on Account of the Youth of Lord *Suffolk*
and

and myself, and it was a Maxim he always inculcated, that, in an Affair that so nearly concerned me, I should follow my own Inclination; but still should take Care to found that Inclination upon the Basis of Wisdom and Judgment; and Experience of the good Conduct and Behaviour of the Object of my Affection. “ Neice,” he has said, “ I see you now happy, pleased, and contented, and shall I, by my Persuasions, hazard your being miserable, which would be the sure Consequence, from a bad or partial Recommendation of a Husband? You are still very young, your Fortune is equal to a Match with the best Houses in *England*, and, till your Judgment and Discernment had arrived to its present Maturity, which I with much Satisfaction perceive, I have studiously avoided the Company particularly of our Equals; fearing that Tinsel and Pomp might determine your Choice rather than Worth, Honour and Virtue: You perceive I have never mentioned even your Cousin, or suffered him to see you, lest I should be thought partially to direct your Views that Way: My dearest Lady, let me but see you happy, in the future Part of your Life, and I shall leave the World without Regret; and remem-

“ber that other Concomitants beside Titles and Riches, are necessary to the “Felicity of the Marriage State.” The Counsels of this good Lord sunk deep into my Heart, and, will you believe it *Lucy*? merely from a Principle of Gratitude, I fed myself up with the Idea, that his Son, the Viscount, would be worthy my Affection, that I might repay what I owed to the Father, by giving my Hand and Heart to the Son. Long before this Youth appeared, I had heard much Commendation, indeed, of his Person and Manners, and a Letter, which I had seen, from him to his Father, had heightened my Prepossessions in his Favour; so that all the fine Things I was admitted now to hear, from the *Beau Monde*, all the gay Scenes that were spread before me, were insipid till he arrived. I have this Letter by me, step, *Lucy*, to my Escrutoir, it lies just at the Opening of the second Drawer: *Lucy* obey’d her, and she read the following Words,

My honoured Lord,

THE Hints you have given me, of your Design to send me Abroad, I receive with great Submission to the Judgment of the worthiest, best, and wisest of Fathers; but hope your Lordship will delay

I lay, for some Years longer, my destin'd Tour. I am too young, my Lord, to make a proper Use of Travel, too inexperienc'd to store up that Fund of Observations necessary to be made by a Person of my Rank in such a Situation: And my Notion is, that, unless I can transplant all that is valuable of Foreign Countries into my Own; and also improve my Mind and Understanding, as well as amuse my Curiosity, I had better stay at Home, content with the honest Roughness of my native Country; rather than to return a Fop and a Coxcomb, as I went out a Booby and an *Ignoramus*. My Tutors have, indeed, in some Measure, finished with me: But the College Life has so many Charms, Study relishes so well with me, that if your Lordship would still let me continue them, along with my Exercises, I should esteem myself happy. After that, my Lord, I should like a Tour thro' my own Country, and an Acquaintance with its excellent Constitution before I launch'd out into foreign Climes. I hope, my honour'd Father, you will do me the Satisfaction of adopting these Sentiments; they are not mine, but those of the wisest Men who have conversed or wrote on the Subject. I shall, however, leave the whole to your better Judgment:

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Judgment: You are my Father, my Superior, and both Nature and Inclination lead me to obey you. My sincere Respects attend that charming Kinswoman, in whose Praises you are so very, and so deservedly lavish, and as you are so happy in her endearing Society, I hope you can have no Regrets to disturb your Peace. I long to throw myself at your Feet; and am,

My much honoured Lord,

Your most dutiful Son,

and obedient Servant,

So much Judgment, such a Vein of Goodness were conveyed in this Epistle, that I was already in Love with the Mind of this young Relation. Ah! my *Lucy*, how little do those Men know the Temper of *some* of our Sex (for many may from Want of Instruction, from native Vanity or Folly prefer them) when they attack our Hearts with trifling Addresses, Ribbaldry and Folly? Manly Sense, Integrity, Virtue and Softness of Manners united, are the surest Weapons to prevail over the Hearts of the discerning Fair. We may be diverted for an Hour with a
light

light and flimsy Acquaintance; but only to Worth, Honour and Goodness, should we surrender our Persons for Life. When, my Uncle, for he kept nothing concealed from me, shewed me the Viscount's Letter, and I had read it, he seem'd exceedingly surprized at the warm Approbation I expressed of his Sentiments, and still more, when I begg'd it as a Favour, that I might be the Depositary of it: He smiled and said, " Neice, you do my Son a great deal of Honour, and me a great deal of Pleasure in your Request, and since you seem to be of his Opinion, we'll suffer him to continue at College for another Year." Will you think it, so much had the soft Infection insinuated itself into my Bosom, that I turn'd pale, and was angry that I had seconded his Reasons, considering I should have seen him so much sooner, had he been directed by his Father's first Commands. My Uncle, who was a great Judge of human Nature, no doubt perceived my Prepossessions in his Son's Favour, and methought he seem'd elated thereat; for I never saw him in a more agreeable and gay Humour than that Afternoon. The long expected Time at length arrived, when I was to see the Object of my first Affection, and you may depend upon it, I took

took Care, by all the Arts of Dress, to set off those Charms Nature had bestowed upon my Person: These are innocent Arts, *Lucy*, and if not accompanied by unnatural Ornaments, such as Paint, which I ever abominated, and which may be said to exhibit an artificial Face, may be pronounc'd the native Weapons of our Sex, and highly allowable in us to make the best Use we can of. It was in the Month of *June*, at our Country Seat, that, punctual to the Day and Hour he had promised us, he alighted at the Gate. My Uncle was sitting with me, and our domestick Chaplain, Dr. *Carter*, who was to travel with the Viscount, in an Apartment that overlooked the Entrance of our Court-Yard, and the Walk leading to the House. He had only two Servants with him, whose Livery immediately distinguished them from their Master. Graceful as my warm Fancy had painted this young Nobleman, his Mien, his Air and Manner, appeared to be far superior to any thing that I had imagin'd. His Person was of the middling Stature, but disposed with such Harmony and Proportion, that it immediately struck the Beholder with Respect, bordering even upon Reverence. His Eyes and Hair, which flow'd artlessly, in Ringlets, over his Shoulders,

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ders, were black as Jet, and his Features such as could not fail to attract the Admiration, and, at the same Time, conciliate the Affection. He ran eagerly up the Walk into the Hall, where we met him, and the Father and Son embrac'd with an Action of the utmost Affection ; my Uncle then presented him to me, and if my Joy, at this Interview, painted my Cheeks of a crimson Hue, he betray'd no less Emotion at the Sight of me, and, falling back some Paces, after saluting me, with Amazement as it were, he cried out, in the softest Voice that ever Youth was blessed with—" Ah !
" my Lord, my Cousin deserves all the Concern you have express'd for her !—I hope
" she will number me amongst her Slaves and Admirers ?" Before I could reply, we went into the Apartment which we had just left, and, after some Time, the Viscount retired to dress himself and take some Refreshment, after his Fatigue : And now I found I was really in Love, since the Absence of a few Moments only, gave me Pain. " Well,
" my Lady", said my Uncle, after he retir'd, " you have now seen your Cousin,
" tell me how you like him?" " My Lord," I return'd, " if his Embellishments of Mind
" are equal to those of his Person, no Father,
" no Relation, can ever have more Reason
" to

“to rejoice than *we* have.” At these Expressions, after looking at me a Moment with great Satisfaction, he ran and clasp’d me in his Arms, saying, “How kindly my Dear, I take that Monosyllable *We*, could I think you felt any Pleasure in seeing my Son, I should be happy in deed—perhaps too-too happy!” This Speech, which I return’d in a suitable Manner, convinced me that my Uncle had not been without some Inclination that favour’d mine, and the Discovery gave me an Excess of Satisfaction, which would have kept me silent and reflecting some Time, if my Cousin had not again made his Appearance, after having receiv’d all the Advantages that Dress could bestow. Our Conversation then became general; upon the Times, his Studies, future Travels, and other Subjects, on which he reasoned with a Dignity of Sentiment, a Clearness of Reason, and such a Force of Expression, as finish’d his Conquest over me; whilst his Father could not help, every now and then, expressing the Greatness of his Satisfaction at the Improvements he had made. His particularly directing his Discourse to me; that profound Respect he paid me, and the Language of his Eyes, left me no Room to doubt of my being as agreeable to him,

as

as he was to me, and, during the three Months he continued with us, we came to such a Declaration of each other's Passion, as gladden'd his Father's Heart, who now had, he said, arrived at the Summit of his Wishes. In short, it was publickly declared, that our Nuptials should be consummated as soon as he arriv'd from his Travels. Ah! my *Lucy*, can I recollect, without melting into the greatest Anguish of Grief, the Tendernefs of our Adieus? With what Fondness he recommended *the inestimable Charge*, as he call'd me, to his Father, or that delightful Intercourse we kept up, by Letter, for two Years after his Departure; by Letters, which spok'd all the Fondness of our Souls? But oh! the sad Remembrance! he dy'd at *Verona*, leaving me, I may say, a widow'd, a wretched Maid, resign'd to all the Horror of such an unlook'd for, such a cruel Separation. My poor Uncle's Condition was still more deplorable, if possible, than that of the forlorn *Suffolk*; he had lost an only Son, the Ornament of Mankind, and the last Male of his Race, the Heir of an honourable and noble House, who bid fair to extend its Lustre and Influence to succeeding Generations: He sunk under the Burden of his Loss; we perpetually mingled our Tears together,

together, and for two Years, or more, banished ourselves from all Society. At length, his Health was so decay'd, that I perswaded him, which was more than the Physicians could, to go to the Baths of *Aix*, for the Restoration of his Health : As to its total Re-establishment it was not to be expected; that gnawing Worm, Grief of Mind, had had so baneful an Influence. Indeed, I myself stood in need of removing from all those Objects that brought to my Remembrance one so dearly, so tenderly belov'd. We set out, after this worthy Lord had settled his Affairs, and left the whole of his Estate to me, by which I might be reckoned the greatest Fortune in *England*. Had I not Reason, my Dear, to think myself, at this Period, one of the most unfortunate of my Sex; bless'd with all the Advantages of Nature and Fortune, yet bereft of all that could inspire me with a Desire to enjoy them, and, at twenty Years of Age, a Wanderer from my native Country, in Anguish and Distress of Soul? And yet you will soon perceive that I had worse Ills to encounter, and that these were only the Beginning of my Sorrows. Here the Countess paus'd some Moments, to indulge the Tears that flow'd from her Eyes; whilst her

her lovely Companion bore her part in this mournful Scene, with unaffected Sorrow.

ACCORDING to my Instructions from the Physicians, who look'd upon the Change of Air and the Diversions we should meet with, to be more efficacious, in my Uncle's Case, than the Waters, I endeavour'd to stifle, as much as possible, my Regrets, and, by all the amusing Methods I was Mistress of, to overcome that fixed Melancholy that overshadowed his Mind; but nothing that *Aix* could afford, tho' crowded with the best Company from all Nations, could have any Effect upon him: He fell into a Jaundice, which was succeeded by a total Weakness, and, in half a Year, left me a second Time an Orphan. Hear the last Words of this good Nobleman!—Calling me to his Bed-side, and embracing me, with all the remaining Strength he was possessed of, in a faltering and weak Voice, he cry'd, — “ Oh! my Dear, I am going to join our
“ dear Youth, in those Mansions where
“ Grief and Pain shall be felt no more—I
“ hope I am prepared for this last and great
“ Change!—I have try'd to live, for your
“ Sake more than my own; but it will
“ not be—Oh! the Anguish I am under
“ on your Account is inexpressible!—But
“ my

“ my great Comfort at this Hour, is the
 “ Knowledge of your Worth, your trans-
 “ cendent Virtue, and that discerning
 “ Judgment by which you are directed in
 “ all Things!—Alas! I cannot live to see
 “ their Effects!—I leave you, my Dear, in
 “ the most splendid Circumstances, and
 “ Mistress of all your Actions; but, wedded
 “ as you are at present, to some dear,
 “ tho’ painful Remembrances, can I, ought
 “ I to expect, that you will not one Day
 “ change your Condition? No, and all I
 “ desire is, that you would treasure up the
 “ last Advice of a Parent and a Friend,
 “ who never left you any Doubt of his
 “ Affection. O! my *Lucy*, let your last
 “ Love, be the Pattern in your Choice of
 “ an Husband—try him well—observe all
 “ the Turns of his Temper, be not hasty
 “ in your Selection of a future Partner for
 “ Life. ’Tis right you should marry, and
 “ the more wisely you make your Choice,
 “ the more likely will you be to have an Off-
 “ spring that may serve the State and bless
 “ Mankind. We are not born for our-
 “ selves but for others, and therefore the
 “ single Life (when there are no natural
 “ Impediments) can never be pleasing to
 “ Heaven. Let your Choice fall on a Man
 “ of Honour and Virtue—make him the
 Delight

“ Delight of your Eyes and the Joy of
“ your Heart—I can say no more—tho’ I
“ have ten thousand rising Thoughts to
“ communicate to you—adieu—adieu for
“ ever!” Here the worthy Peer closed his
Eyes and expired. For some Time I was
frantick and wild with Sorrow; the Loss
of a Friend I so dearly lov’d, appear’d in
all the dismal Lights that Imagination could
paint: I had lost my Father, my Guide,
my Monitor and Friend, and I represented
the World as a Wilderness, that had nei-
ther Succour nor Harbour in it for me. I
should have indulged these melancholy Re-
flections longer than I did, nay, notwith-
standing my Youth, perhaps had been quite
overset by them, had I not been, in some
measure, recalled to the Dictates of Reason
and Religion by the mild and forcible Per-
suasions of *Dr. Carter*, the worthy Clergy-
man who accompanied us to *Aix*, and who
had been the Companion and Tutor of
my still deplored Cousin. He so wisely
display’d the Goodness and Wisdom of
Providence in all its Dispensations, the
Crime of indulging our Grievs, for the Loss
of our Friends, to an Excess, and display’d
with such Energy the happy State of those
who may be called the *departed just*, that
I began, in some few Weeks, to listen to
the

the Voice of Comfort, and to think of returning to *England* with the Remains of this excellent Lord, to whose Memory and that of his Son, I resolved to devote the rest of my Days, and never to change the sable Hue I had put on. My Uncle had named the worthy Doctor *Carter*, and Sir *James Hope*, an intimate Friend, my Trustees in his Will; but had left every Thing to my Disposal. I lov'd the Doctor upon various Accounts, as well as for that Regard he had ever shewn to our Family, and the Honour and Goodness of Sir *James*, that Respect he had ever shewn me, made me extremely easy in my Uncle's Appointment, and I resolv'd to take their Advice in all my Affairs. We came to *England*, without any remarkable Occurrence or Accident, and deposited my dear Lord's Remains, with all proper Ceremonies near those of his Wife, and Son (whose Corpse was brought from *Italy*, soon after his Death) my Father and Mother, and the rest of the Family, and my Love and Gratitude caused me to erect the most superb Monument to their Memory. Thus you see, *Lucy*, Misfortune dogg'd me at the Heels from my very Infancy to this Period, which had given me such a Solemnity of Mind and Behaviour, that I

was

was ever grave, and scarce a Smile at any Time escap'd me: I could not be prevail'd on to go to Town, or Court; but employ'd myself in performing all the good Offices I could, to my Neighbours and Tenants, and particularly to those who had been most esteem'd by my deceased Benefactor; in Reading and such other Duties as became my Station, seldom stirring further from the delightful Seat where I had taken up my Residence, than to the Parish Church, or a Neighbour's or two, whose Sentiments and Manners were agreeable to mine. By this Reserve and Retirement, I avoided all those idle formal Visits, and those troublesome Assiduities, which would have been paid to my Sex, Rank and Fortune, and the Poignancy of my Sorrow, contrary to common Custom where Solitude is its Nurse, insensibly began to wear away. 'Twas when in this Situation, that Sir *James*, who was my near Neighbour, resolv'd to visit *Montpelier*, for the Recovery of his Health, with his Lady and Daughter, two Persons for whom I had the greatest Affection imaginable, and (my late Tour having given me a Relish of Travelling) overpersuaded me to bear them Company. This I the more readily comply'd with, as they intended to take *Paris* in their Route, and
to

to stay there some Time, where a Sister of Lord *Suffolk's*, who had been my Companion at the Boarding-School, was now the Wife of the Count *Rabutin*, who had a considerable Post in the Government. This Lady I had ever had a great Esteem for, and she had kept up a Correspondence with me ever since her Marriage, and had often importun'd me to visit her at *Paris*, which I now thought this a favourable Opportunity of doing. You will perceive, my *Lucy*, that my Resolution to accompany these Friends into *France*, flow'd from no idle, rambling Disposition, for tho' I had, as before I observed, some Relish for Traveling, and my first Tour had excited my Curiosity that Way; yet I should never have ventur'd to gratify it, if the Opportunity of such Companions had not presented itself, who were such as my good Sense and my Discernment could not fail to approve. I intended at first, to have begg'd the Company of Dr. *Carter*; but he was, at this Time, so afflicted with the Gout, that I found his Removal from home impossible, by which I lost the Advice and Assistance of one of my worthy Guides, of whom you will soon find I had great Need in my foreign Sojourn. My Resolution was no sooner formed, than I procured

cured all that was necessary for my own Use and Service, leaving to my Steward, Mr. *Maxwell*, to order such Matters as regarded my Equipage, and the Conduct of my Affairs, in my Absence; and, every thing being ready, we set out for *Dover*, whence, having obtained a proper Convoy, we arrived at *Calais*, after a short and pleasant Passage, in which we suffered nothing but a little Sea Sickness, at the Beginning of the Year 1686, being then in the 23d Year of my Age. And now, my Dear, so little are those Resolutions to be depended upon, that are made by us when under the Agony of Distress, so little do we know the Complexion of our Minds, till Age and an Acquaintance with Life has given them a proper Steadiness and Firmness, that I was prevail'd upon to lay aside that solemn mourning Dress, which I had worn ever since my Uncle's Decease, and, let me blush when I say it, I forgot, in some Measure, the Memory of those who had been so dear to me. Was not this a proper Punishment for my Rashness in such Resolves? Had I any Right to dedicate my Days to perpetual Weeping and Inattention to the World? Was this the End of my Existence? Shall every Loss or Disappointment, make us angry with ourselves and others, and forget

G

that

that the Universal Disposer of Things, will do with us as it seemeth Good to himself, and that Murmuring or Impatience at his afflictive Dispensations is a Crime? My Education, and consequent Manner of Life had been so reclusive, my Instruction and my Conversation had so taken me from the Gaieties of Life, and all that to young Tempers, display so many Incitements, that I was, as it were, stepping into a new World: Sir *James* had been a Man of Gallantry, in his former Days, and his Lady had partaken of every fashionable Amusement; tho', since their Retirement, they had liv'd like Wisdom's Children, and brought up *Maria*, their Daughter, pretty nearly upon my Uncle's Plan with regard to me. But old Habits which had been stifled, not overcome, soon began to display themselves, and, wherever we came, we found Pleasures innumerable spread around us, which, tho' innocent in themselves, are calculated to fascinate and soften the female Heart. These were new Enjoyments to me and my *Marrion*, for we were inseparable, and conceal'd nothing from each other, and, by the Example of our Conductors, we soon became delighted with what we had before little Notion of. In our Journey from *Calais* to *Paris*, which took up some Weeks,

we

we went out of the Road to see every Thing that deserved Notice, and stopp'd for whole Days at the Houses of many of the Nobility and Gentry, who had been inform'd of our Arrival, by the Letters of their *English* Friends, or the Figure we made, where, Musick, Assemblies, and every thing entertaining were provided for our Reception. That Ease and Politeness with which the *French* perform the most trifling Things really pleas'd me greatly, and I no sooner came to *Paris*, than I became the Object of the Civilities of all the Great and Gay, to whom my Rank, Fortune, and my Relation to the Countess *Rabutin* introduced me. That amiable Sister in Law receiv'd us with an affectionate and tender Regard, and, with her Spouse and all her Friends, vy'd with each other in doing all in their Power to oblige us. The Court of *Lewis the Great* was then in all its Glory, and seem'd to be the Centre of every Thing splendid and magnificent, and we were receiv'd by that Monarch and his whole Circle in a Manner that flatter'd our Country and ourselves. I soon began to hear, without blushing, Encomiums upon my Wit and Beauty, and ah! *Lucy*, soon began to believe them too, and to take Pride in the Conquests I daily made, to exult in the

Number of my Vassals, the Slaves to my Charms. Miss *Maria* was not without her Admirers; for she was a truly amiable Girl, and adorn'd with all those Accomplishments that grace and distinguish our Sex. But the Time was not yet arrived that was to attach us to any particular Object, our Hearts were as yet untouch'd; nay I could yet speed a Sigh, now and then, after my dear, lamented Viscount, and all my former Remembrances. We were thus situated, when, one Evening coming from the *Italian* Opera, with *Rabutin* and his Lady and *Maria*, as our Coach was turning the Corner of a Street, another Equipage ran violently against ours, tore off one of the Wheels of our Carriage, and put us into the most imminent Danger, notwithstanding a young Gentleman call'd incessantly out of the Window of the other, to his Driver, to caution him against such an Accident. This Youth seeing us likely to be overturned, and hearing our Screams, jump'd out immediately, and, running to the Side of our Coach, which had just lost the Wheel, after Abundance of Apologies, for the Blackishness of his Driver, supported it with his Shoulder, till we had dismounted, and, with the utmost Politeness said to the Count, "My Lord, I hope,
" as

“ as some Step towards the Amends I ought
“ to make to you and these Ladies, you
“ will mount my Vehicle, and command
“ it wherever you think fit.” The Count
made a genteel Reply, and accepted of his
Offer, whilst our Fright was so great, that
we took no Notice either of him or what
passed, but were put into his Coach, and
drove away, before we came to ourselves
sufficiently to enquire how we came there.
When we got to our House, and somewhat
recover’d, the Count told us all that pass’d
between him and the young Nobleman,
who had behaved with such Politeness, and
put us into some Pain about his getting
Home himself; for kind and generous Ac-
tions immediately conciliate our Affections
to the Performers of them. “ As to that,”
says the Count, “ Your Disorder put it
“ out of my Power to be so complaisant
“ in return, as I ought to have been; but
“ no doubt he soon got our Coach refitted,
“ for the Accident had drawn a Number
“ of People about us, and probably we
“ shall have him again with his Excuses
“ this Morniug; for he ey’d my Sister and
“ Miss *Maria* with a Kind of Admiration,
“ that I warrant will give him some Un-
“ easiness, and, if I mistake not, it is the
“ young Marquis *de Lorges*, whose Ac-
G 3 “ quaintance

"quaintance will not disgrace us." Sir
James and Lady *Hope* congratulated us up-
 on our Escape, and we had scarce sat down
 to Breakfast, the ensuing Morning, before
 that Nobleman sent up his Name, and was
 immediately admitted; for my Dear, there is
 not so much Ceremony used in *France* as with
 us, and a Visit is often receiv'd there from
 a Gentleman, by a Lady at her Toilette.
 He was a sprightly Youth of about twenty,
 of a fine Person and Address, and thus ac-
 costed the Count, at the same Time bowing
 to us, "My Lord, If I have your Pardon
 "and that of these Ladies, for the unfore-
 "seen Misfortune of last Night, and if it is
 "the means of introducing me to your
 "Friendship, I may, notwithstanding, I be-
 "lieve, number it amongst the most fortu-
 "nate Events of my Life." "Indeed, my
 "Lord," return'd the Count, "you were so
 "entirely innocent of the Offence given, that
 "we can think of nothing but the very kind
 "and generous Reparation you made us,
 "and I will venture to say, we shall be ex-
 "tremely happy that it is the Means of
 "making us acquainted with your Merit,
 "which tho' I have had no personal Corre-
 "spondence with your Lordship, I am no
 "Stranger to." After Abundance more
 to the same Purpose, we entered into a *Tête*
a Tête

a Tête Conversation, in which the Marquis discovered Abundance of Wit and Spirit, and by *Maria's* Looks I could perceive she already regarded him, with a Kind of tender Emotion, with which before she had seem'd to be unacquainted: His Addresses to me were less particular, tho' extremely obliging, and, to say the Truth, I did not lament it, there is somewhat to volatile and unfix'd in the Gentlemen of this Nation, to strike a Woman of my naturally thoughtful and grave Disposition, with any Thing beyond bare Esteem and Friendship. When he took his Leave, which he did after begging and being permitted to visit us again, he fix'd his Eyes upon *Maria*, in so tender a Manner, as to raise Blushes in her Cheeks, and to make her the Object of our Pleasantry, upon her Conquest, the remainder of the Day. "Ah!" cries *Rab-*
"tin, "these fair *English* Women of yours,
"Sir *James*, are come to *France* to capti-
"vate all our Youths with *British* Charms:
"Harry the fifth conquer'd us with Arms;
"but the Conquest of Beauty will be more
"lasting, and, if our Noblemen would but
"follow my Example, the two Nations
"would be closely united, and that native
"Antipathy they have to each other would
"be overcome in the rising Generation,

“ who would derive their Descent from
 “ both.” “ Indeed my Lord,” return’d
 the Baronet, casting a penetrating Look at
 his Daughter, “ Our Ladies seem to meet
 “ you more than half Way : At Home,
 “ *French* Fashions, the *French* Language,
 “ *French* Dishes and *French* Novels engross
 “ great Part of their Time, and it seems
 “ clear to me, that if we were, in general,
 “ to suffer them to cross the Channel, they
 “ would chuse to have *French* Men too :
 “ Tho’ my Lord, you’ll permit me to ob-
 “ serve, to the Honour of my Country,
 “ tho’ too much like a rough *Briton*, that
 “ the Levity of your Nation, would soon
 “ disgust most of our grave, contemplative
 “ Dames ” “ I believe,” says the Coun-
 tess, “ in general, the Manners of the two
 “ Nations are very opposite ; but let me
 “ tell you, Sir *James*, for you have touch’d
 “ me in a very tender Part, that I have
 “ prov’d, and will maintain, that there are
 “ Men here, and one I have in my Eye,
 “ (smiling on her Husband) who equal any
 “ *Briton* in Honour, Constancy, and some
 “ other of those boasted good Qualities,
 “ which, if one were to believe our *English*
 “ Encomiasts, are solely the Monopoly of
 “ my native Country.” “ Dear Sir *James*,”
 interrupts *Rabutin*, “ what a Favour you
 have

“ have done me in exciting my fair De-
“ fendress to bestow such Encomiums upon
“ her Husband; in return, notwithstanding
“ all your sly Wipes, Sir *James*, I must
“ declare with Pride, and with that Plea-
“ sure arising from Conviction, that the
“ *English* Ladies, for Delicacy of Manners
“ and Sentiment, for Fidelity and for Beau-
“ ty, exceed not only the Ladies of *France*,
“ but those of the whole Globe.” At this
Conclusion he folded his amiable Spouse in
his Arms, with an agreeable Warmth, and
Sir *James* could not help blushing at the
rough Things he had said. “ I beg your
“ Pardon, my Lord,” says he, “ but the
“ Thoughts of having my Girl pilfer’d
“ from me by our new Acquaintance had
“ a little edg’d my Resentment.” “ Why,
“ Sir *James*,” I return’d, “ will you be so
“ hard on my poor *Maria*, as to construe
“ her Looks before she makes a Declara-
“ tion? Fine Work indeed! That we must
“ lose our Privileges in this Manner. Tru-
“ ly we must not look upon a handsome
“ Fellow, but we are immediately pro-
“ nounced to be in Love with him, and
“ all our secret Sighings and our conceal’d
“ Desires, must be dragg’d into open Day-
“ light at the Pleasure of every Censor: I
“ desire a Truce may be put to this Dis-

“ course, and that Miss may be permitted
 “ to enjoy her Imaginations without being
 “ obliged to an immediate Discovery of
 “ them.” This last Speech afforded a
 Smile on all Sides, and *Maria* ceas’d to be
 the Subject of the Conversation, by which
 I could see she was sufficiently embarrassed.
 Soon after we retir’d together to my Cham-
 ber, where, from her artless Discourse I
 perceiv’d she had entertain’d more than a
 bare Liking for *De Lorges*, whose Name she
 could not mention without a Kind of Rap-
 ture, mingled with such Encomiums upon
 his Person and Manner, as would have made
 him but too happy had he been within the
 Hearing of them. *De Lorges* was the Heir
 to a great Estate, and his Family was of
 such Rank and Estimation in *France*, as made
 him a Match for *Maria*, to be envy’d, and
 therefore I did not discourage her Passion;
 but endeavour’d, by gentle and kind Ad-
 vice, to moderate its first Effects, and to
 guard her Simplicity from too warm a Pre-
 possession in his Favour, before she knew
 more of him: But she was not long in doubt
 as to the Intentions of that young Noble-
 man; he took all Opportunities to see
 her, and Matters went on so swimmingly,
 that a Fortnight’s Space had explain’d to
 each other the Tendernefs that had insinu-
 ated

ated itself into their Breasts. *De Lorges* contriv'd, at the same Time, by all Manner of Assiduities to gain the Good-will of Sir *James* and his Lady, and, as *Rabutin*, my Sister and myself, acted as Mediators in his Favour, there seem'd very little Doubt that we should leave *Maria* in *France*, at our Departure. The next Thing necessary to be done, was to make the old Marquis acquainted with the Affair, and to gain his Consent, which did not seem as if it would be attended with any great Difficulty, as *Maria's* Fortune and Family were unexceptionable, and he was, even to a Fault, indulgent to his Son: *Rabutin* was pitch'd upon, by the young People, to make the Experiment, and, accordingly, he waited upon him, and in the properest Manner laid his Son's Desires before him, said all he could in Praise of his Passion, and soon brought him to a Compliance, and invited him to an Entertainment he had made, on Purpose to bring Sir *James* and him to an Interview. You may depend upon it we were infinitely pleas'd with the Report he made us, at his Return, and, mean Time, I had labour'd the Point so well with the Baronet and his Lady, that they were prevail'd upon to expect the old Marquis's coming with Pleasure. *De Lorges* and his *Maria*,
now

now gave a Licence to all the Fondness with
 which they were inspired, and form'd ten
 thousand Schemes of future Happiness and
 Felicity. "Ah! my dear Lady," she said
 to me, "How bless'd should I be, to see
 " you as delighted as myself; sure there
 " is somewhat in Love that refines and
 " ennobles our Nature, that gives new Force
 " to every Virtue and Embellishment we
 " possess! Oh! could I but see you safely
 " lodg'd in the Arms of such an one as
 " my dear *De Lorges*, my grateful Bosom
 " would admit of no superior Joy." "My
 " *Maria*," I return'd, smiling, "I am much
 " indebted to you for your kind Wishes;
 " but I have never seen above one of that
 " Sex that I could have surrendered my
 " Heart to, and him alas! I fatally lost:
 " I joy in your Satisfaction, my Dear, but
 " 'tis not in *France*, I imagine, that I shall
 " yield up my Heart; tho', to gratify you,
 " I will tell you, that your intended Spouse
 " is a Gentleman that I think you have all
 " the Reason in the World to be satisfy'd
 " in your Choice of, and, if Prudence and
 " good Sense on each Side continue what
 " Love has begun, I hope to hear that
 " you are supremely bless'd." Poor *Ma-*
ria, flinging her Arms about my Neck, em-
 braced me, and testify'd her Gratitude for
 my

my good Wishes, and Tears of Joy trickled from her Eyes. The Day came when we were ready to receive the old Marquis, and soon the worthy Gentleman arriv'd, even at Breakfast-time, for we did not expect him until Dinner. *Maria* and *De Lorges* were absent, the former in her Chamber, waiting, with no little Concern upon their Minds, the Event of this Meeting: But they had little Time for Apprehension; the old Marquis seem'd to like us all, at first Sight, and Sir *James* and he formally gave their Consent, to this Union between their Families. 'Twas then *De Lorges* and his Lady were given to understand that their Company was expected: He had only been in the Garden, and meeting her at the Bottom of the Stair Case, after clasping her in his Arms, they enter'd and flung themselves at their Parents Feet, in Acknowledgment of their Goodness: Sir *James* rais'd *De Lorges* and embraced him, and the old Marquis tenderly caressing *Maria*, cry'd out, " Ah! " I don't wonder at my Son's Prepossession " in your Favour, my Angel, you really " deserve him and all the Tendernefs he " can bestow upon thee, and may Heaven " constantly shower down Blessings upon " you both, and make you happy here and " hereafter!" We all took a Share in the
Felicity

Felicity of these Friends, and a Week's Time was agreed upon, to terminate the Match in, after which *De Lorges* promised that himself and his Lady would wait upon us to *Montpelier*. The wish'd for Time seem'd to approach very slowly, according to the Ideas of our young Lovers, whose Impatience was extreme, as, on both Sides, there was a mutual Love and likely to be an Union of Souls as well as Persons. On the Day of the Nuptials, *Maria* was dress'd most sumptuously, with all that Riches could produce, or Fancy furnish to heighten Beauty, and the Solemnity of the Occasion, with the nameless Wishes and Fears that agitated her Bosom, gave a *Vermeil* to her Features that was very advantageous to them. As to *De Lorges*, he appear'd somewhat more than himself; nothing had been spar'd to render that Dress and that Equipage magnificent, in which he was to convey from us his ador'd *Maria*. Sir *James* had insisted that the *Dutch* Ambassador's Chaplain should perform the Ceremony, which was readily agreed to, for the old Marquis was of an *Hugonot* Family, and in his Heart was not a Friend to Popery. I lik'd Sir *James's* Stedfastness in this Point; tho' it was sure to displease his own Sovereign, when it came to his Ears, who was now making

making large Attempts to introduce the
Romish Religion into his own Dominions.
On this Account the Nuptials were per-
form'd privately, only our own Family, that
of the Marquis, and a young Gentleman
De Lorges brought with him, being pre-
sent. Poor *Maria* just before she went down
from her Chamber, turn'd to me, and said,
“ Ah! my dear *Lady Suffolk*, how pleasing,
“ yet how dreadful is all this Preparation!—
“ to be torn from my Mamma's Arms, from
“ your Embraces—to lose my Freedom for
“ ever—is it not a most trying Considera-
“ tion?—I hope my dear *Lorges* will be-
“ have to me like a Man of Honour and
“ Sense—but where shall I find a Friend
“ like you—a Parent like my Mamma?—
“ Alas! the Time too will come, when you
“ will all leave me in a foreign Country,
“ and at the Mercy of a Family to whom
“ I am almost a perfect Stranger!” Here
the Tears ran plentifully from her Eyes, nor
was I without some Concern, occasion'd by
my sincere Friendship, and Regard to her
Welfare; but, putting a Constraint upon
myself, I laugh'd, and, folding her to my
Bosom, cry'd, “ Poh! Poh! thou dear Com-
“ panion of my Youth, leave off such a
“ melancholy Strain—we are not yet go-
“ ing to leave you, that I know, of, and
“ as

“ as to the strange Family you talk of, be-
“ lieve me Child, thou’lt soon be better ac-
“ quainted with it, and thy amiable Conduct
“ and Temper will endear thee to them so,
“ as to make thee truly their Directress—
“ your *De Lorges*, who seems to be adorn’d
“ with all that a Woman can desire in a
“ Husband, fondly adores you, and his Fa-
“ ther and all their Relations look with
“ Pleasure and Affection upon your Endow-
“ ments—what have you to fear? Get you
“ gone, you silly Slut, and bury all Ap-
“ prehensions in the Arms of the Man you
“ love.” This little Raillery rais’d her Spi-
rits, and, attended by her Mamma, we
made our Appearance; the sacred Ceremo-
ny was perform’d with much Decorum, and
Joy and Festivity succeeded the Remainder
of the Evening. And here my *Lucy* began my
Unhappiness. — At this Wedding I saw an
Object that has imbittered every succeeding
Moment of my Life! And my saying so
much of the Affairs of Madam *De Lorges*,
was necessary, the most interesting Part of
my Story being dated from thence. You
remember I told you, *De Lorges* brought
one Friend to witness his Happiness: This
Friend was about his own Age, in the
Bloom of Youth, and, what attracted my Eyes
the Minute I saw him, was the prodigious
Resem-

Resemblance he had of my excellent Viscount, a Resemblance that, at the same Time gave me Pain, and made me look at him with a melancholy Kind of Pleasure. “ Ah! I said to myself, would to God that dear Youth were here and upon the same Occasion we are met! How would my raptur’d Bosom swell with the Exultation of being bless’d with his Love and his Virtue.” But, oh! God! when he was introduc’d to me, I heard a melodious Voice and discovered Features of Gentleness and modest Diffidence, that I had never remark’d but in that unhappy Youth. I was mov’d, notwithstanding all my Struggles to constrain myself, to such a Degree, that I could not help falling some Paces back, whilst the Tears, perforce, trickled from my Eyes, before I could return the obliging Compliments he paid me. All the Company seem’d surpriz’d to the last Degree at this Scene, and Lady *Hope* and the Bride, with my Sister, ran to support me, tenderly enquiring if any sudden Illness had seiz’d me: By the Help of their smelling Bottles I was so far recovered soon, as to answer these Enquiries; and, as I was fearful the Stranger and the rest of the Spectators might take some Advantage from what had past, against me, I resolv’d in a Moment,

Moment to declare the whole Source of
 my Disorder. "I hope," I said, "Gen-
 tlemen and Ladies, you will excuse my
 sudden Indisposition, which I am sure
 you will, when you know the Cause:
 Look at this Gentleman, Sir *James*, my
 Lady, *Maria*! Did there ever exist a
 Person so extremely like the Viscount,
 my Cousin, who has been long since
 number'd with the Dead? This and this
 only caused you the Disturbance I have
 given you, for which I heartily beg your
 Pardon—I am ashamed that I should have
 given the least Interruption to the Joys
 I came with such Delight to participate
 of." "Indeed, my Lady," Sir *James*,
 and his Spouse and *Maria* reply'd, all in a
 Breath, "We are not astonish'd at your
 Conceit: That Gentleman is the very Pic-
 ture of your Cousin—Two Persons could
 never be more alike—they seem to have
 been form'd in the same Mould." "A-
 las!" cry'd the Stranger, with an Accent
 of Concern, "How unhappy I am Ma-
 dam, to have caus'd you any Uneasi-
 ness; but if the Gentleman I am so bless'd
 as to resemble, had any Share in your
 good Graces, my Happiness will be ex-
 treme, tho' I am suffer'd only barely to
 reflect upon it; for I find, I must condemn
 myself

myself to an immediate Punishment—
'tis what my Respect to you and the Com-
pany dictates—I leave you, Madam, with
the most profound Respect—I should be
too miserable, by my Stay, to excite any
disagreeable Impressions, to give Unea-
siness to a Lady whom my whole Soul
taught me to adore the Moment I had
the Honour to behold her.” Ah! my
Lucy, I was captivated with this Voice and
this Address, deliver'd with such a modest
Fear and Diffidence, as convinc'd all that
heard him, that he felt the Anxiety he
would express. I could not withhold from
returning, “ Sir, I beg you would not let
your Fear of disobliging me, rob us of
your Company—I shall soon be compos'd
enough to look upon you with Friend-
ship—'tis the least Sacrifice I can make
to the respected Memory of my de-
parted Relation, for whom I had a ve-
ry great Regard.” “ Madam,” he re-
plied, “ your Permission to stay in your
Presence, makes me but too happy, and
let me with Pride and with exulting Sa-
tisfaction promise, that, in return for such
an unlook'd for Condescension, I will
study to emulate your noble Relation in
all those Virtues and good C
which he must have gain'd

“ and Esteem of a Lady of your nice Dis-
 “ cernment.”

THE Company all seem'd to be charm'd with what pass'd, and I had no Reason to repent of my Indulgence; for during the whole Day, this Youth, whose Name I yet was not acquainted with, studied to render me all the obliging Civilities in his Power, and, when the Company broke up, he so pressingly ask'd Leave of me to have the Honour of paying his Respects to us again, that it was an Impossibility to deny him. What a Field for Reflection did this Event afford me, for the ensuing Night, in which I scarce closed my Eyes. “ Let me not be
 “ so insincere with myself, I cry'd, as to
 “ pretend the Likeness that Stranger bears
 “ to the Viscount, is the sole Motive of
 “ this Disturbance: That 'tis the Image
 “ and Remembrance of that design'd Hus-
 “ band that keeps me thus waking: No,
 “ it can be nothing less than the Power of
 “ Love that causes me these sleepless Mo-
 “ ments. I no doubt am made a Conquest
 “ of by this amiable Youth, since I cannot
 “ drive him from my Mind: Well, what
 “ then? Am I by any Means obliged to
 “ my Days a single Life; because
 “ thought fit to deprive me of
 “ what

what my fond Wishes told me was the most supreme Felicity? Would not that be murmuring against Heaven—against that Power who has so abundantly supply'd all my other Wants and Desires?—And why am I born noble, why possess'd of immense Riches? Was it meerly for my own trifling Uses and Gratifications? No surely, it must be design'd for the Good of Posterity, as well as the present Hour: I may have an Husband, whose Heart, as benevolent as my own, may incline to do Good, like me, and may direct my Munificence aright—whose Children may be Ornaments of their Rank, and future Blessings to Mankind: But why am I so seemingly, nay, I fear, truly, attach'd to this Person—I know nothing of him—he may, under the fairest, and smoothest Appearance, harbour black Designs, may be ignoble, mean and base: He may be engag'd to another—he may be brutal, a Tyrant and every Thing that is bad or vile, notwithstanding such a Profession and Semblance of the contrary! No, let no such Thought enter my Mind, I continu'd, he cannot so much belye those pleasing Looks and that Rectitude of Sentiment and Judgment which cannot fail to charm

“ all

“ all those who shall be Witnesses of them.
 “ Adieu, such injurious Ideas, I give them
 “ to the Wind: If he really merits my
 “ Affection, I see no Injury I do myself
 “ or him by encouraging his Addresses:
 “ But then, again, shall I surrender my
 “ Heart to one of these light, airy Peo-
 “ ple, who are acknowledged to be, from
 “ the Nature of their Tempers and Cli-
 “ mate, from the very Air they breathe,
 “ a fickle, inconstant and volatile Genera-
 “ tion. Ah, but there are Exceptions to
 “ all general Rules, and this Country may
 “ produce Worth and Virtue, in Particu-
 “ lars, tho’ the Mass of the People may de-
 “ serve these Epithets. Ah, *Suffolk*, leave
 “ off reasoning!—Thou art as surely capti-
 “ vated as thou art now awake, the very
 “ Perturbations of thy Mind declare it,
 “ as much as any publick Declaration can
 “ do.” Thus I silently tormented myself,
 and became almost delirious with the swift
 and continued Succession of Ideas, that al-
 most overburthen’d my thinking Faculties,
 and, at last, by mere Weariness, I fell in-
 to a gentle Slumber, from which I was
 awak’d, greatly refresh’d, by the Embraces
 of my Sister, who came to my Bed-Side
 full of Anxiety, fearing I was not well, as
 I had laid an Hour or more longer than

my usual Time. "Why Sister," she merrily cry'd, "a Wedding has a fine Effect upon you sure, why, my Dear, you were as fast asleep, this heavenly and delightful Morning, as if you were the Concern of no Body on Earth—Why here we have had Count *L'Anglai* an Hour ago, who could not rest till he heard how you had pass'd the Night. Come, Come, it's Time you had somebody besides yourself to care for—Matrimony, my Dear, would make a strange Alteration in your System, and you would not be able to resign so many Hours to the leaden Sway of the God of Sleep, which should gladden and enliven all about you." "In the Name of Nonsense, my dear Sister, what are you running on about, sure your Head is not settled since the Dancing and Jollity of the Evening?—Pray who is this same Count *L'Anglai*, for I do not know that ever I heard his Name before?—How do the new married Pair do? That I am more concern'd to know, than any thing about your Counts, and your fine Fellows, with whom let me tell you, I never trouble my Head." "Ha! Ha! Ha! my Dear Lady," she reply'd, "If I'm not mistaken. this same Count
L'Anglai

“ *L’Anglai* will one Day or other tell
 “ you another Tale ; but come, dress
 “ yourself, and let him see you ; the poor
 “ Man seem’d perfectly thunderstruck
 “ when he did not find his Love, and has
 “ hardly said three Words since : My Hus-
 “ band has taken him into the Garden to
 “ try if he can divert his Melancholy.”
 “ And pray, Lady Sister,” I rejoin’d,
 “ who is this same Cavalier, this Count
 “ *L’Anglai*, of whom you are pleas’d to
 “ tell me I have made such a Conquest ; for
 “ to my Knowledge, I cannot recollect, I say,
 “ that ever I heard his Name mention’d
 “ before, either by you or my Brother, and
 “ never set Eyes of him till last Night ?”
 “ Why in troth, my Lady,” she said,
 “ that is a Matter, I cannot unfold to you :
 “ You see he is perfectly *Parisian*, and
 “ yet it has been whisper’d, that he is not
 “ a Native of this County ; nay, I have
 “ heard it hinted, that he is an *Englishman*,
 “ a *Scotchman*, or an *Irishman*. He first
 “ came to *Paris*, about half a Year since,
 “ with an *English* Nobleman, the Earl of
 “ *Rutland* with whom he had made the
 “ Tour of *Europe*, and, by his fine Sense
 “ and delicate Behaviour, has so insinuated
 “ himself into the Favour of every Body
 “ in Court and City, that he is universal-
 “ ly

“ ly welcome, wherever he goes : He
“ spends freely, and in every Thing ap-
“ pears to be Master of an immense For-
“ tune. The Earl of *Rutland* is now gone
“ to *Sedan*, with the Duke *de Bouillon*, where
“ he is to stay, for some Months, on a Par-
“ ty of Pleasure, perhaps he will return
“ before you come from *Montpelier*, and
“ then you’ll see *L’Anglai*’s Picture, a se-
“ cond Viscount almost, and the most
“ agreeable *Englishman*, I ever yet saw im-
“ ported from our native Country ; for
“ you must know, my Dear, that, in ge-
“ neral, the *Savages*, as they are call’d
“ here, are rude and vastly ridiculous. It
“ was thought Count *L’Anglai* had a great
“ Mind to a Daughter of the Count *la*
“ *Marche*, who was my Intimate ; but she
“ has often protested to me, that he ne-
“ ver mention’d a Word of Love to her,
“ and was only a *tête a tête* Acquaintance.
“ He is greatly suspected by the *English*
“ Ambassador, to be one that means no
“ Good to his Master, as he converses pretty
“ frequently with some Republican Exiles
“ of that Country : But, be that as it
“ will, he is in great Esteem with the
“ King and the Duke of *Orleans*, and, in
“ short, is look’d upon as a Man of the
“ utmost Credit, and of an opulent For-
H “ tune :

“ tune : Now you, my Dear, I fancy, are
 “ the happy she, destin’d to open his
 “ Breast, and to make us acquainted with
 “ his real Name and Country.” At this
 Conclusion, which I did not wish so soon,
 liking to hear as much as possible of the
 Count, for my Heart, insensibly, began
 to interest itself in all that concern’d
 him, being dress’d, I went down with her,
 into the Dining Room, where we waited
 a considerable Time, before the two Gen-
 tlemen return’d from the Garden.—Here
 the Countess stopp’d suddenly her Rela-
 tion, perceiving that *Lucy* had two or three
 Times turn’d pale, and was, at last, near
 falling into a Swoon ; such an Effect the
 very Mention of a Name so dear to her,
 as that of *Rutland*, tho’ relating to Mat-
 ters of such a distant Period of Time, had
 had upon her. The Countess ascrib’d her
 Disorder to her late Indisposition, in which
Lucy did not undeceive her, and soon re-
 covering herself, would have had her La-
 dy proceed : “ No, my Dear,” she an-
 swer’d, “ I have kept your Attention too
 “ long upon the Stretch, considering how
 “ ill you have been—go to your Cham-
 “ ber and endeavour to compose yourself,
 “ and I promise you, to morrow Morning,
 “ to continue my Narrative.” “ Ah my
 “ Lady”

“Lady,” she reply’d, “I don’t know
“how I can have Patience till the Morn-
“ing; I am so interested in all that has
“happened to your Ladyship, as nothing
“sure could make me, if I did not love
“you extremely. Indeed I have the ut-
“most Reason to sympathize with so good
“a Mistress and Friend, in all her Sor-
“rows. A Lady too, whose Goodness and
“wise Conduct have always added Lustre to
“her Rank and Quality—whose Heart is
“so susceptible of Compassion to others.”
“My *Lucy*,” the Countess rejoin’d, “call
“me not your Mistress any more—I am
“content to be your Friend, ’tis a Title
“that pleases me: Yes, my Dear, thy
“Virtues, thy Graces, that tender Heart
“of thine, have rivetted my Affections
“to thee inconceivably—I look upon thee
“already as my own Child—Go, go to
“Bed, and take Care of thyself, for I’ll
“assure thee, I find I cannot bear Life
“without thee.”

LUCY retir’d, with Abundance of Sub-
mission, and with an Heart full of her La-
dy’s amiable Goodness, “Ah” she cry’d
to herself as soon as she had enter’d her
Chamber, “how many Thanks I owe to the
“Supreme Being, for my present Happiness!

“ Oh! my excellent Friend, my honoured
 “ *Rutland*, did you, could you but know how
 “ felicitously I am situated, I am sure you
 “ would be more easy than you can be at
 “ present! But it cannot be—may Heaven
 “ have, ere now, restored your Peace of
 “ Mind!”

IN the Morning *Lucy* prevented the Countess's sending to enquire after her Welfare, by making her Appearance—as soon as she imagined her awake, and, after a great many tender Enquiries about each other's Health, her Ladyship determined to get up to Breakfast, saying, as she had had a fine Night's rest, she hoped the Illness she complain'd of the Day before, from her Flurry of Spirits, was abated. Breakfast being over, and the Attendants withdrawn the Countess thus resumed her Story.

AT Length my Brother-in-Law and *L'Anglai* entered the Apartment to us; and, after the former had rallied me sufficiently upon my being so long in Bed, *L'Anglai* addressed me with abundance of Politeness, enquired with inexpressible Tendernefs after my Health, and hoped I had rested well, and had recovered of the Fatigue I had undergone at the Nuptials of our Friends. I returned

returned him a suitable Answer, and then desired, particularly, to know how *de Lorges* and my late dear *Maria*, now his Countess, did, with Sir *James* and his Lady, and the old Marquis, who had all left us with that new married Pair? “ Ah! my Lady,” he reply’d, “ I saw the charming *Madame de Lorges*, “ who will not be long absent from your “ Ladyship and the Countess, to whom, no “ doubt, she longs to communicate her Hap- “ piness; Matrimony has had a most advan- “ tageous Effect upon her lovely Complexi- “ on, and has painted o’er her cheeks such a “ resplendency, as, tho’ she was a little Divi- “ nity before, excells, by far, her Virgin Hue: “ In all her Actions may be discovered, *Grace* “ *in her Steps*, and Love, mingled with a new “ acquired Dignity, in her Looks, whilst, my “ Lady, her Voice breathes such harmonious, “ such tender Accents, rais’d to a decent Key “ of Authority, that you would bless your- “ self at beholding the great, the visible Al- “ teration, for the better, that Matrimony “ has made in your Friend, in so short a “ Time: And as to the Husband, my Friend, “ he seems at this Moment to be the most “ contented, most elated, most happy, rejoic- “ ing Creature that ever breath’d; but, you’ll “ think Ladies, a little too particular for a “ *Frenchman*, for tho’ I staid a whole half

“ Hour with the excellent Pair, yet I could
 “ never catch his Eyes one Moment from ga-
 “ zing fondly upon the Face of his angelick
 “ Spouse! The old Marquis and Sir *James*
 “ were not less full of Enjoyment and Satis-
 “ faction, and already begin to talk of Grand-
 “ sons without Number, and to destine them
 “ their several Employments in the State,
 “ the Church, and the Army; whilst Lady
 “ *Hope*, tho’ she has not had a Sister Grand-
 “ mother to aid her, is selecting and assorting
 “ in her Fancy, the nicest Patterns of Silks
 “ and Ribbands, to adorn her future Grand-
 “ daughters: The Servants, are all, as it
 “ were, celebrating a general Jubilee, and I
 “ question if, by the Time Company attend
 “ with their Congratulations, there will be
 “ one, or above one, sober enough to give
 “ Notice who comes to the Door.” At this
 droll Conclusion, pronounced in a Vein of
 uncommon Buffoonery, we could not help
 laughing outright. “ And so, my Lord, I
 “ said, this is your Picture of Matrimony, it
 “ makes the young ones fond, the old ones
 “ foolish, and has a terrible Effect upon the
 “ Morals of the lower Rank, in a Family?
 “ Why, my Lord, if this is the Case, from
 “ Matrimony we may say *deliver us, good Lord,*
 “ according to a Response in our Church. I’m
 “ glad to hear so Cavalier a Gentleman, so
 “ much

“ much of my own sentiments, and hope he
“ agrees with me that a single Life is less sub-
“ ject to ridicule than that my Friend has just
“ taken a Sample of.” *L’Anglai* seemed asto-
nished at my turning the Tables upon him,
with so much seeming Unconcern (tho’ Hea-
ven knows my Heart, I resented his Arch-
ness as a Stigma upon that State of Life,
which I began, for his Sake, to have half-
a Mind to think soberly of entering into)
but soon recollecting himself, with an agree-
able *Effronterie*, he replied, “ Ah ! Madam,
“ you condemn me with too much Severity,
“ for I look upon your praising what I have
“ delivered, as a Satire rather than an Appro-
“ bation ; tho’, if I have excited one Smile
“ in that Face, given one Moment’s Plea-
“ santry to a Lady I have so much esteemed,
“ I shall endure the Rebuke I have receiv’d
“ with great Equanimity : Yes, I must con-
“ fess to offend you, will be what I can ne-
“ ver willfully do, and to do it even un-
“ designedly would make me most un-
“ happy.” “ As to that, my Lord,” I re-
ply’d, “ let us not rob ourselves of the
“ Humour you have display’d ; I like
“ you the better for satirizing a State of
“ Life, of which, I dare say, you and I
“ have very little Opinion :” “ — Hold,
“ my Lady,” he returned, “ tho’ you justly

“ *punish* me, I must own,—no man had ever
 “ juster or higher Notions of the Felicities
 “ and Comforts of that Condition!—No Man
 “ would more gladly sacrifice his pretended
 “ Liberty for that nominal Thralldom,
 “ but real Freedom ; and my Opinion is,
 “ that the Designs of Providence are cir-
 “ cumscribed and obstructed, and the Bu-
 “ siness of Life is left unperformed, un-
 “ less we obey that great Command given in
 “ Paradise, and that most essential for the
 “ Preservation and Encrease of the Human
 “ Race.” The Gravity with which this
 was uttered set us all a laughing immoder-
 ately. “ So, *L’Anglai*, from a Wit and a Sa-
 “ tirist, is turn’d, by Lady *Suffolk*, into an ar-
 “ rant Preacher, I see,” cries *Rabutin*, “ and
 “ upon my Word, if he improves in the
 “ Study of Divinity so fast, pity but he
 “ became one of the *Fathers of the Oratory*,
 “ and set up for a Censor in theological
 “ Matters. How nicely his Lordship can
 “ decide a Question, and State a Case, we
 “ shall soon be all acquainted with, Ha! Ha!
 “ Ha!”—“ So, so, very fine indeed, my
 “ Lord,” return’d *L’Anglai*, “ Lady *Suffolk*
 “ will not permit me to be merry, nor you
 “ to be sober : Is not this a very strange Di-
 “ lemma? However, if her Ladyship will
 “ be so candid as to believe and receive the
 “ last

“ last as my real Sentiments, I shall cease
“ from the Fright she has put me into;
“ and if she will suffer me to chuse a Compa-
“ nion for Life, I’ll do immediate Penance
“ for my daring to jest with the holy State of
“ Matrimony, by becoming the most humble
“ and most obliging Husband in the Uni-
“ verse.”—I was going to make a Reply,
when the Appearance of the new married
Couple turn’d the Discourse, and, soon after,
the old Marquis, and Sir *James* and Lady
Hope join’d us, and we attended them to *Ver-*
sailles, where we were met by our Ambaf-
sador, who presented *de Lorges* and his fair
Spouse to the most Christian King, by whom
they were received with that Politeness that
distinguished the happier Days of the *Grand*
Monarch; and he was so pleased that one of
his Subjects had married an *English* Woman,
that he nominated *de Lorges* to a considerable
Government, and promised to remember him
upon other Occasions. We returned to the
Marquiss’s, highly satisfied with the Re-
ception we had met with, and, in the Even-
ing, carried Sir *James* and his Lady to
Rabutin’s, their old Quarters, charmed with
the Happiness their Daughter was made
partaker of, who was now busied in re-
ceiving, for some Weeks, the Visits and
Congratulations of all the great Families
then in the Metropolis.

STILL *L'Anglai* was very assiduous in his Addresſes to me, and, my *Lucy*, I found he became every Day more and more agreeable to me, but had yet made no particular Declaration of his Deſigns ; his Awe was too great, and the Reverence he had for me, ſeem'd too profound to bring about that *Eclairciſſement* which I began, I muſt ſay, with ſome Eagerneſs, to expect : Indeed, he diſplay'd, on all Occaſions, that Regard and Attachment to me, that is ſo flattering to our Sex, by making frequent Parties of Pleaſure, at which I preſided, and I could name nothing, tho' in the moſt diſtant Manner, that he did not endeavour to procure for my Satisfaction.

THINGS were thus ſituated, when, one Day, whiſt *Rabutin* and my Siſter were at Court, *L'Anglai* paid me a Viſit, and, as it happened, I was then at a Country Seat they had, within three Miles of *Paris*. The Liberty that ſubſiſted between us, admitted him to the Houſe without any great Formality, and I was in a Summer Houſe in the Garden, with one of my Attendants, reading ſome Lines in *Waller* to her, who was my favourite *Engliſh* Poet, when he

he came unperceiv'd into the Garden, and, having been told where I was, slid round a back Walk to the Summer House, just as I was pronouncing these Lines,

*To plead for that which was so justly given,
To the bright Carlisle of the Court of Heaven.*

“ Ah! my Lady,” he enter’d and said,
“ had you liv’d when *Waller* wrote those
“ Lines, ’twould have been — *To the*
“ *bright Suffolk of the Court of Heaven!*—
“ Alas! now, how have I sacrificed the
“ Pleasure I receiv’d in hearing that soft,
“ melodious Voice, to the Vanity of mak-
“ ing this Observation.” “ My Lord,”
I reply’d, “ you are very polite; but
“ had I known I had had so good a Judge
“ so near me, I believe I should hardly
“ have ventur’d to expose myself—I was
“ innocently amusing myself and this
“ young Gentlewoman with the Refiner
“ of our *English* Versification, this *British*
“ *Voiture*, as I think some Countryman of
“ your’s styles him.”—My Maid, out of
Respect, had withdrawn into the Garden;
but not so far from us as to be out of Call,
and *L’Anglais*, after asking Permission to
seat himself, observ’d the Beauty of the
Situation of this pretty rural Closet, all
overgrown

overgrown and shaded with Jessamine, Woodbines and other Sweets of the Season. “ I have been very fond, Madam,” says he, “ of the Diversions of the Country, the Ease afforded in rural Solitude; “ surrounded by the Gifts of Nature, we “ enjoy that true Relish of Life, which “ it is impossible to taste in Crowds and “ Noise, and every thing here is an Emblem useful to the Improvement of our “ Minds, and the Conduct of our Lives. “ The lovely Rose if not pluck’d in due “ Season, withers and pines away, and “ the Honeysuckle loses its Flavour; a “ Representation this of ourselves; there “ is a Time when Life should be enjoy’d “ and rendered useful, which past, we decay, without leaving that Fragrance behind us, that it is our Duty to aim at. “ How happy should I think myself, in “ giving up all the Follies and Fopperies “ of the World, and, delighted in some “ charming Partner, retiring to the Shades, “ where Love might be indulg’d uninterrupted with Care, and we might profit “ by the Lessons of Nature, in every thing “ around us: Well has one of your Poets, “ and a very celebrated one sung,

My

My House —————

————— should fitting be

For all my Use, no Luxury:

*My Garden painted o'er
With Nature's Hand, not Art, and Pleasures
yield,*

Horace might envy in his Sabine Field.

*Thus would I double my Life's fading Space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his Race;*

*And in this true Delight,
These unbought Sports, that happy State;
I could not fear; nor wish my Fate;*

*But boldly say, each Night,
To morrow let my Sun his Beams display,
Or in Clouds hide them: I have liv'd to day.*

“ Why Count,” I reply’d, “ is it possible, that a Gentleman of your volatile, airy Disposition, should ever be fix’d to any serious Pursuit in the World? Could any thing induce you to prefer, Philosophy and Love in a Shade, above the Pomp, Splendour and Hurry of a Court; tho’ we know full well accompanied with parasite Grimace and the most fawning Sycophancy?” “ Yes, my dear Lady,” he return’d, his Cheeks all cover’d with Blushes, “ there is a Lady in the World, but I dare not name her,

“ her, for whose Society I would forego
 “ not only the Pomp and Magnificence of
 “ a Court, and all the other Enjoyments
 “ of Life ; but be content to renounce
 “ every Circumstance that distinguishes the
 “ Great, and to feed a Flock, like an
 “ humble Shepherd, by her Side, without
 “ regretting the Eminence I had lost for
 “ her Sake. ’Tis you,” suddenly flinging
 himself at my Feet, “ ’tis you, most ex-
 “ cellent of your Sex, that must pro-
 “ nounce my Sentence of Happiness or
 “ Misery ; that can make even Pain and
 “ Anguish bearable, and, without you, all
 “ the Riches and Honours of the World
 “ would be the most sordid Poverty.”
 The Swiftneſs of this Motion of his, that
 Precipitation with which he pronounc’d
 theſe Words, and the ſudden Stop he
 made, with his Eyes bent on my Face,
 tho’ fill’d with Shame and Fear, ſo diſ-
 concerted me, that I was for ſome Moments
 in as much Confuſion as himſelf ; but, diſ-
 engaging myſelf from my Seat, I ſaid,
 “ riſe, Sir, you have really offended me,
 “ by thinking that a Woman of my
 “ Temper is to be addreſſed in the Lan-
 “ guage of Romance. If you really have
 “ that Value for my Perſon that you
 “ pretend to have, it ſhould methinks

“ lead

“ lead you to talk in the Dialect of
“ common Sense, to bring you down
“ to the Level of my Understanding; for
“ whatever you may think of me, my
“ Lord, Inclination will never betray me
“ to any Indiscretion, and, in an Affair of
“ the Nature you hint at, my Under-
“ standing must be satisfy’d as well as my
“ Eye. So I beg you would leave off all
“ further Discourse on this Head, and talk
“ of other Matters — ’Tis true, I am a
“ Woman; but I’d have you not forget
“ that I am the Countess of *Suffolk*.” The
Manner I had Courage enough to pro-
nounce these Words in, froze up the very
Soul of *L’Anglai*, and he stood, for some
Minutes, motionless, and, as it were, trans-
fix’d and fasten’d to the Ground. I really
pitied him, and began to repent my put-
ting on such an Air of Cruelty, in which,
Heaven knows, I belied my Heart. To
encourage him, therefore, a little, I softened
my Tone, and began to talk of com-
mon Matters, till, at length, he assum’d
a more free and unembarrass’d Counte-
nance, and I was not displeased to see that
he look’d with more Reverence and less
Assurance upon me, than ever he had done
before, and took his Leave, after Abun-
dance of Complements, concluding, “ Ah!
“ most

“ most excellent Lady, whose Goodness
 “ is so transcendent, how much do I owe
 “ you, that you have not banish’d me
 “ your Presence for ever?—My Rashness
 “ was great; but the natural Result of
 “ a Passion that had got the better of my
 “ Reason—I’ll try to smother the Effects
 “ of it, however, and, tho’ I cannot cease
 “ to adore, I will cease to offend, and
 “ conceal all the Longings of my Soul.”

He spoke this with such seeming Contrition, that he mov’d me, and he was too quicksighted not to perceive it; on which he snatch’d my Hand, and, after giving it a warm Kiss, retir’d, with the Action of a Wretch going to some dreadful Punishment. He was no sooner gone than, flinging myself upon my Chair, I began to ruminate upon what had pass’d. All inflam’d as I was, by a Passion for this young Man, I applauded myself, that I had been able to behave with such Prudence upon his late Declaration; for I had always found, that he was a very forward Youth, and had no little Reason to imagine, by his artful Strain of Discourse and Behaviour, that he was full well acquainted with all the Turns and Windings of the female Heart. I was resolv’d, also, notwithstanding I felt the Pain, already, of lov-
ing.

ing, and tho' the gentle Passion had insinuated itself into my Soul with abundant Sway, that I would be thoroughly well acquainted, who and what he was, and whence he came, before I embarked in a close Correspondence with him; for I could not help thinking, perpetually, of those Anecdotes my Sister had entertain'd me with, relating to his Character, and the Concealment he made of himself and Country: For this Reason I had waited, with great Impatience for the return of the Earl of *Rutland* to *Paris*, of whom I had had some Knowledge in our younger Days, and who was a Nobleman of such strict Honour, that I was sensible he would keep nothing secret in Relation to *L'Anglai*, that I should desire to know. Till then I resolv'd, again and again, to be upon the Reserve with him, and to endeavour so to stifle the Flame he had lighted up in my Breast, that he should gain no Advantage over me. If I found his Family and his Character correspondent to my Wishes, I could have no Objection to taking him to my Arms; for his Person and Temper were such as must greatly endear him to me, and our Ages were perfectly suitable: But I had heard and seen too much of the Unhappiness of rash and unsuitable Matches;
not

not to bear in Memory my good Uncle's Advice, and to act with the greatest Circumspection and Caution, in an Affair that was to determine my future Happiness or Misery. When my Sister and I were alone, I made her my Confidante, and told her all that had pass'd; nor did I hide from her my aforesaid Resolves, nor the Liking I had conceiv'd for the Count, and begg'd her Assistance in discovering those Things relating to him which were at present such great Mysteries.

My Sister promised to use all the Means she could to make the necessary Discoveries, and propos'd to employ *Rabutin* therein, without letting him into the Reasons for our Inquisitiveness. Thus Matters remained for a considerable Time, whilst *L'Anglai* saw me every Day, and behaved in so unexceptionable a Manner, that he more and more gain'd my Affection, and, whenever he ventur'd to trouble me with his Passion, it was with so much Modesty and Diffidence, that I could not find in my Heart to rebuke him. Meantime, we could gather very little from any one, not even his Servants, in relation to this enigmatical Personage; so that, at last, I was resolv'd to speak to him myself for
the

the necessary Explanation which was to determine my future Behaviour to him. This was highly approved of by my Sister, who, the next Time he came, took an Opportunity to leave us alone a considerable Space, when, having said some tender Things to me, it gave me an Opening to address him in the following Terms. “ My Lord, I have a great Opinion of
“ your Honour and Integrity, and must
“ now be sincere enough to tell you, that
“ you are not displeasing to me.” He was going to fall at my Feet, to return me Thanks for this favourable Declaration; but I stop’d him short, by continuing,
“ Pray, my Lord, don’t interrupt me in
“ what I am going to say, for your Answer
“ to it will determine the Nature of the
“ future Correspondence between us. Perhaps I am to be blam’d to have heard
“ the Addresses of a Gentleman with whose
“ Family and Country I am totally unacquainted. ’Tis true, I believe you of a
“ noble Race—your Actions and your Accomplishments sufficiently declare it—
“ But, my Lord, were the Countess of
“ *Suffolk* to incline to a Change in her
“ Condition—her Rank and Family, with
“ the large Fortune she is Mistress of, demand that she should be well acquainted
“ with

“ with the Person she has conceiv’d such
 “ favourable Impressions of : I take you,
 “ my Lord, to be a native of this Coun-
 “ try ; but I am informed no Body can
 “ directly affirm that you are, nor do they
 “ know where your Estate lies ; come then
 “ to a sincere Explanation of these Matters,
 “ give me such Proofs of your Worth and
 “ Nobility as I have a Right to expect,
 “ that I may be relieved from any Suspi-
 “ cions detrimental to your Pretensions,
 “ and to that Regard I would fain conti-
 “ nue to express for you.”

THE Count, whilst I was speaking these
 Words, appeared under a very remarkable
 Confusion ; for I noted very minutely
 his Looks and Motions, and perceived, un-
 der all his Endeavours to hide them, the
 Alterations of his Visage, from pale to red,
 and from red to pale, which really began to
 put me into some Fear that he would not be
 able to give me the Satisfaction I so much
 desired : At Length, however, after a Pause
 of some Minutes, he made me this Reply.

“ AH ! my dear Lady, it is but just
 “ you should demand these Explanations
 “ —the Man that dares look up to the
 “ Happiness of possessing you—to so sub-
 “ lime

“lime a Pitch of Felicity, should, no
“doubt, be unexceptionable in every Par-
“ticular, that relates to his Birth, his
“Family and Fortune:—I am but too
“much blest’d that you concern yourself
“to know these Circumstances—may it be
“a Prefage, that, at length, my Services
“may be accepted, and that I may have
“leave to hope, I may one Day arrive at
“that State, which would constitute all
“my future Bliss, and raise me to a Con-
“dition too much indeed to be envy’d.—
“Yes, my Lady, you shall know what all
“the Nation almost, are Strangers to—you
“shall hear some Things which will me-
“rit your Pardon, for the Veil I have
“been forced to throw over myself, ever
“since I arriv’d in this Kingdom, for I
“boast it as an Honour, that I am deriv’d
“from an *Englishman*, tho’I had not the
“Happiness to be born beneath the same
“Skies, with the best, the wisest, and the
“most charming of her Sex, and that I
“am not altogether one of those light and
“volatile People, whose Manners I have
“often perceiv’d were far from pleasing to
“a Lady of your judicious Discernment.”

THIS Speech, caus’d in me, at the
same Time, equal Pleasure and Surprise ;
Pleasure

Pleasure at the fair and candid Manner in which he receiv'd my Proposal, and Surprise at what he hinted of himself, which threw me into a profound Reverie, out of which he awaken'd me, by asking if I chose to hear his Story now, or to defer it to the next Day? I chose the latter, and he promised to wait upon me early, for that Purpose. My Sister soon after join'd us, and when he had taken Leave, I imparted to her what had pass'd, at which she was as much astonish'd as myself. " I cannot
 " imagine," says she, " what can be the
 " Motive for his Concealment of himself;
 " tho' the *English* Ambassador's Suspicions
 " of him would seem to indicate that he
 " has been concern'd in some Practices that
 " gave Umbrage to the Court of *England*;
 " and yet I never heard that his Excel-
 " lency himself, ever imagined, he was,
 " other than of this Country, and, indeed,
 " his Manner and Speech, are so truly
 " *French*, as to persuade every one that
 " this is his native Clime. It seems there
 " was such an Intimacy between him and the
 " Lord *Rutland*, that they were scarce ever
 " asunder, and, being so young and so
 " gallant, one would sooner imagine them
 " capable of Designs of an amorous than
 " of a political Nature. We never hear
 " any

any thing, however, to impeach the Count's Character, of an immoral Nature. He pays his Debts punctually, seems to be ador'd by his Servants, and has the good Word of every one with whom he converses. I am apt to think, therefore, Sister, that he was embark'd in some Affair or other that renders his Abode in, or Acknowledgment of his Relation to *England*, dangerous to him, and you know Things are carried on in such a Manner by King *James*, as to give great Cause of Disquiet and Distrust to the Majority of his Subjects. Perhaps the Count was one of those Friends to the late Duke of *Monmouth*, whose Fate was thought, by many Persons, too severe; or an Adherent of the *Argyle* Faction in *Scotland*, tho', I must own, I cannot recollect any Name of Importance enough, that escaped, to justify my Conjecture. However, Sister, as tomorrow is to clear Matters up, we'll suspend our Conjectures, and I hope what *L'Anglai* shall relate, will secure your Approbation of him, contribute to your Happiness and serve thoroughly to instate him in your Favour." I express'd my Acknowledgments for my Sister's good Wishes; but remained in a great Deal of Uneasiness
I till

till his Arrival, revolving ten thousand Things in my Mind ; which yet were of no Avail to clear up the Point I laboured at, and, at length, quite jaded and tired with these Reflections, I was forced to give them over, and refer the whole to the Count's Explanation : Such is the Texture of the Mind, that if it teems with Expectation of any Event, it endeavours to anticipate it by all the nice and curious, Conjectures it can form. *L'Anglai* came to Dinner with us ; but I could observe, tho' he put a Force upon himself, that he was far from being so gay as usual ; he seem'd to be under some Embarrassment, which, however, I ascribed rather to his great Respect for me, and the Importance of my late Enquiries, than to any other Cause. After Dinner, Count *Rabutin* and his Countess set out for *Versailles*, and being left together, *L'Anglai* thus addressed me.

“ MY dear Lady *Suffolk*, I am come
 “ to satisfy that laudable Curiosity you
 “ have express'd to hear my Adventures,
 “ which will satisfy you that I have had
 “ sufficient Reason, since I came to *France*,
 “ to insure my Safety, by keeping it an
 “ impenetrable Secret who I am : I hope
 “ the

“ the Discoveries I shall make to your La-
“ dyship, will meet with the Indulgence
“ my fond Wishes aspire to; that, if you
“ find in me, Hereditary Nobility—yet
“ under Misfortune; Honour, tho’ accom-
“ panied by Indiscretion, Riches—tho’
“ an Exile from your Native Country, for
“ a Crime seldom forgiven by the enrag’d
“ and revengeful of a contrary Party; you
“ will acquit me of Blame: Considering,
“ also my Youth and Inexperience which
“ made me too warmly, too rashly en-
“ ter into Measures, the Consequences of
“ which have been bad to me, tho’,
“ thro’ the Indulgence of Heaven, they
“ have not quite had that baneful Effect
“ that my Enemies could wish: But, Ah!
“ Lovely Fair, in what trembling Accents
“ am I likely to tell my Story, how unaf-
“ fured will be my Speech, when I am
“ sensible that, upon your Judgment hangs
“ all my expected Blessings, or all my fu-
“ ture, dreaded Wretchedness? May Hea-
“ ven inspire that compassionate Bosom,
“ which I have known to throb at the
“ Misfortunes of others, and exult when
“ it could relieve Distress in any Object,
“ tho’ ever so much beneath you, with
“ Sentiments of Pity and Allowance for
“ those Weaknesses and Indiscretions with
I “ which

“ which my Youth is chargeable!” “ My
 “ Lord,” I could not help replying (I
 was so mov’d with his Manner) raising
 him from the suppliant Posture he had
 thrown himself into, at this Conclusion,
 with my Hand, which he press’d to his
 Lips and kiss’d with great Ardour, “ Mis-
 “ fortunes if not accompanied with Vice,
 “ or brought on by criminal Behaviour,
 “ will always insure my Pity, nay my
 “ Relief; I flatter myself yours are of
 “ such a Nature, and I hope I shall have
 “ no Occasion to change the favourable
 “ Opinion I at present conceive of you,
 “ from your ensuing Narration: Your say-
 “ ing, you have been unfortunate, my
 “ Lord, rather raises, than debases you
 “ in my Opinion; Persons of my gentle
 “ Disposition are more dispos’d to Pity
 “ than Severity, and are easily, too easi-
 “ ly brought to sympathize with the Un-
 “ happy. Prove to me, Sir, that your
 “ Extraction is such as would justify my
 “ Choice; that you are now a Man of strict
 “ Honour and real Veracity; that you
 “ have an Inclination ever to persevere in
 “ Virtue and Goodness, and, if your For-
 “ tune should be ever so inferior to mine
 “ I sincerely promise you my Hand—my
 “ Heart.” Never had any Words a more
 surprising

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surprizing Effect than these; *L'Anglai*, starting from his Seat, clasp'd me between his trembling Arms, then retiring some Paces, and falling on his Knees, holding both my Hands in his, he exclaimed—
“ Exalted Goodness! Oh! Rapture inexpressible! The fairest, the dearest of her Sex, deigns to bid me live, to bid me hope the greatest Blessings that Mortality can enjoy! Oh! may my transported Soul never forget such transcendent Beneficence! May it be the Study of all my future Life, to prove my overbearing Sense, my eternal Gratitude for—such an unhop'd for Condescension.”—He would have gone on, still further, if I had not, by putting in with some grave Reflections, a little recovered him from his Extacy: And, in some Moments after, he was calm'd enough to begin the desired, yet dreaded Relation.

*The ADVENTURES of the Count
L'ANGLAI.*

THE old Lord *Rutland*, my Lady, Father of the present, passed a great Number of his earliest Years in *France*, and, after the Death of his Lady, he again
I 2 settled

settled at *Nismes*, in *Languedoc*, between twenty and thirty Miles from *Montpelier*; nor had he passed the Meridian of his Days; but was still young enough to be inflamed with a new Passion: He fell violently in Love with the Daughter of the *Sieur Rochambart*, then Governor of *Nismes*, and, after some Time spent in Courtship, they were married; and, from this Marriage, I derive my Birth, being their only Issue, my Mother dying in Childbed of me, her first Child. My Father's Affliction was so extreme, at this Loss, that he grew sick of the Place of his Residence, and yet cared not to return to his own Country, then distracted by Party Disputes, from which he had wisely retired. He was some Time undetermined as to the Place of his Residence; but a cruel Persecution then just begun against the *Hugonots*, having forced my Grandfather to abandon his Government and Country, and retire into *Holland*, my Father thought proper to follow him, and they settled together at the *Hague*, after my Father had sent to *England* for my Brother, who was his only Son by the former Venture, and is the present Earl of *Rutland*, that we might receive our Education together. My Grandfather, who had no other Heir than myself,

self, was at the Time of his Banishment, one of the richest Men in *France*, and he had manag'd so wisely as to have secured the Bulk of his Fortune, by timely Remittances to *England* and *Holland*, so that the State in which he had always lived was not at all impaired, and he made a very splendid Figure at the delightful Village where he had taken up his Abode. My Father being also one of the most opulent of the *English* Peers, no doubt can be made of our being treated and brought up suitably to our high Birth and Expectations. 'Twas before I went to the University of *Leyden*, that my Grandfather departed this Life, dying in my Father's Arms, after leaving him in Possession, and settling, upon his Death, for my Use, an immense Fortune. Never a greater Harmony had reign'd between two Persons, than between my Father and Grandfather; their Sentiments of Religion, Government and Politicks were nearly the same, and great Care was taken to inspire the same Principles into my Brother and me; so that we became early grounded in those excellent Fundamentals, which distinguish the Protestant and the Friend of Liberty. My Brother and I, to the Joy of our Father, entertain'd such a Fondness for each other,

that we were inseparable ; our Studies, our Diversions were the same, and, if Boys are capable of Friendship, we surely, had the most warm and tender one, subsisting between us. Nor was our Progress in Learning at all different, and it was so rapid, that, at an Age when other Youths begin their Academical Studies, we had almost finished ours. At the Court of the Prince of *Orange*, we were form'd to be great Men, and, under the Notice of that magnanimous Hero, pass'd some Years, in acquiring those Accomplishments that should distinguish Persons of superior Birth and Fortune. At the Accession of his present Majesty, *James the Second*, my Father hop'd Things would assume a better Face in his native Country, than they had worn in the long and intriguing Reign of his Brother *Charles the Second* ; not that he had entertained any great Opinion of his Successor's Principles of Government, or thought him clear of those arbitrary Sentiments and Maxims which had so long contributed to the Unhappiness of the *Stewart* Family : But he imagined that his Judgment was superior to that of the last Monarch, and that, as he had seen the violent Struggles of his unhappy Father's Reign, and the Convulsions that Strife be-
tween

tween Prerogative and Liberty had occasioned in that of his Brother, he would avoid all Measures that should give Umbrage to his Subjects, and not hazard any more Contests with a People, who had so often prov'd that they were never to be made the Dupes of Enthusiasm and Superstition in Religion, or of the arbitrary Doctrines of passive Obedience and Non-Resistance.

My Father, therefore, carried us with him to *England*, where I had never been yet, and we pass'd a Month only, at his several Estates and at Court, where, however, his Connections in *Holland*, he found, rendered him not very acceptable. With the utmost Concern he perceived, that King *James* was already pursuing such Steps as must inevitably tend to produce great Disturbances in his Kingdoms, and, to avoid as much as possible any Concern in what might ensue, he resolv'd to make the Tour of *Europe* with my Brother and myself, and to see our Issue into Manhood, under his own Eye. Accordingly, having settled his Affairs, we returned to *Holland*, tho' I cannot say, but it was with Regret that I left *England* so soon, that charming Spot having captivated me so much, as to ren-

der *Holland* very disagreeable upon my Re-visiting it again, as well as the dull and phlegmatick Manners of that plodding, but artful People. Here, as Providence would have it, our good Father deceased of a very violent Fever, and, as neither of us were very much acquainted with the World, he had named Trustees to manage our Affairs, till we were capable of taking them into our own Hands. His Body was embalmed, and we once more visited *England*, to deposit his valued Remains amongst those of his illustrious Ancestors; but made no Stay. Our Attendants having been fixed by our late Father, we pursued the Plan he had laid down, in our Travels, and our Sense of the great Loss we had sustain'd, kept us steady in the Practice of Temperance and Sobriety which we had been accustomed to. We set out to visit *Italy*, *France* and *Germany*, and had employ'd a Month in this Beginning of our Tour, when an Affair happened, that abridged my Journey, and caus'd a Separation, for some time, between my Brother and me. We had got no further than *Brussels*, when we received a Letter from Mynheer *Van Stahlman*, acquainting us, that our Father's old Friend, the Duke of *Monmouth*, had received Invitations to make

a Descent on *England*, and that he was not a little countenanced in the Attempt by the Court at the *Hague*; and congratulating us, that we were providentially out of the Way when we might have been solicited to use our Credit to forward his Enterprize. Would you believe it, my dear Countess, my Bosom glow'd at this Intelligence; Ambition, Glory, and the Principles I was attach'd to, all at once actuated my Mind. I had been taught to look upon King *James* as an Enemy to the Liberty of his Country, as one who had a settled Resolution to overturn its admirable Constitution of Government, and its excellent Religion, in short as one of those proud Tyrants of the Earth, that it was a meritorious Thing, to rise up against, and crush in his impious Attempts. I resolved to break off the Course of my Travels, to the great Regret of my Brother, with whom I parted, shedding Tears of the sincerest Affection, on both Sides, and settling his Route and our future Correspondence, by which I promised him to join him at *Venice*, if I liv'd to see an End of the Expedition. I arrived at *Amsterdam*, and got Money for Bills I had drawn myself upon my Agents, without much Suspicion, as, if any Intelligence was required from

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me, my Brother was to supply it, in my Name, under Pretence of my being indisposed; for I was resolv'd not to let our Friends know of my Resolution, as I was sensible, I should be restrained by the highest Authority from such a rash Undertaking. I therefore waited upon the Duke, privately, and he seem'd overjoyed at such a Companion: I also supplied him with some Monies, of which he stood in need: But my eager Expectations of Success, every Day afterwards, to the Time of our Departure, received great Checks, and I could perceive, that his greatest Friends gave him the slightest Assistance; that, in short, by those Members of the Government, who were in his Secret, he was intended rather to feel the Pulse of the *English*, by way of Preparative to a more vigorous Design for their Relief, which was then confidently whisper'd, if not as absolutely designed; yet as expedient and necessary. I was sensible the Prince of *Orange* had Notice of the Duke's Preparations and Intent, as well as of the other Invasion of *Argyle*, which had just met with an unfortunate Conclusion; but all was wink'd at, and it sufficed, for Decency's Sake, that he was received but coolly, and that the Prince's Court

put on all the seeming Indifference imaginable at what was passing under its Eyes.

'T WAS on this Occasion, Madam, that I assumed the Name of *Ferguson*, and, as my Brother and I had agreed, having taken none of our Servants with me, I remain'd quite undiscovered, and, I must say this for the Duke, that he kept the Secret with an inviolable Fidelity. He gave me a Captain's Commission, and, by the Time we landed, which was on *June 11, 1685*, at *Lyme*, a Sea-port Town in *Dorsetshire*, I assure your Ladyship, I was no Stranger to the Duties of my new Vocation. We had but eighty Followers, a very inconsiderable Number, at our Landing, and soon after his Grace published a Declaration to acquaint the Nation, that he had taken up Arms for the Maintenance of the Protestant Religion, which he asserted King *James* had an Intent to extirpate, and declared, that he was the legitimate Son of King *Charles*, who, he said, was married to his Mother. Your Ladyship is no Stranger to the Sequel of this unfortunate Affair, and that, when the Duke was defeated, his Followers were increased to about five Thousand, of whom three Hundred were killed in the fatal Action

tion of *Sedgmore*, near *Bridgwater*, and about one Thousand in the Pursuit : A milder Death than many who escaped the Carnage of that Day experienced, from the Barbarity of those infernal Butchers, *Jefferies* and *Kirk*. You also know with what Rigour the King behaved to our unfortunate Chief, whose amiable Qualities deserved a better Fate. But to return to myself, after sustaining the Conflict, in which I could plainly perceive the Treachery of Lord *Grey*, who commanded our few Horse, with a Courage and Resolution that nothing could abate, and seeing the Rout was become general, I set Spurs to my Horse, and rode off full Speed towards that Side on which they were not directing their Pursuit, and, the Minute I got out of Sight of the Field, I dismounted, and, seeing a Wood about a Mile before me, endeavoured to gain it, which I happily did, and struck into the very thickest Part of it, being jaded and fatigued to the last Degree, and having a Wound open, which I had received in my right Arm, and which was bleeding plentifully, beside that I was faint for Want of Sustenance. The first Thing that I did, was to fling myself on my Knees and return Thanks to God for my having gained a Place of Safety, and the

second

second was, to bind up my Wound with Part of my Shirt and my Handkerchief, and I had the Pleasure to observe it was not in a very dangerous Part, and but very slight, which was a new Cause of Thankfulness to that kind and good Being, who had so miraculously preserved me. And now, I began to think of the Course I should follow, still striking deeper into the Wood, to screen myself from the Rage of my Enemies, which seemed to me a very difficult Matter, considering I was very little acquainted with the Country, tho' I could talk the Language perfectly, having been only once before in *Somersetshire*, when I was in *England* with my Father, where he had a very fine Seat and Estate, near the *Mendip* Hills, which, if I could contrive to reach, I made no Doubt of my Safety, as my real Name and Family were known to no one but the Duke of *Monmouth* himself: But you will perceive that Providence ordered it otherwise, by which I was preserved from Destruction. Judge my Surprise, when, after about half an Hour's Walk, I perceived the Plain to open on the other Side of the Wood, so that tho' I had at first imagined it a large one, it appeared now to be but of a small Extent, and, to increase my Dismay, I could perceive Parties

ties of the King's Troops, riding full Speed, several Ways, pursuing our vanquish'd People. My Terror was too great to be expressed, and was the only Thing that could contribute to hasten my backward Flight, which I continued, by striking again into the thickest Part of my Asylum, where, flinging myself upon the Ground, I gave myself up to all the Horror that my Condition inspired, and was so weak and faint, that I began to abandon all Hopes of Life. In this Condition I remained for near two Hours, when I perceived a rustling, seemingly pretty near me, and, raising my Head, at some Paces distant, I saw an old Countryman, who was loading himself with some dry Sticks he had collected, and who, at Sight of me, seemed equally surprized with myself. My Dress was rich enough to excite his Attention, and the Condition I was in, contributed to rob him of the Fear that at first assail'd him: Coming towards me, whilst I beckoned him, my parch'd up Tongue being incapable to convey the Sound of my Voice to any Distance, he cheared me by a Look of Compassion more expressive than could well be expected from a Man of his Appearance, and, stooping down to me, enquired by what Accident I came to

to be in that Condition? “But,” continues he, “I need not make that Enquiry, “you must be one of those unfortunate “Youths, who have experienc’d the Hor- “rors of this Day? Ah! Stranger, ’tis “happy for you, that I can furnish you “with a Place of Refuge, from the Rage “of your Enemies! I am too much in- “terested, alas! in the Misfortunes you “partake of, to deny it you—you may “trust me; for under this Appearance, “you have met with a Man that is no “Stranger to the Laws of Humanity?” Oh! my dear Lady! what Balm did these Expressions pour into my distressed Bosom! I was enthusiastick enough to look upon him as my Guardian Angel, sent expressly by Heaven, for my Deliverance. I offered him an Handful of Gold, by Way of accepting his Proposal, and he surpriz’d me still more, by desiring me to reserve it for my future Use, adding, “I am not “mercenary—I will have none of your “Money—Come, try to walk, and I’ll con- “duct you to a Place of Rest and Re- “freshment, if haply we may reach it “without being noticed.” So saying, he help’d me to rise, and I, silently, lean’d upon the Arm of my Preserver, who, with no little Difficulty, carry’d me out of the
Wood,

Wood, by another Route, and to a small, but neat Cottage, where I was receiv'd by a decent old Swain and his Wife, who vy'd with each other in obeying the Orders of my Guide; got me into a Bed, gave me some Refreshment of such Provisions as they had, and, notwithstanding the Danger and Oddity of my Situation, I soon fell into a profound Sleep, without entertaining the least Suspicion of these hospitable Strangers. Indeed my Fatigue was too great, to afford my Mind any Power of Reflection. I wak'd, and I soon was inform'd after fourteen Hours Sleep, and found myself much refreshed indeed, but, the Appearance of things about me, seem'd much changed. I could find none of my Clothes; but, on the Bed, lay an old Country Coat, with other Parts of the like Dress, and my Arm I found had been dress'd and was tolerably easy: I must own, I began to suspect the Honesty of my new Friends, and that my Gold had arm'd them against me; but then I considered, that, weak as I was when in the Wood, I was a very easy Prey, and might have been robbed and then deliver'd to the Enemy; besides, the Care which was taken of my Wound and the Reception I met with, served to refute such Notions.

I WAS

I WAS not long in suspense ; for my old Host came up, and with great Civility enquir'd after my Health, and soon after was succeeded by my kind Preserver, who thus accosted me. “ I make no doubt, “ Sir, of your Surprize, at finding yourself stripp'd of your Clothes and Money ; but it has been done with a Design to preserve you : Know, that the poor Man who lives in this Cottage, had a Son, who engag'd with the Duke of *Monmouth*, and was probably kill'd at the Battle of *Sedgmore*, for he has not appeared since : He was sent by his Father to join his Grace of *Monmouth*, from a Conviction, that he landed, for the Preservation of the Protestant Religion. His joining the Rebels, as their ill Success obliges us to call them, was known to no one, which afforded you this Place of Safety. Whilst you slept, they have had many of the King's Troops, who have called here in the Pursuit, but it being known, in the neighbouring Village, that they have a Son, a labouring Man, it was easy to persuade them, you was this Son and sick ; but then, had your Clothes remained, it would have contradicted all
“ such

“ such Assertions. For this Purpose, I
 “ caus’d them to be remov’d, and, when
 “ you are able to travel, I will conduct
 “ you to a safer and more commodious
 “ Situation, where you may remain, till
 “ you embark for some foreign Part, or
 “ obtain your Pardon; for your Person
 “ and Manner convince me, that you are
 “ a Gentleman of some Consideration, and,
 “ believe me, your Countenance, intitled
 “ you to my Friendship, the Instant I
 “ first set Eyes on you: You was quite
 “ insensible when I had your Arm dress’d,
 “ which was done by a very skilful Sur-
 “ geon from *Ascot*, who has commissioned
 “ me to acquaint you, that in a few
 “ Days, your Wound will be cured.” By
 this Time, I had transformed myself into
 a Peasant, and, struck with Gratitude, I
 hugg’d this seeming Country Lout in my
 Arms, whose Language so belied his Dress;
 and cry’d out: “ Generous Man! let it
 “ suffice to acquaint, you, that, if Provi-
 “ dence should bless my Escape, you will
 “ not, nor shall have Cause to repent of
 “ your Humanity. Blush Titles and
 “ Riches, if, in rustick Guise and rural
 “ Seats, is found such Goodness, such disin-
 “ terested Benevolence! Lead me where
 “ you will—I regard you as my better
 “ Genius

“ Genius — you have reliev’d me from
“ Destruction, and you have done it in so
“ noble a Manner, as to captivate my ve-
“ ry Soul! — But, worthy Man, help me
“ to leave with these honest Friends, some
“ Token of my Bounty, to recompence
“ them for what they have done and suf-
“ fered upon my Account.” “ Trouble
“ not yourself,” he reply’d, “ about them,
“ I will put it in your Power, before you
“ leave the County, to be serviceable to
“ them in what Way you may think pro-
“ per; — but come, your Breakfast is rea-
“ dy, and, if you’ll permit me, I’ll do my-
“ self the Honour to partake of it with
“ you; for I came from home Fasting.”
Our Repast consisted of a Mess of whole-
some Pottage, which was well relished,
and I thought I never eat any Thing with
a greater Appetite: And my Companion
said smiling, “ Young Gentleman, I did
“ not expect you would have done so
“ much Honour to our coarse Fare; as
“ this is little more than the Provision Na-
“ ture has given us, untainted with the
“ modish Incentives to Appetite, which
“ tho’ for a while they please, leave Dis-
“ eases and Death behind them.” “ My
“ Friend,” I reply’d, “ tho’ I own to
“ you, that I never breakfasted so plainly,
yet

“ yet I am pleas’d with my Fare, and
 “ hope, my present Distress will learn me
 “ more Wisdom than I ever yet knew;—
 “ to moderate my Appetites and Passions,
 “ to stifle the Calls of Luxury and Extra-
 “ vagance, and to practise that Good-Will
 “ and Humanity towards my Fellow Crea-
 “ tures, that may stand in need of my
 “ Assistance, which I have been so fortu-
 “ nate to receive from you.” “ Excel-
 “ lent Sentiments indeed! Ah!” he cry’d,
 “ Why at this Rate, I shall be rewarded—
 “ greatly rewarded for my Pains; for
 “ know this, Sir, that I am more rejoic’d
 “ at such a Return, than if you could be-
 “ stow upon me Thousands: Yes, Young
 “ Gentleman, Ever remember the Con-
 “ dition I relieved you from—*Go thou and*
 “ *do likewise!*—The Wretch that can, with
 “ an obdurate Breast, see the Misfortunes
 “ of his Fellow Mortals; can refuse them
 “ all the Assistance in his Power; can say,
 “ I live only for my own little Gratifica-
 “ tions—That Wretch, I say, must never
 “ hope for Happiness hereafter, through
 “ the Mediation of that blessed Person,
 “ whose Gospel dictated nothing but lov-
 “ ing-Kindness, Charity and Good-Will
 “ to all Mankind: Ah! Stranger, if what
 “ I have done, or shall do, has this Effect
 “ upon

“ upon your future Life, you need name
“ no other Reward—I shall be but too
“ richly paid!” My dear Lady, do you
suppose I could look otherwise, than with
the greatest Reverence and Respect upon
this excellent Creature, whose Heart seem’d
to distend with benevolent Warmth; whose
Face glow’d with the Sentiments he ut-
tered?—My Soul, was, as it were, wonder-
fully elevated, and I heard him with the
Veneration erst paid to an Oracle. A thou-
sand Times I was going to ask him, how
his Mind became so elevated above his
Condition, and as often the Respect he
had inspired me with, bridled my Tongue.
Soon after he left me, and I did not see
him till the next Morning, during which
Interval, as often as the old Husbandman
or his Wife came in my Way, I endea-
vour’d to learn the true Character of this
worthy Seer; for, in short, I had conceiv’d
a higher Opinion of him than ever I had
of any Mortal before; but they seem’d not
to attend to, or understand my Enquiries,
and as to directly asking them, I thought it
impertinent, as, no doubt, I should soon
know more of so uncommon a Character.
In this Retreat, which nothing but Necess-
sity could have made me bear with tole-
rable Patience, stived up next the Thatch
of

of a small Cottage, with hardly Room sufficient for two Persons to stand or lie in, I heard hourly of the Depredations committed by the King's Troops, upon all those who had been suspected of favouring *Monmouth's* Party, and of their cruel Usage of the unhappy Prisoners who had fallen into their Hands, who were driven before them like Sheep going to the Slaughter, "Ah!" I often said to myself, "how
 " happy have I been to escape the Paws
 " of these furious Brutes;—I may say
 " much happier than I deserve, who, with-
 " out any other Inducement, than the idle
 " Gratification of a new Whim, could
 " withstand the Tears and Persuasions of
 " a Brother, and fly far from the Assistance
 " of my Friends!—Ah! my *Rutland*, lit-
 " tle do you think, that your Brother is
 " reduc'd to this dire Distress." Then,
 again, I would endeavour to varnish over
 my Behaviour, by such Considerations as
 these: "Ought I to blame myself, who
 " have done no more than every Friend
 " to his Country should do, than every
 " Lover of Mankind? I have stood forth
 " for those invaluable Blessings Liberty
 " and Religion, without which the World
 " would be, must be wretched, and shall
 " I repine at the Consequences of my lau-
 landable

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“ dable Purposes being defeated? No,
“ rather let me view Chains and Death it-
“ self with Chearfulness, and rejoice in
“ becoming a Martyr for the Good of the
“ Publick!—Persons of my Rank, it is
“ plain, are born for others more than for
“ themselves; they, as a Compensation to
“ others, for the Superiority they are he-
“ reditarily bless’d with; for that partial
“ Distribution they receive of worldly Ho-
“ nours and Riches, should be the first to
“ stand in the Gap against Injustice and
“ Oppression; therefore let me be confi-
“ dent, that Heaven will look upon my
“ Actions with a favourable Eye, and will
“ extricate me out of my present Misfor-
“ tunes. As *Lucan* has made *Cato* say,

*Need we be told, that Force should never make,
A Patriot, in his Country’s Cause, turn back?
Need we be told, if Fortune on us frown,
Or if with Glory, Heaven our Arms should
crown,*

*That, nor our Loss, nor our desir’d Success
Can make our Virtue either more or less?*

“ Then farewell all repining at my pre-
“ sent Condition; I should have rather
“ rejoic’d at it—I, who must look up-
“ on myself, as suffering for the pub-
“ lick

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“ lick Weal—Could I do otherwise than I
 “ did?—Did my youthful wayward Inclination
 “ nation prevail, or did the Fire of Patriotism
 “ triotism inspire me?—Yes, I could not

———*See the Sufferings of my Fellow Creatures,
 And own myself a Man :———*

*All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
 Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
 And check the Growth of these fell Royal
 Spoilers,
 Who make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our
 Charter.”*

Thus did I strive to console myself in my aukward Solitude ; forgetting, with all my Love of Truth, to place my Misfortune to the Account of Rashness, Folly, Ambition and headstrong Inclination ; so easy is it for us to persuade ourselves we are in the right, such a Partiality we shew to our own Faults.

It was late in the Morning before I set Eyes on my worthy Friend, who then came to me, and said, with Joy in his Countenance, “ I told you, we could please
 “ Heaven and procure its Favour no way
 “ more surely, than by good and charitable
 “ Deeds—I have been rewarded this
 “ Day

“ Day for my Humanity to you, Sir, by
“ a very signal Act of Providence in my
“ behalf, and we may now safely leave
“ this Place : My Habitation is about
“ three Miles hence, and we will set out,
“ soon after it is dusk ; tho’ I think there
“ can now be little or no Danger, as the
“ Earl of *Feversham* has ordered in all his
“ scattered Parties, and, is marching to-
“ wards *Taunton*. You shall then know
“ truly, who it is you think yourself
“ so obliged to, and who is as much re-
“ joiced at your Safety, as you can be
“ yourself : Oh ! the Sights of Horror
“ that have been presented to these Eyes,
“ ever since that most fatal Action upon
“ the *Moor*, are enough to harrow up the
“ very Soul ! This poor County already
“ suffers severely for its Opposition to
“ Tyranny, and God knows where our
“ Tormentors will end.” I could not
help shedding Tears at this Conclusion, and
at the Remembrance of my dear *Monmouth*,
who, my Friend told me, had not yet been
heard of.

As soon as the Sun had disappeared,
we took Leave of our kind Host and his
Wife, telling them they should hear from
me before I quitted the Country. The

K

good

good old Couple shed Tears at my Departure, and begg'd me to think of nothing but my own Safety—they were well paid already. What could I think, my dear Lady, of all this?—We generally believe, that the Bulk of Mankind are merciless and inhuman to each other, and that nothing but a View to Interest, can sway them to benevolent Actions. But how different a Scene did I experience; my Life was sav'd, I was succoured and supported, and yet all Rewards were declined; the very Mention of any Return was painful to my Benefactors!

WE kept, silently jogging on, thro' the most private and unfrequented Ways, and, without any Accident, arriv'd at another little Cottage, where my Deliverer desired me to tarry some Minutes, whilst he went before me, and, returning, he took me by the Hand, and soon led me a back Way towards a handsome House, and into a very elegant Apartment, where we were met by a Gentlewoman and a Youth about my Age, to whom he presented me, saying, “ See, my Dear, the
 “ Fruits of my Labour!—Behold the Ob-
 “ ject that has so long employ'd my
 “ Cares, and own I am well paid, by an
 “ Oppor-

“ Opportunity of preserving one of the
“ most amiable of Men! “ See Sir,”
continued he, addressing himself to me,
“ a good Woman who has been in much
“ Pain on your Account, and a Youth like
“ you, whom I have also preserved from
“ Destruction!” They both received my
Complements with Abundance of genteel
Returns, and I conceived the greatest Lik-
ing for them, at first Sight. Then, af-
ter having drank a Cordial that the good
Lady offered me, I was shewn by my
Friend into a handsome Chamber, where
my Clothes lay, and putting my Purse in-
to my Hand, he said, “ Here, Sir, is your
“ Money, tho’ you will have no Occasion
“ for it here: And, on that Chair, lies a
“ Suit of Clothes, that if not quite so
“ rich as your own, will serve to disguise
“ you. This Apartment is yours whilst
“ you stay under my Roof, and so is eve-
“ ry Thing in my Possession: And now,
“ I’ll go myself and make a Transforma-
“ tion, and appear before you, as the Per-
“ son I really am.” I made all the grate-
ful Returns possible for this Addition of
Kindness, and seeing Water, Towel and
every Thing before me, I got rid of my
homely Weeds, wash’d, put on a fine
Shirt, that lay ready for me, and, in about

half an Hour, made my Appearance in the Parlour again. There was now a Gentleman in the Habit of a Clergyman, whom I accosted in the most becoming Manner; but, judge my Surprize, when, upon his Speaking, I found him to be the very Person who had sav'd my Life. His Wife and Son, for so, I was now inform'd, the amiable Youth stood related to him, could not help smiling at the Wonder I expressed, and the excellent Divine, now freed from his clownish Dress and affected Roughness of Speech, soon convinc'd, me he was as polite and well-bred as he was compassionate. After a good Supper of the best Provisions that could be procured, we sat down over a Bottle of Wine, and then he thus address'd me. " You see, " Sir, now, undisguis'd, the Person who so " providentially came to your Assistance— " and, indeed, it seems a particular Act " of the Divine Being in your Favour, " and so I hope you will ever esteem it: " For it was purely accidental that I came " to the Spot where I found you; I was " seeking after that Youth, who, by my " Permission, had repair'd to the Duke of " *Monmouth's* Standard, and, in my Way, " determin'd, if possible, to relieve any " other unfortunate Men whom Heaven " might

“ might throw in my Way. It has been
“ my Happiness not to be suspected by
“ the Government, tho’ I have, in my
“ Sphere, been an Opposer of all illegal
“ Acts, in this Vicinity, and we have had
“ many bigotted Magistrates imposed upon
“ us in this Reign ; there has indeed been
“ Reason enough to complain. I always
“ held it as an Axiom, that a Papist Ma-
“ gistrate over a Protestant People was
“ a great Absurdity, and I surmize, from
“ the Temper of his present Majesty,
“ which is severe, gloomy, and sowed, by
“ the abominable Tenets of the Supersti-
“ tion he is a Slave to, that his Reign
“ will not be long over us. I thought
“ God’s Time for his Expulsion was now at
“ Hand, which made me not restrain my
“ Son’s Inclination to repair to the Duke
“ of *Monmouth*, whilst I employ’d my
“ Prayers for the Success of his Arms :
“ But I was deceiv’d by my too sanguine
“ Hopes, and must, yet a while, tempo-
“ rize for my own Preservation. ’Twas
“ the Thicket where I discovered you,
“ that we had agreed, if Fortune frown’d
“ upon his Party, he should fly to, and,
“ there I promised to meet him ; for
“ which Purpose I clad myself in rustick
“ Weeds, and prowled about, cutting Fire-

“ Wood, by which I passed the several
 “ Parties the King had out, without be-
 “ ing suspected. You may judge that I
 “ was somewhat disappointed by finding
 “ you there, Sir, instead of my Son; but,
 “ in a few Hours after, I also recovered
 “ him, and put two more of the flying
 “ Party into Places of Safety. The ho-
 “ nest Man at whose Cabin you was con-
 “ cealed, is one of my Parishioners, a
 “ Fellow of Integrity, and averse to the
 “ present Government. Poor Man! his
 “ Son was amongst the slain! God’s Will
 “ be done!—As to my Son, who I beg
 “ may reap a Share in your Friendship,
 “ he came but seven Days since, into these
 “ Parts, from *Oxford*, and so privately,
 “ that his Arrival is not known, and,
 “ therefore, you will both pass very well
 “ tomorrow, as having come together,
 “ from the University, where you were
 “ Chums, and you had better remain
 “ some Weeks with me to avoid Suspi-
 “ cion. *Let us return Thanks to the Al-*
 “ *mighty Creator and Ruler of the Universe,*
 “ *for these his inestimable Mercies, and may*
 “ *they have a proper Effect upon the Conduct*
 “ *of our future Lives.*

I ASSURE

I ASSURE your Ladyship, that I was impressed, at this Moment, with such a Sense of my wonderful and miraculous Escape, that I could not help joining the Tears of the Family at this Conclusion of my excellent Friend, and, taking his Son in my Arms, I embrac'd him, and cry'd, " Let us
" hereafter be Brothers?—May I live to re-
" pay to your good Qualities what I owe to
" your worthy Father!"—He received my Caresses, in a Manner that greatly prepos-
" possessed me in his Favour, and I after-
wards found him to be a very intelligent
and amiable Youth, and, for Honour and
Integrity, a Copy of his Sire. Turning
to my Preserver, I said, " Reverend Sir,
" whose Actions are so agreeable to his holy
" Calling, I have such a Sense of your Kind-
" ness and Benevolence; my Gratitude is
" so abundant, that I want Words to ex-
" press them: Let me make a Secret of
" nothing to Persons whom I already so
" tenderly esteem—I am second Son to
" the late, and Brother to the present
" Lord *Rutland*, who has an Estate not
" far distant from this Part of your Coun-
" ty, my own Fortune is far from inconfi-
" derable, and, let me assure you, that, as
" long as I breathe, it shall be at your

“ Service, and I’ll omit no Opportunity
 “ of promoting your Interest!”—I was
 going on further; but what I had already
 said, had such an Effect upon my Audience,
 as put an immediate Stop to my Speech:
 The Wife gazed upon me with a Kind of
 Rapture, the Son seiz’d my Hand, and
 carried it respectfully to his Lips, and my
 old Friend sprung, at once, from his Seat,
 and, throwing his Arms round my Neck,
 cry’d, “ Heavens! I
 “ thank you!—that have enabled me to
 “ save the Son of so worthy, so kind, so
 “ good a Patron, of whom I have received
 “ so many Benefits!—Oh! Sir, forgive these
 “ Tears; they are Tears of Gratitude, to the
 “ Memory of my excellent Benefactor, your
 “ Father, whose Chaplain I was, many Years,
 “ who gave me this Living, and who was one
 “ of the best Men that ever breathed? I now,
 “ no longer wonder at the Reverence and
 “ Affection with which I was struck, at the
 “ first Sight of you, my dear, young Lord!
 “—Yes, I have heard of you, Sir, and, tho’
 “ you don’t remember it, saw you at the
 “ Burial of my good Lord, and yet could not,
 “ dull as I was, recollect you before,—and then,
 “ the Improbability—nay, the seeming Impossibility
 “ of

“ of your being here—and being here up-
“ on such an Occasion, rendered me still
“ more blind to those well-known Fea-
“ tures of your Family, which are very
“ distinguishable in your Face.—Pardon
“ us, Sir, for any innocent disrespect we
“ may have been guilty of—from hence-
“ forth, I and mine, and every thing be-
“ longing to me, are yours, to dispose of
“ as you think fit.”—“ What, is it possi-
“ ble,” I return’d, “ is it Mr. *Bridges*,
“ of whom I have heard so many friendly
“ Things said by my Father, to whom I
“ owe that I am here?—the Excess of my
“ Satisfaction is too great!—How unfa-
“ thomable are the Ways of Providence!

WE were sometime before we became calm, and then we adjourn’d to our several Apartments, after mutual Complements, our Discourse having kept us up till near three o’Clock, in the Morning. I slept soundly and comfortably this Night, my Regrets were almost chased away, and I rejoic’d in being amongst the old Friends of my Family, which contributed to soften and to lengthen my Repose.

AT Ten, the next Morning, I left my Chamber, and found Mr. *Bridges* was up
K 5 before

before me, and his Spouse having had but a bad Night, we breakfasted without her, and we then conversed upon my Affairs. I told him my Motives for coming to *England*, and that I knew I was perfectly safe, no one but my Brother and his Grace of *Monmouth* being privy to my Design: Therefore, I submitted it to his Discretion, whether I should venture to my Father's Seat, as just come from abroad, or endeavour to leave the Kingdom without visiting it, or any of my Friends? His Reasons were very convincing against the former of these Attempts, at least till he had been over to the Seat, and seen how Matters went, and till we heard the Fate of the Duke of *Monmouth*, from *London*. I agreed to all he propos'd, and, the next Afternoon, he rode over to our Friends, and, as it was above twenty Miles, it was not likely we should see him till the succeeding Morning, therefore my Companion, young *Bridges*, and myself, took the Diversion of Angling in a fine Fish-Pond in the Garden, during his Absence, and sometimes read; for he had a most judiciously selected Library. Meantime my old Host, at the Cottage, coming over, I took an Opportunity to gratify him with fifty Pieces of Gold, in
Reward

Reward of his late Fidelity, which I could not get him to accept, till I laid my Commands on him for that Purpose. Mrs. *Bridges*, on her Part, contrived all the Ways she could to make my Sojourn pleasant to me, and plentifully supplied her Table with every Dainty that an almost exhausted Neighbourhood could afford: So that I was now again, as it were, in my proper Element, and began to breathe, and to be chearful after my late Fatigues. I know your Ladyship's Sentiments; but tho' I am sensible you will condemn all the Rashness of my Attempt, and very severely blame, perhaps, the Behaviour of my reverend Friend, in Relation to the present Government, yet I will not now enter into my Defence: It shall suffice, that I only, once for all, just hint to you, that the Maxims of Policy we had imbibed, were such as have always had a great Number of Partisans, who have allowed Resistance to be lawful; tho' I own, it is a very disputed Point, when that Resistance shall become just and necessary. With Regard to myself, I hope your Ladyship will consider the Manner of my Education, which had furnished me with a thousand Reasons in defence of a resisting People, and very few in favour of a dispensing Power assumed

assumed by the Sovereign, which has been a main Source of all the Misfortunes of the *Stewart* Family.

THE next Day Mr. *Bridges* join'd us, and, after he had taken some Refreshment, we sat down in eager Expectation of the Intelligence he brought us, which he delivered in the following Words.

“ My dear Sir, again we have sufficient
 “ and manifest Occasion to bless Almighty
 “ God, for his visible Protection of us!
 “ Had you ventured to have gone to
 “ your Brother's Seat, you had been ruined.
 “ It is now in the Possession of the King's
 “ Troops, who have not behaved in the
 “ most friendly Manner, and, indeed, the
 “ whole Vicinity has more the Aspect of
 “ a conquered Country, than of a Division
 “ of the Kingdom, which, except
 “ as to a few Particulars, cannot be said
 “ to have been very guilty of the late Insurrection.
 “ I had a Conference with
 “ Mr. *Baylis*, my Lord, your Brother's
 “ Steward, and soon found out the Reason
 “ of this Severity to the Estates of
 “ your Family. Your noble Brother, who,
 “ I suppose full of Anxiety for your Safety,
 “ return'd to *Holland* almost as soon as
 “ you

“ you embarked, had early Intelligence of
“ the Duke’s Defeat : Upon which he
“ dispatched Letters to all your Friends
“ and Relations at Court, back’d by the
“ Prince of *Orange*, wherein he told them,
“ that he suspected you was with the
“ Duke, and besought them to do all
“ they could, to skreen you from the Mis-
“ fortunes you had drawn upon yourself,
“ and to endeavour to save your Life, if it
“ should chance, which he did not doubt,
“ that you should be taken Prisoner. These
“ Letters came over by a particular Ex-
“ press, and Application being made to
“ the King thereon, he was so exaspe-
“ rated, that he ordered your Name to be
“ included in his Proclamation for the
“ Discovery of the Delinquents, and Search
“ was made wherever there was the least
“ Probability of your having retired.
“ Judge now, my dear Sir, if we have
“ not fresh Motives to bless God for your
“ present Safety, and for your miraculous
“ Preservation? My Advice consequent to
“ this Intelligence, is this, that you con-
“ tinue very private with me, for some
“ Time, ’till I have an Opportunity, by
“ my Agents at *Bristol*, to procure you a
“ safe Passage out of these Dominions.
“ The Duke is in the *Tower*, and, I make
no

“ no doubt, will be brought to the Block,
 “ and, I fear, the Mercy that will be shew’d
 “ to his Followers will be Cruelty. Oh!
 “ that my unhappy Countrymen had not
 “ entered upon this rash Attempt, or that
 “ they had succeeded! May my own pri-
 “ vate Share in this Transaction be for-
 “ given, and may it teach me, on all fu-
 “ ture Occasions, to wait God’s Time, nor
 “ to attempt to forward it by human Wif-
 “ dom!” Here the good Man wept, and
 we all mournfully join’d our Tears and La-
 mentations together.

I WAS, you need make no Doubt, un-
 der a great Dismay at this Relation; for
 my young Mind had flatter’d itself with
 staying some Time in *England*, endeavour-
 ing to serve, privately, his Grace of *Mon-
mouth*, among our Relations and Friends,
 and many more such Idlenesses, which my
 sanguine Desires and Hopes suggested:
 And again, I trembled at the Consequences
 that might result to our Family, by my
 rising up in Arms against the Government;
 for, tho’ my own Fortune, chiefly consist-
 ing of Stock in the foreign Funds, was in
 no Hazard of Confiscation, yet it might
 edge their Resentment against my Brother
 and our Friends, and it is very well known,
 that

that whether Occasion is given or no, corrupt Ministers, by their vile Emissaries, may always contrive Means, and very frequently do, to wreck their Vengeance upon the Objects of their Hatred or their Fear; for bad Men may always be said to be in Fear, and full of black and dark Suspicions. I, however, very readily consented to what Mr. *Bridges* proposed, and was farther induced thereto, in a Visit I received from Mr. *Baylis*, that worthy Servant of our Family, who, full of Concern, also, for my Safety, urg'd me to be very recluse, and to comply in every Thing with my excellent Friend's Advice. By his Means I received five hundred Pounds, in Addition to my small Stock, and continued for above a Month, enjoying all the Pleasures that our Villa could furnish, and bless'd with the improving Conversation of the amiable Family whose Guest I was. All this Time no unlucky Accident had happened, that could give the least Suspicion of me to the Neighbourhood, and the Secret remained the more secure, as our Domesticks consisted but of a Man and a Maid Servant, grown grey in the Service of their Master, and who made his Interest and Pleasure their main Concern. But, O! my dear Lady, amidst all

my Security, how great were my Regrets, to hear of the barbarous Execution of my Friend *Monmouth*, and of many others whom I had entertained a Friendship for, in our little Army. The Tears I shed, and the Grief I could not help expressing, were a Testimony of my sincere Affection for that amiable, that unfortunate Prince.

MR. *Bridges* had been twice to *Bristol*, in this Space, and, at his second Visit, found a Vessel, that was just then cleared out for *Rotterdam*, the Captain of which, named *Burton*, happened to be an old and an intimate Acquaintance, a Man of Sense and Humanity: With him he agreed for my Passage, and the best Accommodations on board his Ship, which was to unmoor, in three Days from the Time of his Agreement with him, and, mean time, the good Mrs. *Bridges*, got me a Stock of Sweetmeats and Cordials, enough to serve for the Refreshments of an *East-India* Voyage. My Parting with her and her Son, was a very tender Scene; for I regarded her as a Mother almost, and her Son as my Brother, their Behaviour had been so kind and so winning. It was with the utmost Difficulty, that I could prevail upon her to
accept

accept of a Present of fifty Guineas, and to my young Friend, as a Token of my Affection, I gave a rich Diamond Ring from my Finger, promising in future Days, to make his Interest my own. I also left a handsome Gratuity for the two Servants, and we set out, the reverend Gentleman, myself, and *Baylis*, who both knew the Passes of the Country so well, that we arrived in the opulent City of *Bristol*, without the least Molestation or Enquiry after me, notwithstanding the King had Spies in many Places thro' which we were obliged to pass; but, indeed, I travelled as Mr. *Baylis's* Servant, in my Brother's Livery, which help'd to disguise my true Quality. We staid at the Agent's but till it was dark, and a Boat waiting for us at the Back of his House, we were conveyed on board the Vessel, which had fallen down to *Kingroad* in the Morning. We were no sooner in the Cabin, than, the Captain having left us to take Leave of each other, the good Mr. *Bridges* fell upon his Knees, and, in a short Ejaculation return'd Thanks to God for the Mercies and Favours he had vouchsafed to grant us, and for my Deliverance from the revengeful and blood-thirsty Enemy. We joined therein with great Devoutness
and

and Fervency, and, after staying together some Minutes, we parted, shedding Tears on both Sides. In a few Hours after our Separation, the Wind springing up fair, we made Sail, and happily got out of the *Bristol Channel*, which relieved me from all Fear and Apprehension for my own Safety. Captain *Burton*, was a most worthy Creature, and I received a considerable deal of Pleasure in his Conversation during my Passage, which was terminated, without any very extraordinary Occurrence, by my Arrival at *Rotterdam*, when I made him accept of so considerable a Present, as surprized him, and made him, tho' he did not know me, pay me a Respect at Parting, due to no Person under my Rank.

THUS you see me, Madam, once more breathing the Air of Freedom, and without any Pain for the Safety of my Person; but, in order to insure that Safety the better, I resolved to change my Name, to accustom myself to speak nothing but *French*, to assume the Gaiety of that Nation, of which I naturally possessed a considerable Share, and, for some Years, to visit neither *Holland* or *England*, the latter having Emissaries enough in every Court, capable of gratifying its Revenge, by the basest Means.

Means. Of this Resolution I acquainted my Brother, by Letter, which he approved of, and, the better to carry it into Execution, discharged, with proper Gratuities, all our old Servants, and we met at *Ghent* as if we had been perfect Strangers, seem'd to take a sudden Fancy to each other, and to commence an Intimacy, which determin'd us to travel together. My Brother put a great Force upon himself, as well as I did, at first, upon this Concealment of our Relation to each other; but, at last, it became familiar, and we diverted ourselves with the Confusion and Suspense it often put Persons into, who would have us to be Brothers, whether we would or no; for indeed, there is, to this Day, a most surprizing Resemblance betwixt us. I should have told you, that I was received by this dear Youth, like one risen from the Dead, and the little Separation we had endured, and the Danger I had encountered, served still more and more to endear us to each other.

WE now thought proper to alter the first Plan laid down for our Travels, and to see *France* in our Way to *Italy*, and from thence to go to *Germany*: Agreeably to this Resolution, after staying some Weeks.
at

at *Ghent*, *Namur* and many other principal Cities of *Flanders*, we came to *Paris*, paying Visits to every noted Place in our Route, where we have now been some Months, and I must say that we have been honoured by the Notice and Regard of the great and the Learned, so much, since our Arrival, that it has detained us for a longer Time than we at first proposed to stay; and tho' I am a little suspected to have been concerned in the *English* Troubles, from the Acquaintance I have contracted with three or four learned Refugees of that Nation, who, however, I never trusted with any of my Secrets; as I have ever studiously avoided either to discourse of Politicks or Religion, and have rather aimed at the Character of the Gay, Airy and gallant *Frenchman*, I have left little room to judge my being other than what I pretend to be: 'Tis true, the gloomy, *English* Ambassador, has somehow or other, conceiv'd (I believe, merely because he would appear deep and important) that I am in Connections with these *English* Exiles, prejudicial to his Master's Interest, and takes upon him to watch me very closely; but, I thank him, I'll bring myself into no more Scrapes; and, with every one else I live in the greatest Harmony

ny and Friendship; nay, so well I can disguise myself, that his Majesty's Confessor, good Man, is now Hand and Glove with me; and thinks me as zealous a Catholick, almost, as himself, and has been tampering with me, to assist in the Conversion of my Brother, of which I have thought proper to give him some flattering Hopes. With Regard to my Title of Count, and my Name of *L'Anglai*, I understood that a Family of that Name became extinct, about twelve Months since, in *Dauphiny*; and that a Son of the last Possessor of the Estate went to the *West-Indies*, and died at *Martinico*. This Estate was very small, and was sold to pay the Family Debts. Now you must know, my dear Lady, that I have bought this Estate for about twelve thousand Livres, and pretend to be the *West-Indian* Son, who married at *Hispaniola*, and thereby acquired an immense Fortune. No one could contradict me, and thus I am quite conceal'd from the World, at least have been so at *Paris*, as to my true Character: And thus I shall continue till the Death of his present *Britannick* Majesty, or till some fortunate Event secures me a safe Return to *England*, a Country wherein I am determin'd to spend the Residue of my Life; the Climate, Form of Govern-

Government, and Manners of the People, being most agreeable to my Constitution, Genius and Temper. “How blest’d
 “ should I esteem myself—blest’d beyond
 “ all Measure! If you, my most dear Lady, should incline to strengthen and invigorate this Resolution! If in possessing you, I might enjoy every Felicity
 “ that much lov’d Country can possibly supply! Without your charming, your enlivening Society, no Clime can afford me any Delight, and the Regions of remotest *Lapland* would be as tolerable as the finest and most polished Seats of *Europe*. I hope I have prov’d myself as worthy your Favours as any Mortal can be, from my Rank, Family and Fortune; but if you are determined never to give your Heart to any Man; but such an one as shall possess that Rectitude of Sentiment, that Purity of Soul, and that Perspicuity of Judgment, that are so naturally your own, I fear, I, amongst Thousands, of sighing Captives, must stand awfully at a Distance, looking up with submissive Reverence to those Graces and Virtues that no Merit on Earth can ever be thought worthy to participate.”

“ Sir”

“ Sir,” I, after some Hesitation, reply’d,
“ You have done me a great Honour in
“ confiding to me such important, and to
“ you, interesting Secrets, and you may
“ depend upon me, that they shall never
“ proceed from my Lips to a second Per-
“ son: I am charmed with your Attach-
“ ment to the Principles of religious and
“ civil Liberty; but, perhaps, cannot forbear
“ blaming that Precipitancy and Rashness
“ with which you took up Arms against
“ our lawful Sovereign: However, as you
“ set out with arraigning your own youth-
“ ful Folly, I hope you have, ere now,
“ resolved to be more steady, more pru-
“ dent for the future. There is, however,
“ Sir, some other Explanations that I must
“ persuade myself to demand of you, be-
“ fore I agree to what you seem so warmly
“ to desire. You must know, that I am
“ resolved never to give my Hand to any
“ Man that is not quite free from re-
“ proach with regard to his Connections
“ with our Sex. Now I have heard some
“ Things tending to bring some Suspicions
“ against you in this Regard, nor can I
“ think it possible, that a Man of such a
“ gay Disposition, and adorned with such
“ winning Qualities, could have past so
“ many

“ many Months in the Blaze of the most
 “ gallant and amorous Court in *Europe*,
 “ without having felt a *tendresse* for some
 “ fair one or other, who may yet retain a
 “ Right to those Vows, which you would
 “ flatter me are alone due to me; and
 “ don’t forget, Count, if you have that
 “ Value for me that you pretend to have,
 “ to tell me with Sincerity, particularly,
 “ what kind of Engagements there were,
 “ or are, between you and the Daughter of
 “ the Count *la Marche*, who, tho’ I have
 “ only twice seen her, seems to be possess’d
 “ of Perfections enough to engage the Ad-
 “ dresses of the most accomplished Man
 “ breathing.”

I was going on further, but *L’Anglai*, as
 I shall continue to call him, seem’d quite
 astonish’d at my Discourse, and his Coun-
 tenance chang’d so visibly, that I could not
 help imagining that I had hit upon a Cir-
 cumstance that gave him abundance of
 Pain. I stopp’d short then, and waited
 some Moments for a Reply — which I
 thought I perceived could not be made
 without more Premeditation than perfect
 Innocence has need to require.—At length,
 tho’ not without some Trepidation of Voice
 and Person, he made me this Answer.
 “ Alas!

“ Alas! my lovely Creature, how cruel
“ you are to raise in your Mind such
“ Doubts, such horrid Suspensions!—I think,
“ however, you are entitled to the *Eclair-*
“ *cissements* you demand, and you shall have
“ them. I will not attempt to say, my
“ Lady, that I have been entirely free from
“ those too fashionable Failings to which
“ young Men of Fortune are liable, and
“ tho’ I cannot charge my Mind with any
“ very crying Offence against your charm-
“ ing Sex, yet I am not so innocent as I
“ could wish!—Don’t judge me, dear Ma-
“ dam, before I have explained myself.”

Seeing me under a great Concern, “ In
“ Follies of this Kind, depraved Fancy
“ not the Heart has a Share, and in the
“ few Adventures of this Sort that I have
“ encountered, had I met with that Resis-
“ tance, that will ever be made by Fe-
“ males who have firmly fixed themselves
“ in Principles of Prudence and Virtue, I
“ should never have had Patience enough
“ to persevere to the Conclusion. I hope
“ your Ladyship will consider youthful
“ Heat and Folly as the main Inducements
“ to a Commerce of this criminal Sort,
“ and that when our good Sense is un-
“ burthened from the first Sallies of
“ sickly and inconstant Passions, we def-

L

“ pise

“ pise ourselves for being so far made
 “ the Dupes of them. And believe me,
 “ my Lady, that I never seriously entered
 “ into any honourable Contract or Engage-
 “ ment with any of your Sex before ; that I
 “ have no Connections with the young Coun-
 “ tesses *la Marche*, or any Lady breathing,
 “ that can, or ought to prejudice me in your
 “ Opinion ; I have indeed diverted her and
 “ myself with saying those gallant Things
 “ that are too often and too idly introduc-
 “ ed into the Discourse of young Persons of
 “ different Sexes, but without any ill
 “ Design, any sinister View, and are as
 “ much matters of Course as Enquiries af-
 “ ter the Health or the Weather. There-
 “ fore, my dear Lady, I hope you will
 “ entertain no Idea that may alter your
 “ kind Sentiments of me, and here I vow,
 “ before the supreme Majesty of Heaven,
 “ that neither in Word, Thought or Deed
 “ will I ever swerve from that fix’d, that
 “ real Constancy of Mind and Person,
 “ with which I dedicate myself to the most
 “ excellent, and most charming of her
 “ Sex.”

I assure you, my dear *Lucy*, I was in-
 clined to yield an immediate Assent to all
 he had said, my Heart so strongly pleaded
 in

in his Favour: However, as he had not entirely exculpated himself from my Suspitions, Prudence got the upper Hand of my Tendernefs, and, giving him my Hand, which he kiss'd very fervently, I said, " Sir, you may be convinc'd that I interest myself in whatever concerns you, by my making these minute Enquiries ; but I am so sensible that the Matrimonial Knot should be ty'd with the most mature Deliberation, that no Disgusts or Disquiets may afterwards arise, that it makes me more particular than I would otherwise be, and I will, now the Time tells us we must soon part, venture to inform you, that, if I continue in the same Opinion till my Return from *Montpelier*, you may expect every thing from me that I can do in your Favour. And I must think our joint Friends have Interest enough, in such a Case, to ensure your safe Return to *England*. I permit you to continue your Addresses ; for I must confess they are far from being disagreeable to me."

L'ANGLAI, upon this Confession, said and did all that an enraptured Lover could, so flattered in his Hopes ; but I kept such a grave Countenance, that it chill'd him

too much to admit of his carrying it to the Length he seem'd ready for: It was now late in the Evening, and *Rabutin* and my Sister having returned and join'd us, after a little Conversation on general Topics, he took his Leave and left us, not without casting a most tender, and yet a mournful Glance at me, which I returned with a like Regard. Ah! my *Lucy*, he had gained such a Place in my Bosom, that I felt his going, as if it had been some sudden Misfortune: When he retired, methought all that was pleasing and delightful went with him, and I hastened, as soon as Decency would permit me, into my Chamber, to enjoy at Leisure my Contemplations upon this Object of my Affection, who was now become but too dear to me.

THE next Morning my Sister interrogated me, as to what *L'Anglai* had disclosed to me of his Affairs; but I told her, he had imparted his Adventures to me, under the Seal of Secrecy, and therefore begg'd her Excuse, as to telling her every Particular: However, thus much I communicated; that, tho' he was a *Frenchman* by Birth, yet he was of an *English* Family; that I had discovered him to be a Person
of

of noble Extraction and a competent Fortune, only having been engaged in some Matters that required his concealing of his true Name, he had done it, yet without any other View than his own more immediate Security. My Sister, after a little Raillery, admitted of my Excuses; but said, "Well, my Dear, I can perceive, by the Gentleness of your Accent when you mention him, that the Count has now convinced you, that he is an Object worthy of your Regard, and I sincerely congratulate you upon it." "Why, my Dear," I replied, "if I hold in the same Temper at my Return from *Montpelier*, it may possibly be a Match: But if I, between this and that Time, should discover any Thing mean, or dishonourable in him, I'll not only bid adieu to him; but, I think, to his whole Sex into the Bargain; for, if I am deceived in this Man, I shall never again venture to put Confidence in any one. I have, you must know, taxed him with having been too guilty of a lawless Commerce with our Sex, and he own'd he was not without some Blame on that Head: Now as you mentioned Count *la Marche's* Daughter, I enquired into his Dealings in that Family also, which

“ he has endeavoured to persuade me,
 “ were perfectly innocent. However, let
 “ me beg your Assistance to unravel this
 “ Man, till I find he is quite worthy my
 “ Heart and Fortune, and, for this Pur-
 “ pose, do you pay a Visit to that young
 “ Lady, whilst I apply to my *Maria*, to
 “ get all she can out of her Husband in
 “ Relation to *L’ Anglai*.” “ Ha! Ha! Ha!
 “ my Sister,” she returned, “ one would
 “ really fancy thee to be an old Maid—
 “ why how deliberately thou intendest to
 “ take upon thee this *Hymeneal* Yoke?—
 “ Dost thou ever think to have a Hus-
 “ band that has not been guilty of such
 “ fashionable Failings? As to my Part,
 “ I believe, few of the Lads of Spirit are
 “ innocent in those Respects”——“ As to
 “ that, Sister,” I rejoin’d, and so grave-
 ly, as made her apprehend, I was offended,
 “ you may treat my Delicacy and the Oc-
 “ casion of it in as trifling a Manner as
 “ you please ; but what you miscall a
 “ fashionable Failing, I look upon as a
 “ Crime, and it is owing to the little Ac-
 “ count we make of such Things our-
 “ selves, that our Sex is so contemptible
 “ in the Eyes of the Men. Had you
 “ heard an Excuse he made, drawn from
 “ the Easiness with which he had pre-
 “ vailed,

“ vailed, it would at once have moved
“ your Pity and your Resentment. Let
“ me tell you, Madam, no Fashions will
“ ever be able to put Virtue out of Coun-
“ tenance, which is, by the immutable
“ Decree of God and Nature, necessary to
“ the well Being and Existence of the
“ moral World. Let any Deviations from
“ Virtue be varnish’d over by what Names
“ you please, those who transgress her Pre-
“ cepts shall be no Companions of mine,
“ I assure you, much less shall they be
“ placed in a Situation to oppose that
“ Rectitude of Conduct, which, I hope, I
“ shall ever persist in.” My Sister seem’d
stunn’d with this grave Lecture, so differ-
ent from the Mirth and Flightiness of
her Temper; but, recollecting herself, she
begg’d my Pardon, fell under her un-
guarded Expressions, as she stiled them,
with proper Acknowledgments, and we
were soon reconciled. She promised me
also, to pay a Visit at the Hotel of *la*
Marche, that very Afternoon, as I intended
to do at that of *De Lorges*.

As soon as we had dined, we both
went out upon our several Visits, and I
was severely check’d by *De Lorges* and
his Spouse, for having been so great a

Stranger as to stay away for the whole Space of a Day and an half. When that Gentleman and his Father had left us, I unbosom'd myself to *Maria*, let her into the Situation of my Heart with Regard to *L'Anglai*, and desired her, as her Husband was so intimate with him, that she would endeavour to get from him a true Account of his late Manner of Life and Conversation. *Madame De Lorges* heard me with Abundance of Attention, and consented to do every Thing I had desired of her, and, at the same Time, express'd her Satisfaction at the Prospect I gave her, of my Design to enter into the State of Wedlock ; but I let her know, that my Determination depended upon the Intelligence I should receive from her, about *L'Anglai*, and protested, I was not so much engag'd in his Favour, as not to withdraw my Regard with Ease and Pleasure, if, at last, I should not find him worthy of my Affection. "Therefore," I continued, "do
 " not, from a false Tendernefs to me,
 " hide any Discoveries you shall make, and
 " this I conjure you, by all the Amity and
 " Love that exists between us."

MADAME De Lorges promised to obey my whole Commission, and, when
 I re-

I returned home, which was not till late, I found my Sister had been waiting some Time for me: I eagerly went to her Apartment, and found her more solemn than usual, which at once gave me some Uneasiness. “ Well, my Dear,” at last, she said, “ I have executed your Com-
“ mands, but fear you will scarce thank
“ me for my Trouble: For disagreeable
“ Intelligence, tho’ ever so much sought
“ for, is generally ungrateful to those who
“ wish to hear the contrary, Ah! my dear
“ Sister, *L’Anglai* is not the Man we take
“ him for!” — Notwithstanding all my accustomed Presence of Mind, I was so evidently disordered by this extraordinary Beginning, that I fell back into a Chair, and was, for some time near swooning; but, recollecting my scattered Spirits, I desired her to proceed. “ My Dear,” she continued, “ I don’t wonder at your Sur-
“ prize, which, I fear, will encrease rather
“ than abate, when I have told you all.
“ I questioned *Mademoiselle la Marche*,
“ with the strictest Precision, in Relation
“ to *L’Anglai*, and, for a long Time could
“ get only general Answers, and Profes-
“ sions that nothing more than common
“ had ever pass’d between them; but
“ when I told her, that my Enquiries
L 5 “ were

“ were intended for some higher Purpose
 “ than the bare Gratification of an idle
 “ Curiosity, she lent a very attentive Ear,
 “ and I inform’d her, that he paid his
 “ Addresses to a young Lady of my Ac-
 “ quaintance, and that it would be inju-
 “ rious in any one not to speak the Truth
 “ in such a Case, for the future Happi-
 “ ness of her whole Life depended there-
 “ on.” Mademoiselle *la Marche* was for
 some Moments silent, whilst a Tear trick-
 led down her Cheek ; at length, she made
 me this Reply.

“ I MUST own to your Ladyship, that
 “ *L’Anglai* seem’d once so sincere in his
 “ Addresses to me, that I began to have
 “ a prodigious Liking to his Manners and
 “ Person ; nor did he omit the most
 “ tender Affiduities to convince me of his
 “ Affection : Perhaps I had never been un-
 “ deceived and had been miserable ; but for
 “ an Accident which soon determin’d our
 “ Intercourse ; for, afterwards, with a ge-
 “ nerous Disdain, I forbore to think of
 “ him, or even to mention his Name. It
 “ will suffice, for the Service of your
 “ Friend, that I tell your Ladyship this
 “ Accident. My Mother’s Brother, *M.*
 “ *St. Hermione*, having formerly taken a
 “ Fancy

“ Fancy to quit *Paris*, retired to *Besançon*,
“ and soon afterwards, another Whim pos-
“ sessing him, he removed to *Versailles*, where
“ he has resided for upwards of two Years.
“ Some Disputes in the Family kept us
“ at a great Distance, and forced me to
“ break off a very agreeable Correspon-
“ dence, which I had maintained with my
“ Cousin, Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, who
“ was exactly of my own Age, and one of
“ the most charming Girls in the World. It
“ chanc’d that, on a Visit to the Marquis
“ *L’Hospital*, where there was a promiscu-
“ ous Company, of both Sexes, of People
“ of Quality, that my Cousin and *L’Ang-
“ lai* were both there, and what was more
“ particular, long before he saw me, who
“ was at the upper End of the Room, I
“ perceived him very full of his Assidui-
“ ties and Civilities to my Cousin, and
“ she, for her part, appeared to treat him
“ as if he had been an intimate Acquaint-
“ ance. Whilst I was contemplating this
“ Object, he perceiv’d me, and with all
“ his Audacity, blush’d most confound-
“ edly, particularly seeing that I ey’d him
“ with Attention, and yet gave no Re-
“ turn to the Congeés he made me. At
“ length, he advanced towards me, and
“ began to talk of Matters of course,
“ which

“ which I answered him in, very drily
 “ and indifferently, still meditating an
 “ Opportunity to speak to my Cousin,
 “ who now ey’d us with as fix’d an At-
 “ tention as I had directed my View, be-
 “ fore, to her. Resolving to be convinc’d
 “ if my Suspicions were right or no, I
 “ took an Opportunity, whilst he was en-
 “ gaged with *L’Hospital* and another No-
 “ bleman, to walk towards Mademoiselle
 “ *St. Hermione*, who, on her Side, seem’d
 “ transported to see me, and I told that
 “ amiable Creature, who lamented our
 “ Estrangement from each other, that I
 “ would wait upon her next Day, where-
 “ ever she would appoint, having some-
 “ what particular to ask her Advice in.
 “ She readily appointed to meet me, after
 “ Mattins, at *Janneton L’Orgueil’s*, who,
 “ had nurs’d us both, and then liv’d in
 “ the Suburb of *St. Germain’s*. Whilst we
 “ were talking, I, now and then, cast a
 “ Look at *L’Anglai*, who, I could perceive,
 “ kept his Eyes upon us with Abundance
 “ of seeming Penetration, and offered even
 “ to break from his Company to join us;
 “ but was stopp’d by the Marquis and
 “ his other Friend, who apparently were
 “ communicating somewhat particular to
 “ him. He took Care, however, to be
 “ ready

“ ready to hand me to my Coach ; but no
“ Confusion could be equal to his, a sure
“ Presage of his Falshood, when he found
“ my Cousin next me, and when we both
“ strove to wave the Compliment in each
“ other’s Favour, and at last, I fix’d it
“ upon her. I could now perceive, by his
“ great Embarrassment, that he had ad-
“ dress’d both of us, not knowing our Re-
“ lation and Acquaintance, and that I
“ seemed the most favoured she. I will
“ not deceive your Ladyship, the Trans-
“ actions of this Day gave me more Pain
“ than ever I felt before ; but I was re-
“ solved to come to a proper Explanation
“ with my Cousin, and if, I found the
“ Count tardy, never to see him more.
“ We met pursuant to our Appointment,
“ I was confirmed by the young Lady
“ in all my Suspicions, and I found she
“ had a prior Right to all his Vows, of at
“ least six Weeks. To tell you the Tor-
“ ture my Account gave this poor Girl,
“ would be to give you a great deal of
“ Affliction, her Nature was soft and gen-
“ tle, and I found *L’Anglai* had made a
“ thorough Impression on her Heart. She
“ wept, she fainted, and, in short, went
“ Home in a Condition that would have
“ stabb’d the Villain to the Heart, if he
“ had

“ had been present, and had the least Re-
 “ main of Honour or Humanity. I went
 “ Home myself with less Distress of Mind
 “ than I apprehended I should feel; the
 “ Regard I had entertained for him was
 “ changed to Disgust, and I even abhorred
 “ the Thoughts of him. Next Day,
 “ however, he had the Assurance to wait
 “ upon me; I conceal’d nothing from him,
 “ told him I desired no more of his Visits, and
 “ tho’ I have since often seen him at Court
 “ and elsewhere, behave with a Distance that
 “ has contributed to rid me entirely of his
 “ Conversation. My poor Cousin since, has
 “ been violently ill, but I am not ac-
 “ quainted with any thing further that has
 “ pass’d between them, as I have no Op-
 “ portunity of seeing her at her Father’s,
 “ with whom, as I told you before, our
 “ Family is at Variance, in Relation to a
 “ contested Estate between him and my
 “ Mother. You may depend upon it, my
 “ dear Lady *Suffolk* I was struck with this
 “ Account; I hastened Home to communi-
 “ cate it to you, and wish we had known of
 “ this Affair before, as it would have sav’d
 “ you the Anxiety I am sensible you must
 “ now feel upon the Occasion.” Oh! my dear
Lucy, I could not conceal my Disorder at
 this little Narration; I broke out into Ex-
 clamations

clamations against *L'Anglai*, call'd him Villain, Traitor, inhuman Monster, and abundance of such like Names, which were dictated by my first Fury; nay I could not conceal my Tears, and my Sister became convinc'd, even against my Will, with the real Situation of my Heart. My Agitations of Mind were still more violent all the ensuing Night—alternately I resolv'd never to see him more, and then again to face him, lay all his Crimes before him, and reproach him with his dishonourable Practices. Then I began to flatter myself that this Story must be the Invention of a Rival, and that *L'Anglai* was not so guilty as I imagined him to be. Upon the whole, after the greatest Perturbations imaginable, I resolv'd to wait for Madame de *Lorges* Intelligence before I came to a Breach with him, and behave to him as usual till I was quite confirmed in his Perfidy. I got up very early to communicate this last Resolve to my Sister, and easily brought her over to my way of thinking; nay, she appeared, also, ready to believe, with me, that what Madame *la Marche* had related, was but the Effects of resentful and disappointed Love. *L'Anglai* din'd with Count *Rabutin* that Day, and, if possible, appear'd more engagingly innocent than ever he had done before

before; but I could not stifle some Part of my Trouble, so that *Rabutin* and himself were very inquisitive, whether any Illness had attack'd me, and I pass'd their Enquiries slightly over, by saying I had not had a very good Night's rest.

IN the Evening, my *Maria* came to wait upon us, and, at first Sight, I could perceive that her News would not be more agreeable than my Sister's, from the Gravity of her Look. My Sister retir'd with us to her Apartment, and, for my absolute Conviction, we heard the same Story of *St. Hermione*, that we had heard before, together with this additional Circumstance: That *L'Anglai* had left her in a most base and scandalous Manner, after she had, for his Sake, refused some of the first Matches in *France*, which her Father had proposed to her: That the young Lady was now in *Paris* with Count *Chabran's* Lady, another Relation of her's, but that she seldom stirr'd abroad, was immersed in a profound Sorrow, and was brought into a very low State of Health, which was ascribed, by her Friends, to the Behaviour of *L'Anglai*, whom they threatened with a severe Revenge for his Perfidy: Particularly the young *Chabran*, who had taken his
Kinswoman's

Kinswoman's Part so far, as to threaten an Attack upon *L'Anglai* wherever he met him.

OH! my *Lucy*, what were my Pangs, what Anguish extreme did I feel to be thus convinc'd of my Unhappiness! No Words can paint my Distress of Mind, to find that the Man I so much affected was, to all Appearance, base, false and degenerate; that a Soul like his, which seem'd to be so replete with all the humane and tender Faculties, should harbour Cruelty, Ingratitude and Falshood! However, I did all that I could to conceal from the Eyes of my Friends, the violent Disturbance these Tidings caus'd me, and, to be quite certain of the Facts alledg'd against *L'Anglai*, I propos'd to them to pay a Visit to Mad. St. *Hermione*, which might be the more easily effected as the Family of *Chabran* were distant Relations to that of *De Lorges*; We accordingly all three of us went to pay a Visit at the *Hotel de Chabran* in the Street of St. *Honore*, where we were received with the greatest Distinction; but Mad. St. *Hermione* was with much Difficulty induced to be present. When she entered the Apartment where she was seated, I could not, from her Appearance help thinking of those
beautiful

beautiful Lines of our immortal dramatick
Poet *Shakespear*,

————— *She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her Damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought,
And sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief.*—————

Thus appeared the lovely Maid; her melancholy, which was too apparent to be unnoticed, sat with such Dignity and mingled sweetness upon her, that she convey'd to me that fine Image of the Poet, in the most expressive Manner. I think I never saw a more charming Creature, and so like thee, my *Lucy*, that, at first Sight of thee, the poor injured Maid appeared fresh to my Mind, and seem'd to be plac'd full before me. I could not conceive how *L'Anglais* could prove false to so amiable a Woman, whose Person displayed so many Graces; but my wonder was greatly encreased at his Infidelity when I heard her speak; for to the most melodious and harmonious Accents, were join'd such a Fund of good Sense, and such a piercing Wit, as, with all my natural self Love, convinced me she was far my Superior. As we had contrived, and got Licence of *Mad. de Chabran*, who appear'd to be a Woman of Spirit and good Nature,

Nature, they left her and myself together, and then I inform'd her of the Intention of my paying this Visit, and besought her, in the most affecting Way I could, to let me know the Nature of the Commerce between her and the Count, who I heard had behaved far otherwise than a Man of Honour should. At the Name of *L'Anglai*, she blush'd, the Tears stood in her Eyes, and she made me this touching Answer.

“ Ah! my Lady, you recall to my
“ Remembrance, what I would chuse to
“ banish for ever from my Thoughts.
“ Painful is the Reflection upon Misfor-
“ tunes, and, tho' I have never deserv'd
“ them, I cannot, with all the Sense I
“ have, of my own Innocence, bear to
“ think much upon them; no, my ill Fate
“ and my Betrayer, I hope, in Time, quite
“ to obliterate from my Bosom, where,
“ at present, they continue to be very
“ cruel Guests. The Count *L'Anglai*, Ma-
“ dam, has ruined me, has erased all that
“ was valuable from my Soul, and, Oh!
“ I fear, has contributed to throw an eter-
“ nal Disgrace upon me and my Fami-
“ ly. Happy, and innocently I passed my
“ Days, before I knew this ungrateful
“ Man; but alas! my too great CREDU-
“ lity,—and yet who would not have be-
“ lieved

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“ lieved that open Countenance, and that
 “ specious Tongue—has undone me. Yes,
 “ Madam, I will confess to you, that I
 “ lov’d the Count; but it was upon his
 “ protesting, that he lov’d, nor ever would
 “ love any one, but me. Of this I have con-
 “ vincing Proofs, from a Multitude of the
 “ tenderest Letters, that an impassioned
 “ Lover could dictate. Ah! may never any
 “ believing Maid credit even the most so-
 “ lemn Testimonies of Affection, so as to
 “ resign herself upon her Destroyer’s Oaths
 “ his Pledge of Honour, or his oft iterated,
 “ Vows! Ah! my Lady, if you were not
 “ so nearly concerned; if I did not per-
 “ ceive, by the Tears you shed with me,
 “ that you have a gentle, a compassion-
 “ ate, and a tender Soul; that you can
 “ be kind to the Faults, and pitiful to
 “ the Misfortunes of another; I could not—
 “ nor dared tell you a Secret that ought
 “ for ever to be lock’d up in this Breast—
 “ tho’ alas! I am sure, not many Months
 “ will make it but too publick:—But I
 “ can dye—and my Death will, I hope,
 “ atone for my Indiscretion.—In a fa-
 “ tal Moment, when Prudence and Virtue
 “ slept—aided by Privacy; by the Soft-
 “ ness he too well knew how to inspire,
 “ he robb’d me of my Innocence—after
 “ the

“ the most horrid Imprecations upon him-
“ self, if he did not, the very next Day,
“ ask me of my Father for his Wife. Much
“ to blame as I am, my Lady, sure no
“ lovesick Maid could have stood the Trial
“ I went thro’ and have conquered!—Let
“ me think of the dreadful Crime I was
“ then guilty of with Penitence and Tears
“ —and Oh! greatly injured as I am, may
“ Heaven forgive my Betrayer, my Mur-
“ derer!—He, basely, has never seen me
“ above once since, which was only to
“ make a Jest of my Weakness and to in-
“ sult my Folly—But I detest him now
“ more than ever I fondly lov’d him—
“ Nor should Repentance and Tears ever
“ more gain him a Place in my Heart.
“ May you, dear Madam, be happy—may
“ your Days slide smoothly on, in the
“ arms of the Man you Love, and may
“ you never think of the unfortunate *St.*
“ *Hermione.*” Here her Perturbations were
so violent that I feared she would have
fainted. I ran to her, held my smelling
Bottle to her Nose, and when she was a
little recovered, I threw my Arms round
her Neck and tenderly embracing her, said,
“ My dear *Mademoiselle*, I interest myself
“ in all that concerns you—at first Sight I
“ could not help loving so amiable a Per-
son,

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“ son, and now I have been made ac-
 “ quainted with her Unhappiness, I have
 “ a Thousand fresh Reasons to indulge my
 “ Regard for you; from my Sex; from
 “ the View of your Ills, and from a Soul
 “ the most sensibly touch’d with the Griefs
 “ of so deserving an Object: ’Tis true,
 “ this base Man, this Disgrace to his Fa-
 “ mily has lately paid his Addresses to me,
 “ and I don’t Wonder at the Interest he
 “ acquired in your Breast, by the Havock,
 “ alas! he has made in mine! But I re-
 “ nounce from this Moment all Concern
 “ or Connection with such a Monster, who
 “ could be false to so much Beauty, to so
 “ much Virtue and Goodness. Don’t, my
 “ dear Lady, I beseech you, feel such
 “ severe Regrets for his Perfidy—Time
 “ and Reason may bring this Wanderer to
 “ a Sense of what he owes to Love, to
 “ Honour and to you—I promise you all
 “ my Interest and all me Assistance to pro-
 “ mote such a desirable Event. And, tho’
 “ you have all the Reason imaginable to
 “ detest him, and to abandon him for
 “ ever; yet my dear Lady, if he can be
 “ reclaim’d and reform’d, ’twill repay all
 “ our Pains and all our good Offices.
 “ *L’Anglai* is young and too fickle, but I
 “ cannot help thinking that he has some
 “ noble

“ noble Sentiments that he can never entirely obliterate from his Bosom, and that will, one time or other, recall him to himself, to do Justice to you.”

THE poor Lady press'd me in her Arms, whilst I was thus endeavouring to flatter her with that Comfort, which I stood in almost as much Need of myself. We promised each other a perpetual Friendship, and I prevail'd upon her to consent to accompany me to *Montpelier*, where we should be more at Liberty to think of the Means of redressing her Grievances, of which I had so quick and so melancholy a Sensibility.

SHE had Time to compose herself, and what I farther urged contributed to it, before the Arrival of our Company, when I said to Madame *Chabran*, that I had prevail'd upon her lovely Kinswoman, for whom I had entertained a wonderful Affection, to accompany me and my Sister, in our intended Journey to *Montpelier*, and begg'd her Interest with Monsieur *St. Hermione*, to grant his Daughter the Liberty of going with me, which might conduce to divert and chear her Mind, and chase away the Melancholy that clouded her Days.

Days. Madame *De Lorges* and my Sister seconded my Desires, and Madame *Chabran* promised to use all her Influence for our Gratification.

I COULD not help, in our Way home, being full of the Praises of Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, and of Censures upon the Villainy of *L'Anglai*, and my Companions were far from sparing of theirs. My Sister hoped I would never permit him to see me again; but I told her I would make a Sacrifice of the Pain it would give me, to the Interest of our new Friend, as I had already revolv'd the Outlines of a Scheme that might be of Benefit to her, and, therefore, begg'd that no Notice might be taken of our Visit, or any thing that had pass'd to *De Lorges* or *Rabutin*. However, my Precautions were rendered ineffectual, for *De Lorges* had, we found, already acquainted *L'Anglai* with my Suspicions, and my Enquiries of his Wife, and had felicitated him upon his Conquest, at the same Time letting him know of our Visit at *Chabran's*. *L'Anglai* did not wait upon us for two or three Days, and we supposed the Occasion of this Omission was what he had heard from *De Lorges*. At length, however, he made his
Appearance,

Appearance, tho', notwithstanding all his Assurance, he seem'd timid, embarrassed, and full of Perplexity; so that he said very little, and his whole Attention was employed to discover, in my Looks, whether I had made myself Mistress of a Secret he so much wanted to conceal: And, in Truth, tho' I carry'd my Dissimulation as far as I could, I was too great a Novice in that Art, for so refined a Master to be mistaken in me. He perceived, and, with a visible Despair in his Look, that I was not the same open, believing, respectful fair One, that he had attempted to impose on, but that I had a Reserve about me, which I could not disguise, and which portended no Good to him. We talked only of common Topicks, and, when he ventured to address me with a particular Air of Tenderness, the grave Answers I made to what seemed to be delivered from him, without any studied Design, were expressive enough of the Sentiments of my Mind. In fine, he took his Leave without any Complements on my Sister's Side or mine; we parted with him coldly, nor desired him, as usual, with Eagerness, to repeat his Visit. I will own to you, my *Lucy*, that this Wisdom in my Conduct cost me a great deal, and this you may be certain

of, when I tell you, that, maugre all my Efforts to hate and despise this double-faced Man, I inly long'd to be favourable to him, and my Mind supported such a violent Conflict between Love and Honour, that no Words will be sufficient to describe to a Person who has not felt those Passions that then actuated my Breast. We told Sir *James* and his Lady the Story, and I own'd, before them, that I had begun to think of *L'Anglai* with some Tenderness. The Baronet made me almost repent the Confidence I had plac'd in him, by this Relation, and swore, that, old as he was, he would call him to account for his Behaviour, and concluded with these Words, " 'Zounds, we can't
 " be civil to these supple Coxcombs, but
 " they pretend we are enamoured of
 " them ; but I'll venture to convince one
 " of them, at least, that the *Englishman*
 " can punish as fast as the *Frenchman* can
 " offend : My dear Lady, depend upon it,
 " if I find you are, any Way, made uneasy,
 " I'll draw the first Sword in your Defence.
 " *France* never could boast that it was ho-
 " noured with so worthy, so wise, or so love-
 " ly a Visitant before, and not an Indivi-
 " dual shall dare to use her ill." This was
 spoken with so much Heartiness and Sin-
 cerity

cerity that I could not help, with my usual Freedom, getting up and giving him a grateful Kiss, with this Reply, “How
“happy am I in so good, so faithful a
“Guardian, and I’m resolved his Reputation shall never suffer on Account of his
“Ward; but, my dear Sir *James*, let us
“Women alone, you know our Politicks
“are spun very fine, and I’ll warrant we’ll
“contrive some Way or other to punish
“him for his Crimes, and, therefore, we
“hope you Gentlemen will not attempt
“to spoil all by your Precipitancy: One
“thing I desire of you, Sir *James*, that
“we may set out for *Montpelier* directly;
“this was the principal Reason of visiting
“*France*, and this over, I think we will
“take Leave of our Friends and return to
“our rural Pleasures in *England*, which,
“for ought I can see at present, I shall be
“severely punished for quitting.” Sir *James*
acquiesced in what I said as well as his Lady; but it drew a Sigh from my Sister, a grave Look from her Spouse, and from Madame *De Lorges* a silent Tear, which she could not suppress at the Thought of our leaving her: Upon which, putting on an Air of Pleasantry, I continued—“Pray
“Gentlefolks don’t look so abominably
“serious: I’ll tell you what—if we can

“prevail upon you all, we will beg your
 “Company when we return to *England*—
 “I think we are entitled to a Visit of, at
 “least, the same Length we have paid to
 “you—and, believe me, we can treat you
 “as well and make you as heartily wel-
 “come”—“A Match,” cry’d Count *Ra-*
butin, “I’ll engage for myself and *De*
Lorges; but as to his Lady and my own,
 “I fear it will be a very difficult Matter
 “to make them undertake the Voyage.”
 “You are a saucy joking Creature,” re-
 “turn’d *Maria*;—but I would have you
 “to know, that my Lady, your Spouse,
 “and myself, are too eagerly fond of La-
 “dy *Suffolk*’s Proposal to hesitate one Mi-
 “nute about our Acceptance of her kind
 “Offer. And let us tell you, and that
 “other proud *Frenchman*, my *De Lorges*,
 “that, with all our Love and Esteem for
 “you, we shall never so far forget our
 “native Country as to think a Visit to it
 “irksome or fatiguing.” “Very fine! ve-
 “ry fine, truly!” *Rabutin* rejoin’d, “And
 “so this little Island is still prized by
 “these *British* Dames beyond this large,
 “fruitful, and opulent Country! Well, well,
 “I perceive that the male and female *Bri-*
 “tons are all alike—such Patriotism—such
 “Love of Liberty, that even marrying
 “Slaves,

“ Slaves, as we are very commonly stiled
“ on their Side of the Water, will never
“ change their Sentiments. ’Tis Time
“ for *De Lorges* and myself to take this
“ Voyage, recommended by Lady *Suffolk* ;
“ that we may familiarize ourselves to the
“ Manners of these lofty Islanders, so that
“ our Offspring may not see the Difference
“ between the haughty Spirits of their
“ Mammas and the tame, supple, cringing,
“ Spaniel-like Behaviour of their *Gallick*
“ Fathers.” “ Faith,” Sir *James* put
“ in, “ Count *Rabutin*, if a *De Lorges* or
“ a *Rabutin* were more frequent in *France*,
“ we should not be able to reproach you
“ for some national bad Qualities : And,
“ my Lord, for once I’ll be genteel enough
“ to tell you (in amends for some Sarcasms
“ I have heretofore bluntly uttered) that
“ neither in *England* nor any other Country
“ or Clime can be found more honourable,
“ virtuous, brave or generous Noblemen
“ than the two I have mentioned.”
“ Upon my Word, Sir *James*,” the Count
reply’d, “ We are extremely obliged to
“ you, for your good Opinion of us,
“ which I hope we shall study every Way
“ to deserve.” A Period was put to this
Discourse, by a Servant’s entering with a
Letter, the hand Writing of the Super-

scription of which I was quite a Stranger to ; but when I had unsealed it, I found it came from Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, and the Contents were of the following Effect.

Dear Madam,

THAT unreserved Friendship which you was so kind and so generous as to promise me, has, if possible, lessened my Anxiety in the dreadful Situation I am at present : I have, on my Part, conceived such an Affection for your Ladyship, from the open and free Manner you behav'd to me, from the Humanity and Compassion you expressed at my Misfortunes, that I should think myself happy in the Honour of accompanying you for the Residue of my Life : Do, Madam, take me under your Protection ! — You seemed not to think me beneath your Notice, and I have obtain'd, by Madam *Chabran's* Intercession, a Licence to wait upon you to *Montpelier* : But, Oh ! my Lady, let me not only go with you to *Montpelier* ; but to *England* : I have some Property of my own, which I hold in right of my Mother ; so that I shall not be chargeable to you. — Let me, to enjoy the Honour of
your

your Presence, even perform the most servile Offices, I shall be content — Take me, under your Care ; never let me see *France* more, where I can never appear but with Disgrace and Shame. This I conjure your Ladyship to accord to, by all the Regard you pay to Heaven, and to the Unfortunate. I had not Confidence to impart my Request by Word of Mouth, which is the Occasion of this Trouble you receive from,

Dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's most

*To Madame the
Countess of
Suffolk.*

obedient Servant,

M. de St. HERMIONE.

Y o u may believe me, my dear Girl, when I tell you, that this Application of the poor young Lady gave me Pleasure : Far from looking upon her with the Malignity of a Rival, I mourn'd the Loss of her Peace of Mind ; and, had, at first Sight, found her so truly amiable, that I conceived a perfect Affection for her. Ah ! my *Lucy*, how hard is the Lot of those ill fated Maids, who suffer themselves to be thus deceived ; abandoned by their Rela-

tions and Friends, traduced and reviled by all the World; even Pity, that ineffectual, that unavailing, nay often insulting Remedy, denied them; and often, too often, forced desperately into further Wickedness, because the virtuous and untainted, will neither believe, nor assist their Repentance. All this while, the infamous Spoilers of their Honour, who, in general, use every subtle Art to decoy, are, such is the Corruption of Mankind, contrary to Religion, Reason and common Sense, received every where with *Eclat*, and, if their devilish Deeds should be bruited abroad, they are so far from meeting with Censure or Contempt, that they are applauded by their own Sex; and, it is even a Recommendation in their Addresses to the other. But, my *Lucy*, Sin and Vice; however they may be disguised, under whatever specious Pretences or Authorities they may be cloaked, amongst Mankind, are the most horrid and unnatural Acts of Rebellion against the Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth; against the Reason and Nature of Things, and against the Beauty, Order and Harmony of the moral and Intellectual World!— Shall we join the Rabble of Mankind, great and small, in loading the wretched Female with all the Reproach and Shame?

Shall

Shall She, who, perhaps, was actuated by the sincerest Love and Tendernefs, work'd off of her Guard by Oaths, Vows and Protestations of Honour and Constancy; shall she alone bear all the Burden of the Iniquity? Hard indeed, would be her Case! No, my Dear, let the Wretch who can thus prostitute every sacred Regard, who can impose upon Innocence and Simplicity, by those very means that would even deceive the most punctual and honourable Merchant or Tradesman, in his Dealings, and would be punished severely by the Laws of every civilized Nation; let such a Wretch have no Pity, no Compassion from you or me! Let us differ from the *Canaille*, as I did upon this Occasion! Such a Tongue and such a Countenance as *L'Anglais's*, was too irresistible even with me, his Behaviour was too captivating, to leave, in an unprejudiced Mind, any Blame upon this young Lady. How did I reflect over the Story of his Adventures and the Discourses that passed between him and the reverend Mr. *Bridges*, so replete with Christian and humane Maxims: And, after this Instance of Cruelty to poor Mademoiselle *St. Hermione*, could I suppose them other than Fictions, and that he had neither Regard for Religion or for any other

valuable Duty? Indeed, I could not, and, tho' it cost me numberless Sighs and Tears, yet I had already so hearty a Detestation of his Crimes; that I had little Fear of continuing long to admire his Person, which I now looked upon as I would upon a fine gilt Book, which contained only blotted Leaves of Paper. I did not care to shew this Letter to the Gentlemen, but, beckoning the Ladies out of the Room, I read it to them, told them that I was charmed with the Writer's Resolution, and that even her going to *England* I consented to; but would contrive to get Monsieur *St. Hermione's* Acquiescence, before I gave her any Encouragement therein. I sat down and wrote the following Answer, which I have now a Copy of by me.

Dear Madam,

THIS not without Reason, that you think me sincerely your Friend: you shall always find me most truly so, and upon every future Occasion. As I deplore the Misfortune you labour under, so I am ready to contribute all in my Power to alleviate your Distress. I congratulate myself upon your having obtained Leave
to

to accompany us to *Montpelier*, and, so dearly I find I love you, that nothing in my Power shall be wanting to procure your agreeable Society for the future Part of our Lives. Mean Time, my dear Mademoiselle, let not your Grievs have too violent an Effect upon your Health. Providence, ever watchful over the virtuous and the deserving, may yet be pleased graciously to relieve you, and to make you happy. As Madame *Chabran* has promised us a Visit tomorrow, I depend likewise upon your Company, and am, with the tenderest Regard,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Friend

*To Mademoiselle
St. Hermione.*

and humble Servant,

CATH. SUFFOLK.

HAVING dispatch'd this Business, we return'd to the Gentlemen, and now, I insisted that they should persuade *L'Anglais* to bear us Company to *Montpelier*, having, as I observed before, a Plan, in Embryo, which I hoped would succeed in making him do Justice to this injured Fair one, or so discountenance and expose him, as should render

render all future Attempts upon me, or any one else of our Acquaintance, impossible. *Rabutin* and *Sir James*, after a good deal of mingled Raillery and Encomium upon my Design, promised, tho' they were not yet let into the Secret, to do their utmost for that Purpose; and when *Madame Chabran*, and my fair Friend came the next Day, I imparted my Scheme to our Circle of Females, which was this: That she should give out she was leaving *Paris*, in order to go into a Nunnery, and that then she should be equipped with all the Habiliments of the other Sex, and pass for a Relation of *Rabutin's* just arrived from *Normandy*; that we should press him to be of our Party, which he was to accept. Further, I told them, I would not discover yet; but stay till we got to *Montpelier*. *Mademoiselle St. Hermione* modestly made some little Scruples about changing the Dress of her Sex; but I promised her, that she should be led into no Indecency, and that I would be answerable for all the Consequences that could possibly ensue. "All I want of you," I said, "is to appear gay, alert and full of
 "manly Assurance, and to do all that,
 "you need only copy the Man upon whom
 "I have this innocent Design in your Fa-
 "vour:

“ vour : For if there are really any good
“ Dispositions remaining in his Breast, we
“ shall bring him to Penitence and Retri-
“ bution, or otherwise shall display him
“ in the Light a bad Man should be con-
“ sidered by all his Acquaintance.”

WE were now all of us busied in getting ready for our Journey, and taking leave of our Friends : And I took so much Pains to instruct my Pupil, that before we set out, *Mademoiselle St. Hermione* had gain'd such a Command over herself, that she had stifled her Grief, to outward Appearance, and, in rehearsing her Part of a pretty Fellow, gained all our Applause. We visited her Father amongst the rest, who gave his entire Consent to her going with me, conceiving a great Liking to me. He appeared to be a perfect Humourist, and so much the crabbed Philosopher, that it seem'd no hard Matter to bring him to part with his Daughter to any Part of the World, let it be ever so distant. He look'd upon Children in the stern Light of Incumbrances, rather than as Comforts, and seem'd glad to get rid of the Trouble they occasioned. In short, I surmised, from his Coolness about his amiable Daughter, that he had been no desirable Husband,
and

and I was confirm'd in my Suspicions by the Countess *de Cbabran*, who told me, tho' his Spouse was a very deserving Lady, he had used her with extreme Brutality, and was supposed even to have occasioned her Death. We had no Difficulty to engage *L'Anglai* to bear us Company: Tho' he suspected, no doubt, I had been informed, of all his Practices, he look'd upon me to be a Woman, a Woman that lov'd him, and, as he had experienced the general Weakness of our Sex, made no Difficulty in supposing that I should be gained by Perseverance: And in this he was confirmed by my not much altering my Behaviour to him, or retracting, formally, the Promise I had made him, to give myself to him, at my Return from *Montpellier*. So that our Company consisted of Sir *James* and his Lady, myself, Count *Rabutin* and my Sister, *De Lorges* and his fair Spouse, *Mademoiselle St. Hermione*, under the Name of the Chevalier *D'Etrees*, and Count *L'Anglai*; a long Train of our Domesticks and Attendants, with Mr. *Maxwell*, my faithful Friend and Steward, at their Head, who was to act as Master of the Ceremonies, and Provider in our Journey.

THE

THE young Count *Chabran*, a Gentleman of an impetuous, overbearing and cholerick Temper, and hot as a *Chamont*, who had distinguished himself in the Service of his Country, and had very nice Notions of Honour and Reputation, had been lately much with us, occasioned by the Intercourse that was kept up between us and his Family, on *St. Hermione's* Account, for whom he had entertained a Passion, notwithstanding his Knowledge of what had passed between her and *L'Anglai*, and of his having deserted her. This Love of his had been very troublesome to her, and we the more especially dreaded it, at this Time, fearing it would overturn our Schemes, because he proposed to render himself dear to her, by revenging her, with his Sword, on that perjured Man. As *St. Hermione's* real Condition was known only to me, and not even suspected by her Friends, they were inclined to encourage him in his Addresses, knowing that Monsieur *St. Hermione* was rich, and that she must be his sole Heir. The first Intimation he had of our Journey, he begg'd Leave, in the most respectful Manner, to make one of the Party, which embarrassed me greatly, nor should I have been able
then

then to put my Design in Execution, as he was thus a sworn Foe to *L'Anglai*, of whose going with us, he knew as little, as *L'Anglai* did of our being accompanied by *Madamoiselle St. Hermione*. But, we were luckily, as we thought, relieved from this Dilemma, by his being suddenly ordered to his Regiment, which then lay at *Rochefort*, far wide of our intended Route. *St. Hermione* was perfectly delighted at this: She had been obliged to behave politely to him, and she esteemed him as a Relation; but dreaded the very Thought of him as a Lover: The gentle and tender Elements were not mingled with his Frame, he was rugged as Ferocity could make him, and more capable to win a Lady at a Tilt or Tournament than by soft, persuasive Eloquence. Indeed, had not *Madamoiselle St. Hermione's* Case been as I knew it was, I would have done all I could to make her forget and despise the perjured *L'Anglai*, and incline her Ear to *Chabran's* Suit; but her Reputation, her Honour were concerned, in bringing that Wanderer home to himself, and to her, and, notwithstanding the Injuries she had received, I could see she still felt some Emotion of Pleasure in the Idea of recovering.

ering him, and thereby of saving herself from undeserved Disgrace.

As we had agreed, Madame *St. Hermione*, whom we shall now call the Chevalier *D'Etrees*, was to meet us at *Orleans*, and, her Dress, with some additional Colour in her Cheeks and her light Hair converted to black, made such a total Alteration in her, that the nearest Friend would have been puzzled to recognize her; nay she sat some Hours in her new Garb, with myself, my Sister and Madame *De Lorges*, before she was known by them; which Experiment put me out of all Fear of *L'Anglai's* discovering the Cheat. Our Journey was like to be a very pleasant one, as we resolv'd to take our Time, and had so many Invitations to call at the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats in our Way, that we were not in any great Danger of being forced to put up at many Houses of publick Entertainment. We set out then, and, by gentle Stages, reached *Orleans* in three Days, where, I told *L'Anglai*, who was on Horseback, and always kept by my Chariot Side, that Monsieur *de Rabutin* was to pick up a Relation, of whom I had heard a very great Character, and who, perhaps, might be prevailed upon,

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to increase our Company. *L'Anglai* very modestly answered, that whatever gave me Satisfaction, should be agreeable to him, "Ah!" I said then, to myself, "Wretch that thou art, what would I not give, that thou wast what thou canst so well appear to be! How happy then hadst thou been capable of making me! But thou art a Villain, an hypocritical Villain, and 'tis with Pain that I put on the Grimace of Civility to thee."

I WAS prodigiously delighted with the Sight of this opulent and trading City, of which, the Day after our Arrival, we surveyed every Particular worth Notice, not forgetting the Statue of the Heroine *Joan of Arc*, in compleat Armour, which stands on the great Bridge, and is look'd upon by the Inhabitants with much Respect. I was obliged to Sir *James*, for refreshing my Memory with the History of this Virago, who, in her Days, proved such a Scourge to the *English*, and so fatally raised the Siege of this City. We quartered, whilst we stay'd at *Orleans*, at the House of the *Sieur Dombale*, one of the Magistrates, who, with his Brethren, did us every Honour and Favour we could desire, and here the fictitious Chevalier met us,
and

and *Rabutin* introduced him to the Company as his Relation, and he was received with Marks of Friendship and Civility by us all. But what pleased us most, was to observe *L'Anglai*, who was particularly complaisant, and seem'd to be perfectly fond, in a few Hours, of the Chevalier. We had one Difficulty to get over, which was the Chevalier's Inability to act the Man, on Horseback; to surmount which, she complained of having been lately very ill, and, upon that Account, she was complimented with a Place in the Coach, with my Sister, *Madame De Lorges*, and *Lady Hope*, the Gentlemen riding on Horseback, and afterwards we altered our Method, *Lady Hope* had my Chariot, and I got into the Coach with the three Ladies, where I was at Liberty, when the Assiduities of *L'Anglai* would permit us, to impart my Device to them, and to confer Notes about the further Execution of it. Poor *St. Hermione* seem'd, in a Manner, to have forgot all her Regrets, and we perceived, not without some Amazement, that the Presence of *L'Anglai* was still capable of giving her Delight.—Oh! Love, how great is thy fantastical Sway over the female Breast!—He, on his Part, was obliging to the last Degree, did all he could to
divert

divert us, and left me no Pain, but the Reflection, that with all these Refinements and these winning Qualities,—he was a bad Man, and lost alas! to me — for ever! These Thoughts would, often, for some Moments, get such Possession of my Mind, that I was absent to all that pass'd, to every beautiful Prospect that surrounded us, and sunk into the very Anguish of Despair: Whilst our poor Chevalier, sometimes gazed so intently and so fondly upon him, that I was, now and then, obliged to tread upon her Toes, to put her in Mind of her assumed Character. Our next remarkable Stage was *Nevers*, about eighty Miles beyond *Orleans*, where we staid, at the House of Count *Paillai* for a Week, enjoying every Delight and Diversion the neighbouring Country could afford. And here, my Scheme began, in Part, to operate. The Chevalier *D'Etrees*, whom I had honoured with every Mark of my Esteem, from the Moment he join'd us, began to give Umbrage to his Friend *L'Anglai*, who had, once or twice, complained to me of the Distinction I paid him. “ Ah! my
 “ Countess,” he said, one Morning, “ you
 “ little know what I undergo in seeing the
 “ remarkable Favour you shew to the Che-
 “ valier *D'Etrees*; Love is too self inter-
 “ ested

“ esteemed to behold, with Patience, any
“ Thing like Rivalship—and mine is too
“ delicate to support it. Do, my dear
“ Creature, put me out of Pain and tell
“ me that you regard this Youth only
“ with common Friendship, and that his
“ Perfections, which I confess are great,
“ have not driven from your Memory
“ the unfortunate *L’Anglai*!” You may
think, my *Lucy*, that I could not hear such
a Speech, without the utmost Indignation,
at a Man who had been so remarkably per-
fidious, and yet pretended to demand the
utmost Consideration himself: And, in-
deed, my Anger would soon have dis-
played itself; but that I was obliged, for
the sake of my Project, to forbear any
such Emotions. I contented myself with
returning him this Answer. “ You don’t
“ know me, Sir, sufficiently enough yet
“ to be a competent judge of my Way of
“ Thinking: It is this, that no Man ought
“ to assert a Right of controuling my Ac-
“ tions before I solemnly give him an Au-
“ thority over myself and all that concerns
“ me; which I think the Count *L’Anglai*
“ has not yet obtained: However I hope as
“ he is so very *delicate*, that he has never given
“ me a real Reason to suspect him capable
“ of injuring the pure Love he says he
“ bears

“ bears to me by any Infidelity; for I as-
 “ sure him that even *Falseness of Mind* is as
 “ culpable in my Eyes, almost, as Prostitu-
 “ tion of the Person. We should guard
 “ ourselves well from receiving or encourag-
 “ ing any Impressions inconsistent with our
 “ Engagements or solemn Professions, and
 “ this, Count; I hope has been always your
 “ constant Endeavour. As to the Cheva-
 “ lier, I cannot help telling you that I
 “ think him a very amiable Person, but
 “ whatever I think of him at present, can
 “ be no immediate Concern of yours.”

These Words I uttered, tho’ smilingly,
 yet with so resolute an Air, that *L’Anglai*
 only replied. “ My dear Lady, I sincere-
 “ ly beg your Pardon and will endeavour,
 “ whatever I may feel, never to offend
 “ you again.” However, as I continued
 to shew the Chevalier still greater Favours,
 they soon lost almost all Civility for each
 other, and the Chevalier having, by my
 Orders, used some slighting Expressions to
L’Anglai, that Gentleman never cast his
 Eyes towards him but with a menacing Ac-
 tion, which the Chevalier as commonly re-
 turned, and, meantime, I took every Occa-
 sion to convince *L’Anglai* that his Rival be-
 gan to supplant him apace in my Affecti-
 ons. Things were come, before we got to

Lions,

Lions, which was the next most remarkable Place we made any stay at, to such a Crisis that it was necessary to prevent their recurring to the usual Decision of Gentlemen, the Sword; but I took such Care that *L'Anglai* should have no Opportunity of speaking to him but in my Presence, that he had not yet ventured to challenge him to the Field. The Piece of Justice I had contriv'd to execute upon this ungrateful Youth, and for which I had now thoroughly qualified *Mademoiselle St. Hermione*, took up my Thoughts so much, that I could not attend to the Observation of the Beauties of this fruitful Country, as I should otherwise have done, for which Reason, my Dear, you must expect no florid Descriptions in my Narration; it shall suffice just to tell you that we were received every where with Abundance of Politeness and arrived at *Montpelier* that delightful little City, where we intended to take up our Residence for a Month or six Weeks, without any intervening Accident, after a Journey of seven Weeks, being an extent of 350 Miles. Here Sir *James* hir'd a large House for himself, his Lady, and me and my Servants; another was occupied by *Rabutin* and my Sister, and *De Lorges* and his Lady, and *L'Anglai* and *St. Hermione* became
Lodgers

Lodgers under the same Roof, next Door to us, eating alternately at their Table and at ours. Our Mornings and Evenings we spent together, and, in the first Fortnight only, Sir *James* found himself considerably amended. There was Abundance of good Company, of almost all Nations, mostly Invalids, who resort thither to restore their broken Constitutions by those serene and health-inspiring Skies.

AND now my Project was almost ripe for Execution, and to complete it, I directed Sir *James* to affect a Quarrel with the Chevalier, and my Sister and Count *Rabutin*, to seem greatly disturbed at my Prepossession in his Favour, altho' he was their Relation, and to make a common Cause in Behalf of *L'Anglai*. *De Lorges* and his Spouse were to do the same, so that what I appeared to be going to do, should seem contrary to all their Opinions. On this Occasion, we put on a forced Strangeness to each other, I kept my Chamber, deny'd myself several Days to *L'Anglai*, and admitted of Visits from no body but the Chevalier, whom I directed to put on an Air of Triumph and Assurance, and to hint that I was soon to make him happy. All this had the Effect I wish'd, and

L'Anglai

L'Anglai rav'd, and put on all the Air of a Man highly injured, complaining, that he was abused, and that he would make the Chevalier severely smart for the Anxiety he had caused him. At length, he ventured to disclose his Sentiments to *Rabutin*, who, instead of appeasing, his Anger, work'd it up to the highest Pitch, by declaring to him, as a Friend, that he thought I acted very inconsiderately; that the Chevalier, tho' he was his Relation, was not a suitable Match for me; that he was not a Man of that Spirit and Courage we took him for, and promised *L'Anglai* all his Assistance to remove him; confessing, at the same Time, that he knew I was in some Fear of *L'Anglai's* calling the Chevalier to an Account, and, that, to silence him at once, I had resolved to be privately married to that young Gentleman. In this Opinion he was confirmed by my Sister, and the rest of our Friends, and so publicly threatened Revenge the next Time he met him, that I kept the Chevalier in one of my Apartments, ordering every thing that belonged to him to be brought from his former Lodging, and never suffering him to stir abroad, without being attended by two or three Servants; all which finished the Distraction of *L'Anglai*.

Sir *James* pretended, as one of my Trustees, to be more concerned than any one else, and swore that I should not throw myself away in such an imprudent Manner, if any thing he could do might hinder me. Thus our Society became, as it were, my Opponents, and several Schemes were proposed to right *L'Anglai*, and to force me to do Justice to myself and to his Merits. Things, in short, were come to such a Pass, that *L'Anglai* walked frequently before our Door, in a menacing Posture, waiting to speak to the Chevalier, and, at length, sent him the following Epistle.

SIR,

IF you really mean to possess the Countess of *Suffolk* without Interruption, you must remove me out of the World; for I am resolved, whatever are the Consequences, you shall never become her Husband whilst I am living: Had you the least Share of Honour or Conscience, you would not act as you do, in defiance of both: You must know that I have long paid my Addresses to that dear, that amiable Woman, and that I came to *Montpelier* upon her Promise, to make me happy at our Return to *Paris*. Now, if you

have any Feeling of what a Lover disappointed in all his Hopes, thro' your Means, must suffer, you will desist from any further Pursuit of your Intentions; but if Justice, Reason, and every Consideration, which ought to be sacred to a Gentleman, has no Avail with you, shall I suppose you also destitute of Courage? — No sure, the Chevalier *D'Etrees* could never lift up his Eyes to such an awful Height, as the Possession of *Madame Suffolk*, without, at least, being actuated by that noble Quality: Therefore, Sir, I expect to see you in the Evening, at my Apartments, prepared to give me due Satisfaction for the Injury you are doing me, or to quit all further Pretensions to a Lady, whose superior good Sense and Quality, seem destined to somewhat above what your Merit or Fortune can bestow. Let me but see you, and I shall either soon convince you of your Error, or we may recur to a proper Spot, where our Swords shall decide our Difference.

L'ANGLAI.

THIS Letter gave me much Pleasure, as now I perceived he was work'd up to a proper Pitch, and neither *Madamoiselle St. Hermione* or myself could help smiling

at the poor *L'Anglai*, who could plead so well for the Observation of the Dictates of Honour and Conscience in his own Case, after having so vilely and so flagrantly violated both by his Injustice to her. All our Company, who now only privately came to my Apartments, exclaimed against him, and, after mature Deliberation, I dictated the following Answer, which was to bring on the last Act of my well designed Comedy.

My Lord,

I MUST assure you that I never knew you had any Engagements with my Lady *Suffolk*, and I am informed from her own Mouth, she has laid herself under no Manner of Obligation to you that can be a Bar to my expected Happiness. As to deciding our Difference by the Sword, you will excuse me if I decline it, till I have had a few Lessons from my fencing Master, for whom I must send to *Normandy*, before I venture to meet a Gentleman, who, I presume, is a thorough Master of his Weapons: Indeed, I can't apprehend that Fighting is at all necessary in the Business. However, since you desire it, I will meet you to morrow, at
your

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your Apartment, where I make no Doubt,
you will find my Arguments are such as
cannot well be refuted in the present Case.
I am,

My Lord, mean time,

Your very humble Servant,

D'ETREES.

L'ANGLAI shewed this Letter to *Ra-*
butin, who said, “ you perceive, Count,
“ that what I hinted to you is, by this
“ Epistle, very apparent,—the Chevalier is
“ a Coward—I always thought so, and,
“ take my Word, if any thing operates
“ upon him to drop his Pretensions to
“ this lovely, misguided Sister of mine,
“ it must be, by working him up to a
“ Fear of his Life. Therefore, if he is
“ hardy enough to meet you, according
“ to his Appointment, spare no means to
“ convince him, that he shall not live a
“ Moment, unless he drops his Suit:
“ Terrify him as much as you can, re-
“ present the horrible Effects his Perse-
“ verance in injuring you will produce,
“ and use every Art to increase his Dread
“ of you. Sir *James* and myself, if you
“ will permit us, will be in the next
“ Room, for I am very sensible, we shall

“ have more Reason to pity and laugh at
 “ the poor Lad, than otherwise : Count,
 “ you see he’s quite a Stripling, and has
 “ hardly been half a Year from the Aca-
 “ demy.” “ But, my Lord,” *L’Anglai*
 replied, “ I am fearful of further incensing
 “ the lovely Countess — you know her
 “ better than I can pretend to do — Don’t
 “ you think that she will be exasperated
 “ at this too much? Can I ever hope her
 “ Pardon, when I have chased this Fop
 “ away from her? I own to you, her
 “ Firmness and her Resolution have of-
 “ ten, and, the Idea of them does now
 “ make me tremble. She has a Forti-
 “ tude of Mind superior to all the Sex
 “ that ever I had any Knowledge of :
 “ And, till this Fool, who has nothing to
 “ boast of, nothing to allure, but his Per-
 “ son, got so much into her good Graces,
 “ I really thought her good Sense irre-
 “ proachable.” “ Why, as to that, my
 “ Lord,” return’d *Rabutin*, “ Women will
 “ be Women ; however refined in their
 “ mental Faculties, still the Sex will be
 “ apparent through all Disguises, whilst
 “ there is any thing soft and tender in the
 “ Heart. My Sister may, for a Time,
 “ take our Attempts to undeceive her
 “ amiss ; but, when she comes to see that
 “ the

“ the new Object of her Affection is un-
“ worthy of her, that very good Sense,
“ which is so conspicuous in her, will in-
“ duce her to Pardon and to bless the
“ means made Use of for her Delive-
“ rance, and she may return to her first
“ Love with the additional Motive of
“ Gratitude, added to those more tender
“ ones, which tho’ they may be weakened
“ at present, will then gather new Force.”

L'ANGLAI was convinced by these and other Reasons, to attempt every thing to regain me, and I had the Pleasure to hear of all the Preparations he made for that Purpose. He had laid a Pair of large Pistols upon his Table, two Swords by the Side of them, and strewed his Room with Saw-dust, as if he intended the spilling a great deal of Blood: He dress'd himself in the most uncouth Fashion he could, let his Beard grow, and appeared all the Madman in his Looks: These were the Terrors my poor *St. Hermione* was to face, and it was with some Difficulty I could bring her to play the Part I had directed, tho' she knew Sir *James* and *Rabutin* would be so near: They were perfectly right, the Chevalier was as much a Coward as *L'Anglai* could wish.

THE Time of meeting came, Sir *James* and *Rabutin* were placed in the next Room, *L'Anglai* was impatient for the coming of his Visitor, and the Chevalier, putting on all the Airs of an idle Coxcomb, and an impudent Fop, as I directed her, went to the Interview. “Zounds, Count,” says she, the Minute she entered the dreadful Apartment, nor had she any Occasion to counterfeit a Fright and a Trepidation all over; for she was really in a most woeful Taking, and her Voice faltered, “You
 “are a comical Gentleman: We met to
 “talk of Love Affairs, and you have pro-
 “vided Instruments of Death and Ter-
 “ror!” The Count reply’d not a Word, till he had, very gravely, shut the Door, and put the Key into his Pocket, when, in a hoarse Voice, and with an Air of Frenzy, he bellowed out. “Yes, Sir, I have pro-
 “vided Weapons for us; for, if you
 “should refuse to give up your Interest
 “in the charming Countess, and to pro-
 “mise never to see her more, one of us
 “must leave his Life—his Blood must be
 “shed on this Floor before we part. I
 “have taken Care not only to prevent all
 “Interruption, but so to remove the People
 “from the House, that the Groans of the
 “dying

“ dying may not pierce their Ears, and I
“ have ordered a Pit to be dug in the Or-
“ chard, that which ever of us should meet
“ with the unfortunate Chance, in this
“ Lottery of Life and Death; some Friends
“ of mine, who will be here assoon as
“ they think the Business is over, may
“ tumble him into it, cover it up for ever,
“ and clear the Room of Blood and Saw-
“ dust, that the Survivor may not fail to
“ escape from the Stroke of Justice. Thus
“ much I thought Honour required of
“ me : Tho’ were I to proportion my
“ Revenge to the Injury you have done
“ me, I should feel for your Blood thro’
“ every Channel of Life, with excruciating
“ Tortures, should make every Vein and
“ every Artery tremble with a different;
“ and a yet unknown Torment.” In
pronouncing these dreadful Words, he
traversed the Apartment with a furious
Action, foamed at the Mouth, his Eyes
seem’d to flash Fire, and every now and
than he cock’d his Pistols, brandished his
Sword, and seemed quite besides himself
with Passion. Poor *St. Hermione* almost
forgot the Part she was to act, she shook
like an Aspin Leaf, and the Tears stood
in her Eyes—She paused, when the Count
seeing she was worked up to the Top of

his Bent, a little softened his Voice, and continued, “come, Sir, I see you are not
 “the Man of Mettle you have been re-
 “ported to be—drop your Pretensions
 “and save yourself—for, by all the Pow-
 “ers of Hell, had your every Hair a dif-
 “ferent Life, my great Revenge has Sto-
 “mach for them all.” “Zounds, my
 “Lord,” said the Chevalier, remove those
 “horrid Instruments, and, perhaps, I may
 “gratify you even further than you de-
 “fire—What the Devil have I to do to
 “lose my Life for a Woman?—Egad I
 “think none of the Sex deserve so great
 “a Price for their Favours. D—n it,
 “if I have any Love for Madame, the
 “Countess, no, not I—but ’tis fashiona-
 “ble to pretend to the Passion:—She is re-
 “ally a fine Creature, and beside, her im-
 “mense Fortune is tempting, and, indeed,
 “was my principal Motive to attack her:
 “But,” continued she, counterfeiting still
 more Fear than she felt, “since you say
 “you have a prior Right—why—I re-
 “nounce her—I never was brought up to
 “be a Champion for Beauty, and, if you’ll
 “give me your Word and Honour, ne-
 “ver to reveal it, I’ll tell you a Secret,
 “which will immediately put you into
 “Possession of this delightful Lady.” “I
 “swear

“ swear, Chevalier,” *L’Anglai* eagerly reply’d, “ by all that is sacred and dear, in
“ Heaven or on Earth—as I hope for Happiness here and hereafter, that I will
“ never divulge a Tittle of what you shall
“ now impart to me!—You make me
“ your Friend—I will be so as long as I
“ live, and, wherever you are, will appear to defend you from all Danger and
“ every Enemy.” After some Pause, the Chevalier went on, “ Why, to tell you
“ the Truth, as little as I may appear to
“ you to deserve it, the fair Countess
“ loves me, and intends to marry me;
“ which had been performed some Days
“ before ; but that Brute Sir *James* and
“ my Cousin *Rabutin*, and I take it extremely ill of the latter, have put her
“ in Fear of their doing somewhat or
“ other to hinder it, and beside, as I suppose she knows you are not of the
“ most forgiving Temper, she feared the
“ Effects of your Resentment. Now, to
“ avoid all this, and yet to secure our
“ Enjoyment of each other, we have procured a Priest, who is, this very Night,
“ to perform the Ceremony privately, for
“ which I have promised him a thousand
“ Livres, and we are to keep it secret
“ till we get rid of *France* and you, and
“ you

“ you know, in *England*, the Laws are
 “ sufficient to protect a Man in his Rights
 “ and Properties, without his being forced
 “ to have Recourse to the Sword: Now,
 “ what I have to propose is this, I’ll per-
 “ suade her, for still more Security, to
 “ be married in her Chamber, where we
 “ may easily, for I have long ago corrupt-
 “ ed all her Domesticks, put the Change
 “ upon her, and you may rise to the ut-
 “ most Height of your Wishes. So, for
 “ God Sake, put aside your Weapons, and
 “ look upon me as the best Friend you
 “ have.” *L’Anglai* ran to the Chevalier,
 squeeze’d him in his Arms, uttered all that
 joyful Gratitude could dictate, and, un-
 locking the Door, called in Sir *James* and
Rabutin, who had heard all, at which the
 Chevalier seemed to be afresh affrightened
 and surprized. “ You will make too, Che-
 “ valier, these Gentlemen your Friends,
 “ by your Ingenuity, and now, promise
 “ us again that you will contribute to
 “ make me happy this Night, and I will
 “ become your warmest and most sin-
 “ cere Friend, from an implacable and
 “ furious Enemy.” Sir *James* and *Ra-
 butin* joined in their Acknowledgments
 to the Chevalier, and when *L’Anglai* had
 compleatly swallowed the Bait, it was
 agreed,

agreed, that he should attend in the Lobby of my Apartment, whilst the Chevalier and the Priest and Mr. *Maxwell*, who was to be Witness of the Ceremony, went in to me; that, he was to wear a Suit of Clothes which were of the same Pattern with those the Chevalier was to have on, and that, when the Chevalier should make an Excuse to retire, by the back Stairs, *Maxwell* should hem, which was to be the Signal for the Entrance of *L'Anglai* as the Chevalier. There was only to be one Wax Taper burning, at the remotest Part of the Room, which was very large, the better to cover the Deceit. *L'Anglai* afresh, made the Chevalier promise to perform his Engagement, which he did with the most solemn Asseverations, and all Parties took leave, appointing a proper Time to meet, for the Execution of the projected Design against me.

You will own, my *Lucy*, that I had carried on this Affair with the greatest Success hitherto, and now the only Difficulty I had to encounter was, to prepare *St. Hermione* for the so much desired Conclusion, in which all her future Happiness or Misery was included. That lovely Creature, with Tears, Sighs, and alternate
Hope

Hope and Fear, made ready for the last Act of this Comedy, as we hoped it would prove; the Priest was now come, she was dress'd in the richest Suit of my Clothes, *Maxwell* and Sir *James* had plac'd *L'Anglai* at his Post, Mademoiselle sat in the darkest Part of the Room, where the Influence of the Light was scarce discernible, and *Rabutin* and my Sister, Lady *Hope*, *De Lorges* and his Lady, and myself were waiting with much Expectation in an inner Apartment, where, however, we could hear all that pass'd. In this Situation, all Parties continued for about a Quarter of an Hour; being just such a Space as *L'Anglai* should imagine I thought the Chevalier could retire in, by the back Stairs, and enter again by the Lobby, when Mr. *Maxwell* gave the expected Signal, and my *quondam* Lover soon entered the Room, and silently advanced to the Priest, and the supposed Countess of *Suffolk*, trembling and extremely disordered, notwithstanding his wonted Assurance. During the Ceremony he scarce ventured to look upon his Partner, and she held down her Head, so that the nicest Scrutiny, all Things considered, could not have discovered her. Mean time, I must own, I was as much in Pain as either of them: I was fearful that a
 Man

Man of the Count's lofty and resolute Temper, would be filled with Indignation at being thus duped, and that the good Principles that lay latent in his Bosom, would not revive with Force sufficient to befriend my poor *St. Hermione's* Cause. A thousand other Fears in this little Interval, assailed me, and, before the Priest had concluded, I made so far an Alteration of my Plan, as to resolve, that no one but myself should be present at the Explanation that was now so very soon to surprise *L'Anglai*, and therefore I begg'd, when I went in to them, that they would stay where they were. Sir *James* could not help, in his usual Vein of Dryness, observing to *Rabutin*, "now, my Lord, "you will see what an *English Woman* can "do—I'll be bold to say, tho' *L'Anglai* is "as cunning as any of your Countrymen, "that you will hail the Superiority of her "Genius." *Rabutin* was going to reply in the same Strain, when we perceived that all was concluded, that the Priest and *Maxwell*, agreeable to my Instructions, had left the new married Pair together, that *St. Hermione's* Breach of Honour was repaired, and that *L'Anglai* was justly secured from making any further Ravages upon the incautious Fair. He approached
towards

his Bride, and thus we heard him bespeak her. “ Ah! Madam, my charming
 “ Countess, will you forgive a despairing
 “ Lover, for an Artifice, without which
 “ he would have been for ever miserable?
 “ And let the Merit I lay claim to, by
 “ having saved you from the Arms of the
 “ most finished Coxcomb and Scoundrel
 “ breathing, plead for me in your Fa-
 “ vour! — A Villain, that could, through
 “ Fear, not only forego all his Interest
 “ in so excellent a Woman, but himself
 “ contrive the Means to deceive her, in
 “ return for all her Goodness: But, my
 “ Dear, may you think your Escape from
 “ such a Wretch a Blessing, may the
 “ perpetual Tendernefs and Assiduities of
 “ your once valued *L’Anglai*, chase from
 “ your Remembrance every thing disa-
 “ greeable! He will study every future
 “ Moment of his Life, to deserve so va-
 “ luable a Present, which he cannot help
 “ thinking was reserved by Heaven to re-
 “ compence all his Misfortunes, and to
 “ wipe away all his Griefs!”

It was sometime before the poor *St. Hermione* could answer: Her Bosom struggled with ten thousand nameless Passions, Love, Fear, Shame, all together, for some time,
 choak’d

choak'd up the Passage of her Voice. At length, in a tremulous and unassured, tho' a sweet and melodious Voice, she thus reply'd. " Oh! my *L'Anglai*, who can so
" well plead for his own Excuse; is it
" not possible, that he should hear my
" Cause with Uprightness and Candour,
" and afford me that Pardon for having
" deceived him, which will be but too necessary to my future Repose! See," she continued, flinging herself at his Feet, and shedding a Torrent of Tears, " see
" before you, your *St. Hermione*, whose
" Arms you once was proud of being encircled with, and who alas! has left
" you no Reason to doubt her fond, her constant Affection! Let Honour, let Virtue resume their Places in your Breast:
" Let the Remembrance of your oft repeated Vows, your Oaths, by which I
" was deceived, let these incline you to
" raise me from my present Distress, to
" forgive this innocent Stratagem, this
" last Resource of a neglected, a despairing Passion! A Stratagem, however, that
" will remove from you the Stain of Ingratitude, of Baseness and of Villainy!
" Look upon me, my Lord, remember
" those happy Moments, when the softest, the kindest Epithets were bestowed
" by

“ by your Tenderneſs upon me — Oh!
 “ what do I not read in that Brow, of
 “ Anger,—of Reſentment againſt your
 “ poor, your forlorn Wife;—who, how-
 “ ever—if ſhe muſt die, will now die
 “ yours, and will ſecure that Fame to
 “ herſelf and her unfortunate Burthen,
 “ which your ſavage Cruelty would have
 “ denied them!—Oh! I am not a wan-
 “ ton, a deſigning Proſtitute—but the
 “ Daughter of *St. Hermione*, once thought
 “ worthy of every Diſtinction you could
 “ pay her,—of Birth, of Fortune, equal to
 “ all your Wiſhes!”

W H I L S T our Tears flow'd apace, thus
 to hear the lovely Pleader ſet forth her
 Cauſe; would you believe it—will it ever
 be credited of the ſpecious, the ſeeming-
 ly generous *L' Anglai*?—That *L' Anglai* who
 had promiſed his reverend Saviour from
 Deſtruction, Mr. *Bridges*, that his whole
 future Life ſhould be employ'd in Offices
 of Humanity?—Would you believe?—Oh!
 painful Remembrance!—Oh! Death to
 every worthy Principle!—Would you
 believe that this *L' Anglai* could be ſo much
 a Brute, as to force himſelf from the con-
 vulſive Hold, this Charmer had round his
 Knees, and, all enrag'd and furious, to make
 the

the unhappy Creature, this stern and obdurate Reply.

“ ’Tis very well, Madam, ’tis very
“ well — and so you have entered into
“ a fine Scheme to make yourself and
“ *L’Anglai* eternally miserable! — Could
“ you think that a Passion, satiated with
“ Enjoyment, could be thus revived? —
“ If you did — you will find yourself mis-
“ taken: — No, may all the Curses that
“ Heaven can inflict, be heaped upon this
“ Head, if ever I forgive you! — An aban-
“ doned Wanton! — I’ll neither own, nor
“ cohabit with thee — thou Death to all
“ my Hopes, and all my Happiness!” —
Here his Choler grew to such an Height
that we apprehended some fatal Extrava-
gancy towards his Wife, who was fallen
upon the Floor in the most grievous A-
gony of Distress. I had much ado to keep
Rabutin, Sir *James* and *De Lorges*, who fre-
quently clapp’d their Hands on their
Swords, from breaking in and punishing
this hardened Villain: But I had presence
of Mind enough to desire them, nay to
command them to be calm, and, bursting
into the Room, had the Precaution to turn
the Key on the other Side, and suddenly
presented myself before *L’Anglai*, who could
not

not help blushing, and holding down his Head at the unexpected Sight. “ Ah! “ Count,” I said, “ What an Opinion you “ give me of that Honour, that Huma- “ nity and that Equity of Sentiment, you “ was going to force upon me?—Can you, “ without Shame and Confusion, now your “ Baseness is so apparent—Can you recol- “ lect the specious Pretences you made— “ you so often professed before me, to “ those amiable Attributes? What a Ro- “ mance you appear altogether to be! “ I am amazed, and, till this Moment, till “ I heard your Usage of this lovely, this “ unfortunate Lady—robb’d of Innocence, “ of Peace, of Friends, by your Ingrati- “ tude, I could never have imagined “ such a Monster could exist in human “ Shape! But” softening my Voice a lit- tle, “ I hope this was only the sudden “ Start of Disappointment—I hope, the “ Count *L’Anglai* will not so far belie his “ noble Race, his illustrious Family, his “ virtuous and amiable Brother, his oft re- “ peated Professions, as to persist in his “ savage Resolutions. What Opinion can “ I entertain of a Man, who can behave “ with Brutality to so sweet, so engag- “ ing a Woman as Mademoiselle *St. Her- mione*? Oh! can you remember the soft, “ the

“ the yielding Frame of her Mind, the
“ guilty Transports she communicated to
“ you, and yet use her so vilely? You
“ have in her, a Treasure of Love, of
“ Virtue and of Fidelity—Let me once
“ more hail you as a Friend—recover a
“ Place in my Esteem, by acting nobly
“ and generously—by obeying the Dic-
“ tates of Honour, of Humanity, which
“ I can perceive, are struggling to over-
“ come your Barbarity! Let us receive
“ you to our Embraces, as the amiable
“ *L'Anglai*, whose Presence inspired Glad-
“ ness, and whose Behaviour put Vice out
“ of Countenance?—Raise that poor Suf-
“ ferer from her prostrate Condition, in
“ whose Happiness I interest myself so
“ much, that I would purchase it with the
“ half of my Fortune!”

L'ANGLAI, during this Speech hardly
lifted up his Head, and I could perceive a
Death like Paleness ever and anon invade
his Cheeks, and then succeeded by a flushing
Colour all indicating Shame and Anger
struggling in his Bosom: Meanwhile Ma-
dameoiselle *St. Hermione* had got up from
the Floor and flung herself, bathed in a
Flood of Tears, upon a Settee that stood
at the other Side of the Room, in a faint-
ing,

ing Condition, so as to make me apprehensive she wanted help, upon which I rung my Bell, and my Waiting-maid came in, whom I ordered to her Assistance, which seemed a little to disconcert *L'Anglai*: But when she had given her a Glass of Water and my smelling Bottle, she left the Room and he made use of the Interval to return me this little expected, yet dreaded Answer.

“ My Lady *Suffolk*, tis needless to acquaint you, that, in my present State of Mind, I can return you no Thanks for your Project against me, which I now perceive thro’ all its Mazes.—I see now how I have been made the Dupe of your Finesse—and, that I am irrecoverably ruined!—As to that Woman, I shall see her no more—at least, Time alone can ever reconcile me to her—No—thro’ her Means I have lost the only Prospect of Happiness that ever cheered my Soul! Yet, thus much let me say, in justice to the poor Creature—that ’tis only my Love of you that will continue to make her wretched!—I never had any Aversion to her Person—she is truly amiable—but I hate her now, and ever shall do so. I shall not stay longer in a
“ Place

“ Place where I have been made the Pas-
“ time of the Company—On your Ac-
“ count, Madam, I shall not pursue my
“ Resentment against your Accomplices.
“ That Woman shall want nothing in my
“ Power to make her happy, if she can be
“ happy without *L'Anglai*, who, from
“ this Moment, renounces all Connection
“ with her. If I have been criminal—
“ Just Heaven! how severe is the Punish-
“ ment!—Farewell, Madam, you have made
“ me for ever wretched, and yet with my
“ last Breath I shall bless the Countess of
“ *Suffolk*!” These Words were pronounced
in so mournful, yet so wild a Strain, that
the Tears stood in my Eyes and I sincerely
pitied him, and was going to say somewhat
in Answer; but, with a Swiftnefs incon-
ceivable, he left the Room and the House,
and every Body in the utmost Amaze and
Consternation. The poor Lady fainted,
and such strong Convulsions seized her,
that we were in Fear for her Life, and
were obliged to put her to Bed. In short,
it was all a Scene of Distress and Con-
fusion, sufficient to have mov'd a flinty
Heart. I besought Sir *James*, *Rabutin* and
De Lorges to follow him, as soon, as we were
calm enough to talk, and to endeavour to
recall him to Reason by telling him our
Artifice

Artifice had been meant to preserve his Peace of Mind and his Reputation, and not to injure or expose him. Those three Gentlemen went to his Apartment; but too late, by above a Quarter of an Hour. He was gone, with his two Servants, no one knew where, and had left behind him, upon his dressing Table, a Letter directed to me, which they delivered into my Hands.

WORDS can scarce convey to you, my *Lucy*, what I felt upon this Disappointment, as well for poor *St. Hermione* as myself. She, lovely Maid, was so ill, that she was scarce sensible enough to know those about her: As to myself, the last melancholy Words and Action of *L'Anglais* had so melted, so softened my Heart, that I began to wish I had never intermeddled in the Affair. Alas! how little do we know of ourselves! How weak are our most solemn Resolves!

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